A SON'S PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS E. CLARK

BY EUGENE FRANCIS CLARK

A SON'S PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS E. CLARK

A NOTEWORTHY BIOGRAPHY

By

EUGENE FRANCIS CLARK

The author of this book died just before its completion, the last chapter having been written by his brother, Sidney A. Clark. The author was for many years secretary of Dartmouth College, where he was deeply loved and known to his intimates as "Gene." The following lines are a portion of a wonderful tribute paid to him by ERNEST MARTIN HOPKINS, the PRESIDENT of DARTMOUTH COLLEGE:

"Gene Clark was one of God's own gentlemen. His friendship has been a priceless possession. His quiet humor has been a balm for any tired moment. Strong in character, charming in personality, richly endowed with talent, his goodness was a positive force, his culture was a virile influence, and his accomplishment was as a house founded upon a rock."

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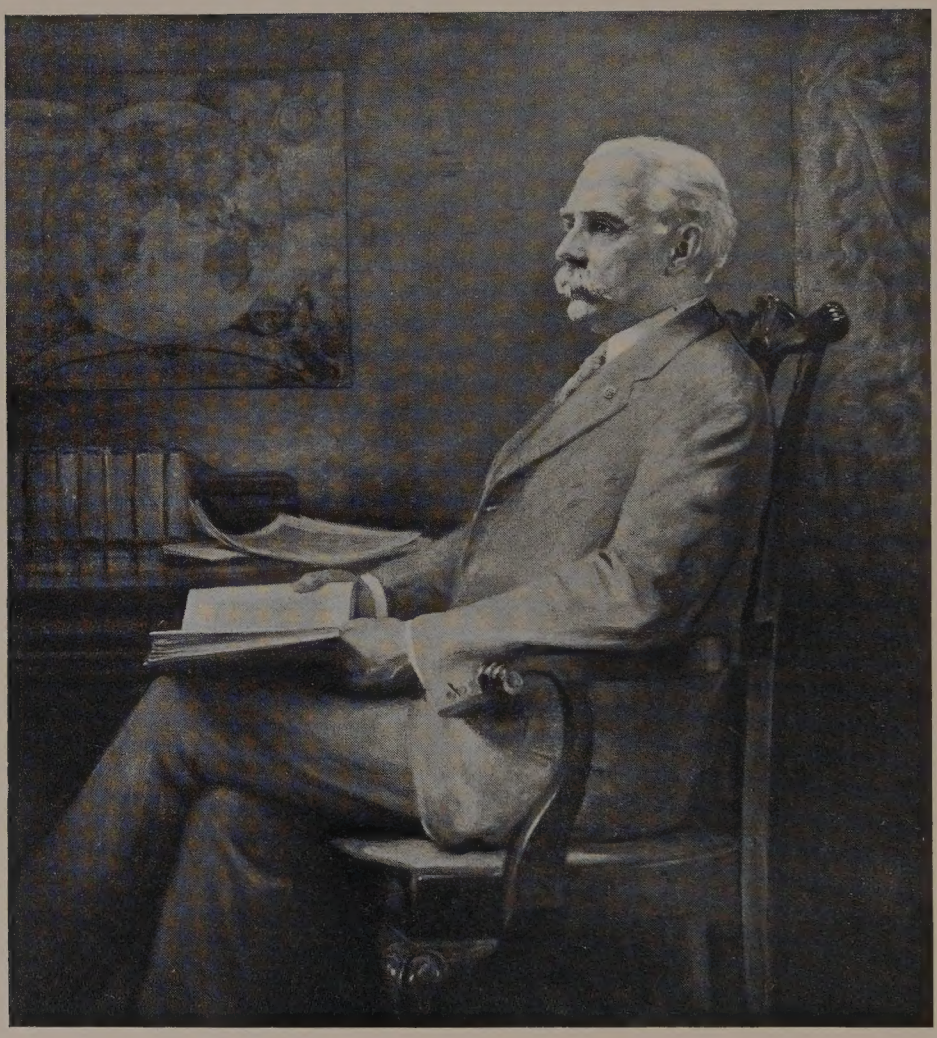

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., LL.D.
Founder of Christian Endeavor

This is from a photograph of the oil painting of Dr. Clark in the Christian Endeavor Building in Boston. The artist was Mrs. Dexter Thurber

A Son's Portrait

OF

DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK

BY

EUGENE FRANCIS CLARK

A Final Chapter by

SYDNEY A. CLARK

Introduction by

DR. DANIEL A. POLING

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To

EUGENE FRANCIS CLARK

WHO WROTE THIS BOOK AND WAS CALLED AWAY BY DEATH BEFORE IT WAS COMPLETED, HIS MOTHER AND HIS BROTHER DEDICATE THE FINISHED WORK. IT IS HIS PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER.

FOREWORD

WHEN Francis E. Clark passed away in 1927 certain publishers approached his oldest son with the suggestion that he prepare with utmost speed a timely and "popular" life of the founder of Christian Endeavor. To Eugene this program did not appeal. His innate conservatism shrank from rushing through such a biography, which might have commanded a good sale but would hardly have been a lasting memorial to his father. He thought it over and decided to prepare in his own way and at his own pace a dignified volume which should tell the story of this immensely full life. He did not aim in the very least at dramatic effect nor even at smooth "literary" quality, but rather at painting a simple portrait. He used very fully the personal family letters of Francis E. Clark written at various times throughout his life and with no thought in any of them that they would ever be published. These letters range from boyhood efforts to the mature expression of Dr. Clark in his later life and they were written from every part of the world. All of them have that intrinsic worth of intimacy and unstudied family companionship which was so strong a feature of his character. So in a sense this volume is an unconscious self-portrait.

The author's desire to avoid even the faintest appearance of the spectacular led him to adopt a sobriety of literary expression which might seem too grave were it not vital-

ized, as the author himself intended, by Dr. Clark's own sprightly and intimate letters. When Eugene Clark died his mother and his brother hastened to add the few touches necessary to complete the manuscript. To us it stands as a monument of both subject and author, of both father and son. To the public we hope it may give a satisfying and enduring picture of a man who saw a great chance to serve his day and generation and accepted the chance in full measure, pressed down and running over.

HARRIET A. CLARK
SYDNEY A. CLARK

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by

Sydney A. Clark

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INTRODUCTION

By Rev. Daniel A. Poling, D.D.

President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union

WHO better than the first-born son of Francis E. Clark could write the story of his great and glorious life? And what more appropriate time for the bringing of this biography to the general public than the 50th Anniversary Year of the Christian Endeavor Movement?

Francis E. Clark was a Christian statesman. His grasp upon world problems was firm and constant. His knowledge of international relationships became encyclopedic, and always the spirit with which he approached the affairs of the generations in which he lived was the spirit of the One who said, " I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

But Francis E. Clark was also a friendly man, and a perfectly wonderful father. I can see him now swinging up the hill at Sagamore Beach headed toward the farm he loved. A basket is on his arm, and a milk can in one hand. He is headed for provisions. He will return presently to the little cottage crowning the sand dune and overlooking the sea, and when he returns the basket will be overflowing with corn and beans and many other trophies of his garden triumph — unless he has stopped en route to talk with some of his many neighbors, in which case the basket may be empty or nearly so before he gets home.

I remember well that summer afternoon when this gentle-man taught me again that venerable game of " Duck on the Rock." And I have other recollections of hours in which he annihilated me at quoits. Now that Eugene Clark has opened the chest of family treasures and shared with us the letters that this great, good man wrote to members of his immediate family from the far corners of the earth, we have an even more intimate understanding of both the mind and heart of one who was called the " St. Francis of the World's Youth " than we were able to secure from the all too modest autobiography " Memories of Many Men in Many Lands." Here is good reading, my friends, beautiful as to diction, pulsing with a father's thought of home and children and moving with the freedom more formal documents cannot hope to achieve.

The original work of the author deserves high commendation. There is at once restraint and fervor, — the restraint of a well-poised, cultured mind and the fervor of a son who loved deeply. There are paragraphs that deserve immortality, and word pictures that give the impression of never having been intended, but could scarcely be surpassed.

I have just driven across the hills of southern New Hampshire and passed through the little town of New Boston where, the author of this volume tells us, his father preached his first sermon. I went to see the old church in the pulpit of which the lad from Dartmouth and Andover stood, and from which he delivered the first words of a message that was to girdle a globe and capture the imagination, and enlist the lives, of millions of young men and young women.

I thought not only of the father but of the son, and of

this biography. It is fitting that Sydney, the youngest of Dr. Clark's five children, should write the concluding chapter, and that he should contribute the paragraphs which deal with the life and, as we see it, untimely death of the author of this volume.

Those of us who were the close official as well as personal associates of the chief figure in this moving chronicle find particular satisfaction in knowing that Mrs. Clark who has " borne so much and won so many," who played so full a part in the ministry of her husband, and who fills so large a place in this volume, remains with us in all the radiant glory of her Christian Endeavor motherhood. With what mingled emotions she has followed these pages, with what radiant joy and what tenderness of sorrow, aye, and with what expectancy and hope — hope triumphant over all!

A SON'S PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS E. CLARK

Chapter I

THE SYMMES FAMILY AND AYLMER DAYS

HEREDITY is a fascinating study, and particularly so in the case of one who has risen to a conspicuous position of leadership in any field of effort. While we cannot assign cause and effect with any degree of certainty, we can at least draw some conclusions in following the generations to an outstanding individual.

THE SYMMES FAMILY

Fortunately the line is clearly drawn in the ancestry of Francis E. Clark, at least on the paternal side. On both sides of the family tree the descent is from early New England settlers of the Puritan days, and on the father's side the line is clear from Zechariah Symmes, one of the early Puritan pastors of Massachusetts Bay. It can be borne in mind then that the subject of this study was very definitely a product of the New England culture that has been so highly regarded in the past with not infrequent attacks from the recent wave of iconoclasm. If we dwell at greater length on the Symmes record it is only because the sources are more abundant, and not because the line was more illustrious than that of Dr. Clark's maternal ancestry.

The first ancestor of Dr. Clark who reached the shore of America was Zechariah Symmes, who landed in Boston

on September 18, 1634, on the ship "Griffin," with his wife and seven children. And here it should be mentioned that Dr. Clark's own name was Symmes, until, in his boyhood, his name was legally changed to Clark, when he was adopted by his mother's brother, Rev. Edward W. Clark, after the death of his parents.

Zechariah Symmes was born in Canterbury, the son of Rev. William Symmes, graduated from Emanuel College, Cambridge, in 1620, settled in Dunstable in 1625, where he suffered so grievously in the persecution for nonconformity that he made the decision to emigrate to a land more hospitable to his belief even if hardships were the price of this freedom.

No small degree of courage was needed to arrive at this decision. The settlement at Boston was only four years old, the land virtually unsettled, and scarcely explored away from the coast. Moreover there was a large family to provide for, and probably no resources but courage, ability, and a clerical training. However his calling was an asset in the theocratic community in which he was destined to spend the rest of his days, and he seems to have assumed a position of leadership from the start. Landing in September, he was admitted to the church in Charlestown in December of the same year, and was at once chosen teacher of the church as a colleague of the pastor, Rev. Thomas James. It is interesting to note that the Rev. John Harvard also became a member of this church in 1637.

It is altogether probable that Zechariah was of such a forceful, assertive nature that he made a difficult colleague. At all events the ways of these two incumbents soon parted, James going to Providence, and Symmes remaining in Charlestown, now as pastor of the church. Here he re-

mained in the service of the same church until his death in 1671.

His services must have been acceptable to the majority of his parish, but he could not escape the acrimonies of this vigorous and theologically autocratic colony. Anne Hutchinson had been a fellow passenger on the "Griffin," and Symmes evidently played a leading part in her expulsion from the colony. He was called upon to testify before the court at her trial in Cambridge in 1637, and his testimony gives some hint of a dour character.

"For my acquaintance with this person," he said, "I had none in my native country, only I had occation once or twice to be in her company before I came, where I did perceive that she did slight the ministers of the word of God. But I came along with her in the ship, and it so fell out that we were in the great cabin together, and therein did agree with the labors of Mr. Lathrop and myself, only there was a secret opposition to things delivered.

"The main thing that was then in hand was about evidencing of a good estate, and among the rest about that place in John concerning the love of the brethren. That which I took note of was the corruptness and narrowness of her opinions, which I doubt not I may call them so; but she said, when she came to Boston there would be something seen."

As too often happens, the persecution that Symmes and his colleagues had suffered for non-conformity in England did not foster a toleration for the non-conformity of others when they themselves were the rulers, and, not only Anne Hutchinson, but the Quakers and the Baptists as well, had to feel the heavy hand of authority, Symmes assuming his full share of the responsibility as one of the leading men of the colony. Doubtless a good case can be made out for these Puritan rulers, that they were preserving the peace,

and even acting in defense of their hard-earned liberties, but the spirit of Christian tolerance seemed hardly to be one of their virtues.

Symmes prospered in influence and worldly goods. His salary was ninety pounds, exceeded in the colony only by John Cotton. The town of Charlestown gave him 300 acres on Mystic Pond, in what is now the town of Winchester, and 300 acres in the " Land of Nod," a tract situated in the present town of Wilmington. On his death he was interred at the expense of the town, and the following epitaph placed on the stone: —

> " A prophet lies beneath this stone;
> His words shall live though he be gone."

If his *words* have largely perished, though the number of manuscript sermons was large, he provided for his posterity by a family of five sons and eight daughters. One item of the will gives curious thought for these children: —

> " I give to all my sons-in-law, at the death of my wife, to each of them thirty shillings for a ring, or any other means of remembering my love to them; and to each of my grandchildren by nature or by law, thirteen shillings four pence for a spoone."

Symmes was survived for a few years by his wife, Sarah, of whom Edward Johnson speaks highly in his " Wonder-working Providence." She was left possessed of several hundred acres of land, and household goods, the land passing to the children, and some of it being still in the possession of descendants.

The subsequent generations in the ancestry of Francis E. Clark were probably represented by typical New England village residents. The line descends through William, a captain in the train bands; William, a clothier; John, a

farmer; John, a wheelwright and soldier in the Revolution, seeing service at Bunker Hill; John, a farmer and wheelwright, to Charles Carey, the father of Francis. It will be noted that the descent is exclusively through the male line and that none enjoyed the privilege of a college education. Furthermore all were born in the vicinity of the present town of Winchester and, so far as we know, never strayed far from its limits.

THE AYLMER HOME

Charles Carey Symmes seems to have inherited some of the adventurous spirit of the old Zechariah. Born in 1814 he left the family circle at Symmes Corner when only 16 years old, to join his Uncle Charles in the then wilds of Canada. For a time he served as his clerk in the lumber business and later became an operator on his own account. Apparently the business consisted in locating timber on the Ottawa, or other tributaries of the St. Lawrence, cutting it and floating it down the stream to Montreal or Quebec for such sale as it would find. If the market was favorable there was some small profit; if not, there was a loss.

In the midst of these operations, however, he found time to return to Winchester, and woo and wed Lydia Fletcher Clark of Tewksbury, the woman who was to become the mother of Francis Clark. She was the daughter of Deacon Oliver Clark, and a graduate of the old Ipswich Academy, over which Mary Lyon was then presiding, and seems to have been a remarkable woman. Like her husband, she came of a long line of New England village ancestors, but unlike him, she had had the advantage of the influence of a marvellous teacher. Lydia had the rare combination

of an affectionate, spiritual nature with the gifts of an executive.

The marriage was celebrated in 1840 and the young couple took up their life in the little village of Aylmer, about ten miles from Ottawa. At that time it was on the edge of the forest which clothed the banks of the Ottawa which swept around it. Ottawa itself was of small consequence and rejoiced in the name of Bytown. It was not incorporated as a city until fourteen years after the young Symmes couple reached Aylmer; and four years after that it was designated by Queen Victoria as the capital of Canada. It is an interesting fact that the first settler on the site of the city of Ottawa was a Winchester man, as were several of the early settlers of Aylmer.

Here, in this little village of Aylmer, Charles and Lydia Symmes established their home, and here their children were born: Charles Henry, Edward Carey, Katherine Noel, and Francis Edward. Edward Carey and Katherine Noel died in infancy, but the oldest and youngest lived to grow up, " the eldest a remarkable boy, whose story of joyous life and triumphant death " is told in his mother's journal from which quotation is made later.

From the time of the arrival of Charles and Lydia Symmes in Aylmer the narrative is well documented with letters and diaries from which we shall quote freely. These documents, however, do not derive from Charles. Apparently no line that he wrote since his marriage has been preserved, but we do get an adequate picture of him from the letters of his wife, and from her remarkable diary. In October 1850, she writes:

" Our dear, good, persevering, hard-working Charles is now at home for a few days, and that is always a joyful time, for he

is home so little that when he does come I feel disposed to throw all work and care to the winds and make one grand holiday until he leaves us again. The harder the times are, the closer he applies himself to his business. He is scarcely at home one week in ten. As yet there is a very poor prospect for lumber another year, unless, indeed, the Reciprocity Bill passes, and in that case Charles thinks there will be a better sale."

There is constant evidence that the work was severe and usually unprofitable.

"Charles is now away opening a road to some new limits he has obtained on the St. Maurice River. He says it is a great undertaking to make a road of 35 or 40 miles through the wilderness at this season of the year. He has 14 men at work at it and it will take him all the remainder of this month.

Perhaps the lumber market was particularly depressed in the early fifties. At any rate Charles Symmes seldom seems to have made a profitable sale. On one occasion, his wife writes to his sister:

"When Charles went away he said if he sold his raft well he would get me a new bonnet, but I think I shall have to wear my old one, and I hope I shall, for I should be very sorry to have him buy a new one when he can so ill afford it, and my old one looks well enough, as nice as it did last summer."

Again she writes:

"There is no prospect whatever of any sale for timber. He says he expects we shall all be obliged to go and live in the shanty next winter. My motto however, is, *Look forward cheerily, hope to the end.*"

In 1853, we learn that Charles was at home only five days in a period of eight months.

But in spite of the long absences of Charles, and the meagre resources, the home was a happy one. Friends

and relations were near, and the family had moved into "Cherry Cottage," a convenient little house on the hill above Aylmer commanding a wide sweep of the Ottawa below, and the forest almost at the door.

At least one winter had been spent in another frontier town, Berthier, nearer the source of the timber supply, but now in "Cherry Cottage" a home seemed really established. But this happiness was short-lived.

In the summer of 1854 Charles was in Three Rivers, at the confluence of the St. Maurice and the St. Lawrence, then as now a center of the lumber industry. This was the year of virulent cholera, and terrible scenes were enacted on immigrant ships coming to the United States and Canada. The town of Three Rivers was also affected, and here Charles contracted the disease and died on August 4, at the age of forty. We may well believe the report that the disease was contracted while he was helping to care for some of the stricken immigrants. Here he was buried, and his widow in her grief writes:

"I can say with poor Naomi, 'Call me Mara for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, but the Lord hath brought me back again empty.' Oh my sister, to lose such a husband whose every word and action was love and kindness, who would have spared me the slightest sorrow, and anticipated every want, and to find myself alone, without his strong arm to lean upon and his warm, noble, sympathizing heart to trust in, is indeed hard to bear. I often find myself in moments of bitter agony calling upon my beloved to come back and fold me in his arms and let me lean my aching head on his breast, but, oh, no answer, no response. I know that God is love, and that 'He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men,' and though I cannot now see the reason of this dark and trying dispensation, yet 'what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.'"

The situation in which Lydia found herself was tragic, the tragedy of an affectionate woman who sees her happiness in the present, and her hopes for the future, vanishing. In material things as well the prospect was not favorable. Two children had died in infancy, but two others were dependent on her for support — Charles, a boy of thirteen, and Francis, a child of three. "Cherry Cottage" was hers to be sure, but certainly not free of incumbrance, and it was likely that her husband had left as many debts as there were assets to meet them.

On the other side of the account however there were relatives and warm friends in Aylmer, and two families in Massachusetts ready to lend a helping hand. Although there was a period of indecision it is not surprising that the final resolve was to stay in Aylmer, among the surroundings made dear by loving association. Subsequent events proved that this decision was a wise one, and it seems that the energy and ability that Lydia threw into her task brought at least no less degree of comfort than the family had enjoyed during the lifetime of the husband and father.

While her grief was still fresh and overpowering she writes that her instinct is to remain: —

"I have thought much of it, dear Sister, and have prayed earnestly to be guided aright, and it seems to me now that I had better remain in Canada. Here have I spent the happy days of my married life; here were my children born, and here those who have gone before sleep. Here have I a pleasant home, and more to make me and my children comfortable than perhaps I should ever get together again should I leave here. Here had my dear Charles and myself planned to spend the remainder of our days. Here was he known and beloved and respected far and wide, and here, for his sake if for nothing else, would his widow and children meet with respect and sympathy. Here, too, should

I find it necessary, I could perhaps do as much for the support of myself and children as I could anywhere else. And perhaps I could do more good in a community like this than in a New England community."

Although a home was offered her in Winchester, the decision to stay in Aylmer was inevitable, and the next year, 1855, saw the launching of an enterprise for which Lydia was evidently exceptionally well qualified. Something of the spirit of her beloved teacher, Mary Lyon, seems to have been transmitted to her, and the school, which even in its brief existence was sometimes referred to as the Mount Holyoke of Canada, came into being in the spring of 1855, less than a year after the death of Charles.

The beginnings were necessarily small, nine pupils constituting the total enrollment, all day pupils from Aylmer. The curriculum was probably that of the usual finishing school of the time, and doubtless Lydia was the only teacher at first. The arts were prominent in the course of instruction, and one of the first endeavors was to obtain a piano from Montreal, while painting in various styles received prominent mention. Charlie was himself in school during the day, but Francis added to the cares and responsibilities of the mother and teacher. One of her early references to him is of his fondness for sitting in the schoolroom, and attempting the sewing and embroidering that was a daily task for the pupils.

Little glimpses of the economic conditions of daily life are met from time to time in the letters. A servant is procured for $2.50 a month, and that above the current rate. Wood is $1.50 a cord; flour prices are ruinous at $8.00 a barrel and likely to go higher. There is dissatisfaction in the town at the charges for tuition, but no reduction can

Cherry Cottage 1929

The Porch of Cherry Cottage

This little child lives there, playing as did a child many years ago known to us as Dr. Clark. It would not be hard to imagine that this was he

Dr. Clark's Mother

be made. However, the school prospers in a small way and Lydia can devote some thought to the future of her sons.

In 1856 she writes: —

"I hope I shall be able to give my children an education such as they would have received had their dear father lived."

In the same year we are given a glimpse of life at Cherry Cottage and in the school: —

"My family at present consists of myself at the head, the young lady who teaches music and assists me in the school, Charlie, Frank, and the servant girl. I had a young lady boarding with me for six months but she has now gone home. I hope, however, that I shall have some more boarders before a great while. Besides the family I have mentioned we have a cat, six hens, three geese, and in the spring I intend to purchase a pig and a cow.

"My school has increased every quarter, until now it numbers over twenty pupils. I think it is gradually acquiring favor in the eyes of the people. A good school has long been sadly needed here, but the people have so long been accustomed to low-priced teachers, and consequently low-priced teaching, that they open their eyes very wide at my terms. I trust, however, that another year it will not be so. You will be glad to hear that I have succeeded in settling with my dear husband's creditors, or rather, everything is in a fair way to be settled."

But the thought of her children's future was always with her, and found definite expression in a letter to her younger half-brother, a minister settled at that time in Auburndale, Massachusetts. The prompt assurance that Frank would be accepted and receive the affection of a son from this childless brother was received with grateful acknowledgment. A formal document signed by Lydia Symmes in November 1856, confirms this decision: —

"My dear Brother Edward and his wife Harriet have promised that in the event of my death while my little son Frank needs a parent's care, they will take charge of him, and bestow upon him a father's and mother's love and care. And I do hereby express it as my wish that he may be given up to their care in the event of my death; for I have the most perfect confidence that they will bestow upon him all needful love and care, and bring him up in the nurture and fear of the Lord. And may the Lord reward them for the kindness of their hearts."

But one more great sorrow awaited Lydia before she herself passed on. Charlie was now a boy of nearly seventeen, studious, helpful, religiously inclined, and evidently of great promise, and a source of much pride to his mother. In the fall of 1858 he was taken with what seemed to be pneumonia, and died just before his seventeenth birthday. In a letter that is most moving in its bitter grief Lydia tells of the affecting scene at his death-bed and her own desolation. She was, in fact, broken-hearted. The letter describing Charlie's death seems to have been the last she wrote.

The diary continues through the year and into the new year, but she never recovered from the shock, and on March 26, 1859, her own generous spirit took its flight beyond the sunset, where she longed to meet again those who had gone before. Her death was reported laconically to Edward Clark in Auburndale by wire:

"Mrs. Symmes is dead. Come as soon as possible for Frank."

Chapter II

THE NEW HOME

AT the time of his mother's death Frank was seven years old, of an affectionate nature, and devoted to his mother, whose constant companion he had been; his grief and desolation can well be imagined.

There were relatives and many friends in Aylmer, but his entire immediate family — father, mother, two brothers and a sister — were gone. Cherry Cottage was empty. The two grandfathers were still living, but one of them, John Symmes, was to die within a year, and the other, Oliver Clark, had taken to himself another wife. Doubtless Frank would have been welcome in either household, but the far-sighted mother had made careful provision for the situation which she must have visioned.

In February 1856, she had written to her younger brother, Edward, just being settled over a church in Massachusetts:

" And now, Dear Brother and Sister, I have a request to make; it is this: should it please God to take me from my children while they are young, and leave them fatherless and motherless in the world, will you take my darling Frank and be father and mother to him? While I live I could never part from my children, even were I in the depths of poverty, and I hope they will never be a pecuniary burden to any one. But when I think of the uncertainty of life, and remember that my own mother died before she was as old as I am, and look at my fatherless children, and think of my little Frank with his affectionate disposition

and sensitive nature, thrown among strangers, it is very painful to me.

"I know who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children with Me,' and surely if any one has reason to trust in their Heavenly Father I have. For how great have been His mercies to me! Still, I can give you no greater proof of my love for, and my confidence in you, than by making this request. If it pleases God I would live and labor for my children many years, but we know not what is before us. I would only say, 'The will of the Lord be done!' I trust, however, you will not think this a strange request."

That this moving appeal was not made in vain is evident from another letter written in October of the same year:

"I have not forgotten, Dear Brother, that this is your birthday, and memory has been busy with many fond recollections of your early days, from the day when I watched you asleep on my lap, and thought you were the prettiest baby in the world, on through the days of your childhood and youth, until I left home, feeling that my brother Edward was the noblest and most gallant boy in the world.

"Years passed away and we saw but little of each other, but still you held such a warm place in my heart that two of my beloved children received your name; one is now an angel in heaven, and the other is still the angel of the household. And here let me thank you, my dear brother and sister, for your kind promise with regard to this dear little one in case of my death. From my inmost heart I thank you. I feel, beloved ones, that I owe you a debt of gratitude for this promise which I can never repay, and though you may never be called upon to fulfil it, the Lord will reward you for the kindness of your hearts."

The response had indeed been cordial, for in May 1856, the brother had written:

"Your request in respect of dear Franky we both heartily accede to. This is all we need or can say. But may you live to see him grow up a good and useful man. Perhaps you had

better write down the request and the answer to it in some permanent shape, and then should you be removed from him, there will be no mistake or misunderstanding on the part of any."

Curt and laconic as was the telegram to the brother announcing Lydia's death, it may not have been unexpected, and the ground for Frank's reception had been well prepared in advance. As Lydia has so faithfully recorded, Edward was her favorite brother, though in fact only a half-brother. Both were the children of Oliver Clark of Tewksbury, Massachusetts, Lydia by his first wife, Nancy Huse, and Edward by his second wife, Abby Richardson. Edward was six years younger than Lydia, having been born in Tewksbury, October 6, 1820.

The family had been settled in Tewksbury for generations, and traced its descent from Rev. Thomas Clark, born in Boston in 1652, graduate of Harvard in 1670, and an early settler in Chelmsford near Tewksbury. Many of the sons for several generations had been farmers, and had occupied valuable land in the neighborhood of the growing city of Lowell.

Edward was probably the only boy in his family of his generation who had had the advantage of a college education. He was evidently destined for the ministry from early days, and attended Dartmouth College where he was graduated in 1844. The fact that he was nearly 24 on graduation, considerably over the average, seems to indicate that there was some struggle and sacrifice attendant on obtaining his degree. The religious character of the family is attested by an entry in Edward's journal:

"My father," he writes, "was born during a great snow storm in 1779, and is now (Feb. 1857) 78 years old, a hale and

hearty man. He has always lived on his farm in Tewksbury. His father was a deacon in the Congregational Church in Tewksbury. He is a deacon in the same church. My brother Oliver is a deacon in the Congregational Church in Winchester, and his son Oliver is a deacon in the Congregational Church in Bedford, New Hampshire. My brother Joshua is a deacon of High Street Church in Lowell."

It is not surprising that a man with these family associations should go from college to seminary, and find his life work in the ministry. After graduating from Andover Seminary he held successive pastorates in Reading and Auburndale, Massachusetts, and Claremont, New Hampshire. During his residence in Massachusetts he served as chaplain of the State Senate, and, incidentally, as overseer of Harvard College.

For a period of six months during the year 1863, between the Auburndale and Claremont pastorates, he served as Chaplain of the 47th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, being stationed much of the time in New Orleans. All of his pastorates were brief and disturbed by ill health, but he seems to have endeared himself to his flock wherever he served. By the early seventies his health had become so seriously undermined that he retired permanently from active work, making his home with his wife's parents in Westboro, Massachusetts.

In 1850, shortly after graduating from Andover, he had married Harriet Maria Phillips of Westboro. Like himself she was of old New England stock, boasting a distinguished line of ancestors, from Increase Mather, the New England Founder, and including General Artemas Ward of Revolutionary fame. Childless herself, she was by nature fitted to take the place of a mother to Frank, when the tragic word of Lydia's death arrived.

FROM AYLMER TO AUBURNDALE

Today the journey from Boston to Ottawa can be made in little more than twelve hours. In 1859 it was a different matter. Edward Clark left Boston early in the morning, paying $9.00 for his ticket to Ogdensburg. The end of the day found him at St. Albans, Vermont, where he spent the night at the American House. Leaving St. Albans before six the next morning he reached Ogdensburg at noon, crossed the St. Lawrence, and continued the journey to Ottawa. To quote from his journal:

"Reach Ottawa at 5.15. Ride up to Armstrong's in order to take the stage to Aylmer which starts at six o'clock. Fare fifty cents. Fine cathedral and nunnery at Ottawa, a fine growing place, formerly called Bytown. Now 10,000 inhabitants and soon to be the seat of government of Canada East. After waiting two hours and a quarter for a man who did not keep his word — Holt of Aylmer who drives the stage — I take a special team for Aylmer, paying two dollars, and reach my destination at nine o'clock. Find my dear Sister dead and buried. She sleeps in the Protestant burying ground of Aylmer, by the side of her children. The inscription is as follows:

'My Children — Charles Henry Aged 17 years
Edward Carey Aged 17 days
Catharine Noel Aged 4 days
The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.
We shall meet in Heaven.'

"On her stone is the following:

'The Mother, Lydia F. C. Symmes, Aged 44 years.
They have met.'

"Her husband is buried at Three Rivers, far away."

Five days only were spent in Aylmer over the formalities of removing Frank, and appointing a tutor or administra-

tor of the estate. Charles Symmes, an uncle of Frank's father, was chosen tutor, and John McLean sub-tutor.

The entries in the journal are commonplace and matter-of-fact, but there was deep feeling beneath. Frank was unusually affectionate by nature, and had been his mother's constant companion as far back as memory carried him. Now he was given into the care of an uncle whom he had probably never seen before. Very touching is the story he himself has told, of his last farewell to " Cherry Cottage " and all its surroundings, kissing each object made precious by association, and in his final grief, kissing a small pebble and throwing it back into the yard as a last comprehensive farewell to the home that he might never see again.

But new scenes and the excitement of travel doubtless quickly changed the currents of his thoughts. The route to Boston was retraced, this time spending the night at Ogdensburg. Here a fire in the city during the night induced the uncle to leave the hotel, and Frank awoke alone and in terror. He was found later by one of the maids wandering through the corridors of the hotel in despair. It was a hard experience for a lonely, homesick little boy.

This trip was to be more sociable than the one to Ottawa. To quote the journal again:

> " Three females under my care. Two young girls going to Jericho, Vermont, and an old Irishwoman going to Brighton, Massachusetts."

They spent another night at St. Albans, where six pounds of maple sugar were purchased for twelve cents a pound, and continued their journey the next day, duly delivering the two girls at Jericho, and the old woman at Brighton, and arriving at Auburndale early in the evening.

LIFE IN AUBURNDALE

In those days Auburndale was just beginning to come into its own as a suburb of Boston. Occupying the western part of Newton, and located some ten miles from Boston, the middle of the century had found it still strictly rural, with few homes and those chiefly farms. Mr. Clark had left Reading, Massachusetts, in 1853, and owing to poor health had taken a sea voyage to Russia, and declined other active work for a time.

In 1857, somewhat improved in health, he had accepted a call to Auburndale and had been a resident of the village for two years when Frank became a member of the family. When he came to Auburndale as their new pastor the church was newly organized and a small hall was used for worship, but within a year a building was erected which with additions is still in use, and has now developed into one of the strong churches of suburban Boston.

It was into this growing, but still small village, that Frank was introduced, and into a childless parsonage. There is no reason to believe, however, that his life was not a happy one. The home was doubtless strictly Puritanical in its discipline. On the Sabbath day there were three preaching services, morning, afternoon and evening, sometimes varied by a missionary, or Sunday School concert in the evening. This program was expected and accepted as a matter of course, and who shall say that it was not beneficial?

For social relaxation the older folks had a book club, and sewing circle, and a rural club where a variety of bucolic subjects were presented and discussed. The younger generation were well cared for in the village in several

schools for boys and girls, the most notable being Lasell Seminary, still flourishing after seventy-five years of existence. The social tone of the village was led by the church, and owing to the formidable number of retired ministers in residence there from early days, it received the name of "Saints' Rest." It was probably due to these influences that it succumbed much later than many of its neighbor villages to the more worldly forms of social entertainment.

The glimpses that we get from the uncle's diary show that these brief Auburndale days must have been happy ones for little Frank. His new father was an ardent lover of the out-of-door world, of hunting, fishing, tramping and skating. He was a keen observer, and knew birds and animals as do few who are not professed experts. The diary tells of going into the woods to shoot pigeons and partridges, catching perch and bream, and suckers in spring time, skating on the cove, watching the steam shovels loading sand with which to fill in the Back Bay, driving about the surrounding country, and picnicking at Nantasket.

After a time it seemed best to his new father and mother to make the boy their own by legal adoption, and on August 12, 1859, some five months after his mother's death, this entry occurs in the journal:

> "Lovely day. Go into Boston at nine o'clock. Finish the business of adopting Frank before Judge Abbott. Now he is my own dear little son, legally, and surely in the love of my heart."

One need not stress the truth that this affection was returned by the boy toward his new father and mother just as freely. On March 13, 1863, the final change of name was effected, and Frank Symmes became Frank Clark. In after years he sometimes expressed regret that he had not

kept his own father's name, but he took comfort in the thought that in taking the name of Clark he had taken his mother's name.

It was not all smooth sailing for the new pastor in his clerical parish. Few references to the situation are found in the journal, but on March 31, 1861, the Rev. Mr. Furber of Newton Centre presented the resignation of the Auburndale pastor, " for reasons which I need not here state." It is easy to read between the lines and understand that the trouble was merely a lack of compatibility between the pastor and an influential minority of his flock.

The resignation was accepted, but the Clark family continued to live in Auburndale for more than two years. Mr. Clark no longer preached at home but often occupied neighboring pulpits, and the atmosphere seems to have been happier than under more settled conditions. He was a member of the Newton School Committee and very active in attending to his duties. He was elected chaplain of the Massachusetts Senate for two consecutive terms — an almost unprecedented event. There were frequent visits to Westboro and Tewksbury, and over all was the excitement of the Civil War.

Great men were constant visitors to Boston, and Mr. Clark saw and heard them all, and sometimes Frank went as well — Charles Sumner, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Rufus Choate, General McClellan, Henry Ward Beecher, Stephen A. Douglas and others. Beecher seems to have been the most impressive, and Douglas was utterly condemned for appearing in public smoking a cigar. There were frequent visits to military camps either independently or with the legislature, of which Frank's uncles, Oliver and Joshua Clark, were members.

IN WAR TIME

But war was in the air. On November 19, 1861, Mr. Clark went to Long Wharf to see Ben Butler's troops sail south on the steamship Constitution. It is little wonder that, without a settled parish, and inflamed by the martial atmosphere of the legislature, he should himself decide to go. On March 25, 1863, he received his commission from the Governor as Chaplain of the 47th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. Senate duties were turned over to others. Auburndale friends helped financially; and this was necessary, as equipment cost more than $160.00. His wife accompanied him to New York, and Frank went to Westboro temporarily.

While waiting for the transport to sail the Clarks took the opportunity to hear the greatest pulpit orator of the day. In view of the wide-spread interest in Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Clark's comments are still of interest. It was Easter Sunday, and the sermon was on the doctrine of the resurrection.

"Flowers on the table, a vase of callas and a large bouquet of mixed flowers. He looked at the callas, and smelt of the bouquet, and took it away with him. Sermon fifty minutes long, partly written. He said many good things but did not move me much. His thoughts were too general. No sharp distinction. Preached as though all the low, vile and degraded would in immortality find a blessing. Made no clear discrimination between the resurrection of the just and the unjust. Was very severe on what he called the recent doctrine of annihilation, but failed to show that any doctrine except universal salvation or universal restoration was any more desirable. Annihilation of the wicked is to my mind far more punishment than the eternal wrath of God. The doctrine of future punishment to

any class of men is a far greater drawback on the glory of resurrection and immortality than the annihilation of the same."

At last the transport sailed and conveyed its regiment and chaplain safely to New Orleans. Mrs. Clark and Frank remained in Westboro at the Phillips homestead while Mr. Clark endured the hardships of an army chaplain's life; and these were not insignificant during a New Orleans summer. Apparently the duties consisted of preaching on Sunday when he was well enough, an occasional prayer meeting, and many hospital visits. The aftermath of these visits was a large correspondence with the father or mother or wife of some New England boy who would never return. Frequently a lock of the dead boy's hair was enclosed in the letter.

The heat, poor fare, and unsanitary quarters soon undermined the chaplain's health, not too robust at best. The final touch was an attack of jaundice which occasioned a furlough and subsequent discharge, and he arrived at home on August 18, some four months after he had sailed from Brooklyn, weak and emaciated, but bringing a cage of five cardinals and two mocking birds as an offering to those at home.

Convalescence was fairly rapid, and he was soon supplying again in neighboring pulpits with headquarters established at a house in Newton Corner, a town now scarcely recognized in its hyphenated form. There was hardly time to get acclimated here, however, as the New Year brought a call from the church in Claremont, New Hampshire, and in February 1864 the installation took place.

Chapter III

CLAREMONT AND KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

CLAREMONT was at that time a prosperous village of some four thousand inhabitants. It has since continued to prosper, and is now a city. The Sugar River flows through the town, emptying into the Connecticut River some five miles to the west, and furnishing water power to the industries that were already beginning to rise in the early sixties.

It was still a village, however, typical of northern New England, with Baptist and Methodist churches, as well as the Congregational to which Mr. Clark had been called.

Few villages in New England are more beautifully situated. Just across the Connecticut to the west rises Mount Ascutney, its height accentuated by its isolation and its regularity. A little farther to the east is Lake Sunapee, now a famous summer resort, and numerous ponds and lesser hills create a wonderfully diversified country. No boy who loves to camp and climb and fish could imagine a better place in which to grow up.

The four years of Frank's boyhood here must have been happy ones. An attack of the smallpox, which nearly cost his father his life immediately on arriving in Claremont, was spared Frank. There were frequent references to trips up Ascutney to spend the night, to other trips to Cold Pond and Lake Sunapee for fishing, and innumerable drives about the surrounding country for pastoral visits.

The boy Francis
Francis at the age of Six
Francis at the age of Nine
A Freshman at Dartmouth in 1869
The Lad at the age of Twelve
A dignified College Senior 1873
Dr. Clark in years later
Dr. Clark as a Pastor 1889
Dr. Clark in 1895
Dr Clark in 1908

GROUP OF PICTURES OF DR. CLARK

The assassination of Lincoln made a deep impression on the whole family, and Frank's boyish grief remained as a vivid memory throughout his life. His father has underscored the day in his journal:

"Alas! Alas! ! Our good President! Today has been a sad day, a day of weeping! ! !"

And the next day, Sunday, he writes:

"Pulpit and gallery draped with black hangings. House crowded full. Seats in the aisles. Solemn time. People deeply moved."

The church was not always crowded, however, for on one occasion he writes:

"Alarm of fire in P.M. just after I had begun my sermon. The men streamed out. Not much of a fire. A few came back."

On September 3, 1865, just before his fourteenth birthday, Frank joined his father's church. This entry appears in the journal:

"James P. Piper and my son, Francis E. Clark, join the church. Good day."

That this was a serious decision and a definite step in the boy's religious development we know.

Two other incidents in the Claremont life deserve to be recorded. President Asa D. Smith of Dartmouth College preached one Sunday at Claremont and stayed with the pastor. On returning to Hanover he missed the train and had to return and spend another night in Claremont. A man of unusual charm and dignity, he caught the imagination of the boy and began a friendship that continued through the years of college life.

In the next year Frank had his first actual introduction to Dartmouth College, when he attended the Commencement, then held in July. Despite the necessity of having a tooth pulled, and his father's sick headache, it was evidently a satisfactory event, with its President's Levee, interminable program, and campus side shows. The shining light among visiting speakers was evidently Theodore Tilton, then editor of *The Independent*, and not yet notorious through Beecher associations, who spoke on "The Art of Using the Mind."

Probably the memories of Claremont that lingered longest were those of mountain, streams, woods, and lakes. The earliest letter of Frank's that has been preserved dates from this time, and should be quoted in full:

"My Dear Father:

I have a plan to tell you of, which I have had in mind for some time, and which I think is a very nice one, indeed. It is this: that I get Charlie Coggin and Henry Clark to come up here from Boston, and that you and I and they two go over to Otter Pond (near Lake Sunapee where we went last August) and spend a week or ten days camping on its banks.

"As I am afraid you may have some objections to going, I want to answer all I can think of. First, perhaps, you will speak of the expense. Now I think I can show you that it will not cost any more to go over there and have a good time than it would to stay at home; for you know it costs considerable to keep three hungry boys, and you would have to buy meat once or twice during the week. Besides we would have a good many other things at home which we would not expect out there, so I think at the lowest estimate we would save $2.00.

"You say it costs about two dollars a week to keep Billy. Now we can put him out to grass in Mr. Putney's pasture for fifty cents at the most, making a clear gain of $1.40 on the horse.

"Having considered the savings, let us think of the expenses which would not occur if we were at home.

"The first expense perhaps would be for the boat which we would want for the whole time we are over there. When we were there last summer Mr. Putney let the boat for 25 cents a day and this in eight days would amount to $2.00, covered by the savings on us boys.

"The next expense may be for powder and shot, of which one pound of powder at 75 cents, and four of shot at 15 cents (amounting to $1.35) I should think would be sufficient, and this expense is covered by the saving on the horse, and 5 cents left over for . . .

"These are all the principal expenses I can think of, although there may be a few small ones, but these will probably be covered by small savings. And if we should be fortunate enough to capture two or three minks or muskrats, although it will not be a good season of the year for skins, yet they are worth something. We might get enough to pay all our expenses. I know a boy who sold a mink skin killed not more than ten days ago for $2.00.

"As a second objection you may ask how all four of us can ride over there with the baggage. My plan is that you drive over there with the things and that we boys walk over. I am sure we can do it, for Henry and I walked 20 miles two years ago without feeling it, and of course we can do it now.

"Thirdly, you may ask where I will get a tent, and how we will carry it over if I do obtain one. I think I know where I can get a tent, and I should think we might leave the long pole at home and cut one for the tent when we arrive there. Without the pole we could easily carry it in the wagon.

"I don't believe but your health will be a good deal better if we carry out our plan, for you know you said you felt better last year when we only went for one day. Besides you know that you promised me about seven years ago that we two should go down into the woods of Maine when I was 14 and spend some time in hunting. But I will be obliging, and you may fulfil that promise in the woods of N. H. on the banks of Otter Pond.

"Now if you have any doubts about going just think what a splendid time we will have *going ducking* just at daylight, and *cooning* by moonlight, and *pickerelling* by torchlight, and setting traps for muskrats, minks and rabbits, and going onto the big pond (Lake Sunapee) and catching big fish, and exploring all the islands in the lake. O, we will have a *MAGNIF* time.

"My idea is that you take one Sunday of your vacation and that we go the last of next month, or the first of July, but we can go earlier if you like. I write you so long beforehand so that we may have full time to make all needful preparations. You will not have to do anything about getting ready, only I want you to be interested in it, and to think it is a nice plan, and give me a little advice now and then.

"Please answer before very long that you will go,
and oblige,

Your aff. son,
Frank E. Clark.

P.S. From Monday the first of July to Tuesday the ninth would be a good time on account of the moon."

We have no record of his father's reply to this moving appeal, but under the date of July 30 the following appears in the journal:

"Lovely day. At 10.15 Henry, Frank and I start for Sunapee Lake and Otter Pond to spend a day in fishing. Go with Billy. Stop an hour on the way and bathe and eat dinner and pick raspberries and feed Billy. Arrive at Woodward's on the south-east shore of Otter Pond at 4 o'clock. Get a boat and go fishing and take 56 that evening. Bed at 10.

"Up at 3.30 and go on the pond till noon. Take 100 fish mostly perch. Save only the perch and one pickerel. Adventure with a large pickerel. Dine and bathe at noon and dress the fish, and at 3.45 start for home, which we reach at 8.00 P.M. Had a most enjoyable time. Boys enjoyed it exceedingly. On the way home I shot two partridges. We had one of the pleasantest trips I ever took in my life."

Evidently the plan worked out successfully.

But the Claremont days were nearly over. Frank was now 16 years old and college was beckoning. There seems to have been no question as to what college it should be. Dartmouth had always been his choice. His father had graduated there twenty-three years before; it was near by; and Dartmouth graduates have always had a reputation of almost clannish loyalty to their college. No adequate preparation could be expected in Claremont, and arrangements were made for Frank to complete his preliminary work at Kimball Union Academy, of which his father had recently been elected a trustee.

AT KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

This academy was situated in the hill village of Meriden, about midway between Claremont and Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College. Founded in 1813 it was especially designed to fit boys for college in the hope that they would enter the Christian ministry. Its designation as a Union Academy shows the early interest of the united churches of the surrounding territory in its foundation. It was primarily a fitting school for Dartmouth College, and of the thirty-seven boys graduating in the class of 1869, of which Frank was a member, 22 entered Dartmouth, although only seven of the total number became ministers. At this time the school numbered between two and three hundred pupils, including both boys and girls.

In December 1867, Frank left the Claremont home, never to return except for vacation periods. Under date of December 4 his father writes:

"At nine o'clock Frank and I start with Billy for Meriden. Frank goes to fit for college, the Lord willing and opening the way. Hard parting. Frank is a good boy, and a great comfort

in the house. I shall miss him sadly, with no young life in the house, and no one to run an errand. Frank is getting to be an intelligent companion. I love him dearly. The dear boy has his decided faults, but he is very good and lovely. May Jesus call him to be a good and faithful minister. He is a consecrated boy."

Kimball Union Academy was at that time one of the largest preparatory schools in New England and was presided over by Dr. Richards, a man of some reputation as a classical scholar. A spirit of frugality and self-help pervaded the place and discipline was strict and severe. It was a particularly serious offense to address a student of the other sex at any but the stated period. But there was apparently no revolt at the severity of the discipline, and the scholars of the old academy have been its loyal supporters in later years. Frugality, too, was doubtless a necessity for most of the students. An alumnus of the early sixties recalls that board at that time averaged 80 cents a week. But when Frank entered prices had risen.

Frank went to Meriden on December 4th, and the next day he wrote to his mother, his first letter away from home:

"I felt pretty lonely after father left me yesterday, but I do not think I shall be homesick, at least I do not feel so this A.M. My roommate Frank Smith came last night, and I should think he was a very good boy. Last evening Dr. Richards told us that we might have the room on the second floor, instead of the attic room where he first put me.

"The club where I board opened last night and so I took my supper there instead of at the Dr's as I expected. The club is at the house of Mrs. Sherman, next door to Prof. Richards, a Mr. Hale commissary. Everybody calls it a good club. Last night we had cream of tartar biscuit, very salt butter, doughnuts and cold water. This morning we had cold water, duffs, cream

of tartar biscuit and salt butter. The things were all very nice. Last night I ate a biscuit and a doughnut. I did not feel very hungry. This evening, however, I ate four biscuit and two duffs, which I think is a sign that my appetite is improving.

"Yesterday P.M. after I left father I bought 6 feet of first rate rock maple wood, straight and easy to split, for $2.82. I do not know whether my roommate will buy another half cord or pay me for this. Yesterday evening we bought a very good lamp about the size of father's for 75 cents. It was second-hand but had been used but little. We also bought a chimney, a very pretty shade, some oil and wicks. My share of the whole came to 60 cents. But I cannot write more at present, as I shall have to saw some wood before I go to the Academy."

Doubtless the possibility of homesickness in Frank's case was lessened by the fact that he was only fifteen miles from home and that his father was frequently obliged to be in Meriden as a trustee of the Academy or as exchange preacher. The year and a half of residence, broken by frequent vacations and visits home, seems to have been a happy one. For admission to college he must pass examinations in Greek, including Homer and Xenophon, Latin, including Virgil, Cicero and Sallust; mathematics, including arithmetic, algebra and geometry; English grammar, and geography.

A letter dated February 6th, 1869, refers to the Greek assignments:

"I christened my new notebook by writing a translation of fifty lines of Homer in it. I wish the old fellow had not sung in quite such hard Greek. We find all we want to do to translate 16 lines a day, though we take 65 of Virgil's verses for a lesson. We are now reading the sixth book of Virgil. It is about the descent of Aeneas to Hades and what he saw there."

On one occasion his father visited the class in Greek and reports in his journal as follows:

"Attend Dr. Richards' class in Xenophon. Frank recites well. His main lack is force. He is very quiet."

At another time he attended a public meeting of the Philadelphian Society and heard a discussion between Frank and Charles Eddy of Bellows Falls, Vermont, on the question, "Is universal religious toleration a duty?" Frank had the affirmative and according to his father acquitted himself well.

Much of the money for Frank's schooling came from the meagre estate of his mother which was being administered by his uncle, Oliver Clark. The ambition to be independent was stirring even then and in the summer vacation of 1868 he went on the road to canvas the community around Springfield, Vermont, as agent for novelties. Evidently he had poor success among the hard-headed Vermont farmers, and in three days he was back again much discouraged.

The academy days ran their course and Frank was graduated on June 24, 1869. Here is his father's record of the day:

"Lovely, sunny day. Frank graduates with 55 others, 37 young men and 18 young ladies. Frank's subject, 'Eccentricities.' Very well treated and perfectly spoken. A good thing. All passes off well. Frank's standing during his course is as follows: He is the youngest but one of his class, being only 17. He was in the irregular class in Latin and entered a year and a third in advance, and had one whole term less than the class in Greek. 1. is perfect. 1.10 was the highest marking any one got, and only one, E. H. Jones, who is to be Frank's chum in college. 1.75 is the lowest anyone got. 1.26 is the average. Half the class stood 1.26 or above, and half stood be-

low. Frank stood at 1.17. There were five boys who were ahead of Frank and 31 who were below him. The graduation day was a success. Now Frank is a member of Dartmouth College. May the Lord keep and bless him."

It should be added that the delegation that went to Dartmouth from Kimball Union Academy with Frank constituted about one quarter of the freshman class of 1873, a remarkable record for any school to hold.

Chapter IV

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

WHEN Frank entered Dartmouth College in 1869 it had just celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the granting of its charter. It was one of the small and select group of colleges whose origin goes back to colonial days, and the first hundred years of its history had not radically changed its character. It was still a New England institution and drew the majority of its students from the farms and villages of the north country.

Probably it was owing to the incentives and publicity given by the Centennial, which Frank had attended with his father, that the class of 1873 was the largest, up to that time, in the history of the college. Of the 93 freshmen who started with the class only 13 came from outside of New England. Of the remaining 80 no less than 57 came from the states of New Hampshire and Vermont in nearly equal numbers. The college of that day did not boast of culture, polish or wealth among its students, but it could balance this lack with a sturdy independence and ruggedness of character.

Dartmouth has been favored with an unusual line of presidents, from its founder, Eleazer Wheelock, to Ernest Martin Hopkins; and President Asa D. Smith, who held the office in 1869, was not the least of the line. Successor to Nathan Lord, whose forty years of service were effec-

tive, though somewhat embittered by his pro-slavery sympathy, President Smith introduced from his New York pulpit a gracious urbanity and kindly courtesy that were much needed in the college of that day. Also, as we have seen, he was no stranger to the Clark household, where he had been marooned for a day after preaching in Claremont.

The academic faculty comprised twenty resident members including the president. Most of them were doubtless distinguished for character and personality rather than for scholarship, but Professor Charles A. Young was to become world-famous in the field of astronomy, and several were outstanding as teachers. The graduates of that day still talk of the superb teaching of Professor Edwin D. Sanborn, whose chair was oratory and belles lettres, while the memory of Alpheus Crosby in Greek, and Dixi Crosby in the Medical School, are still cherished traditions.

According to present-day standards the equipment was pitifully inadequate. Crowning the rising ground to the east of the campus were three brick buildings and one of wood, Dartmouth Hall, the original college, built in 1784. The others, Wentworth, Thornton and Reed, were largely for dormitory purposes, though they also housed the Library, and Dartmouth Hall contained a chapel as well.

On the bare hill beyond was a modern observatory and the newest building of all was a gymnasium just completed. These six buildings were centers around which the student life revolved. The other departments of the college, the Medical School, the Chandler Scientific Department, and the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, while under college control, led each its separate existence.

On the northern side of the campus the old college church called all to its compulsory worship, and the rest of the green was flanked by the white colonial houses of the faculty. In the background, and none too distant, were the wooded hills, and on the northern sky-line the blue outlines of the mountains.

Conditions of life were primitive. Water was pumped up from a well on the campus, and all ablutions had to be performed in the dormitory rooms with water heated on the stove. Each room had its own heating system, apparently the only fuel being wood, which was bought in four foot lengths and worked up as needed. With such a multiplicity of stoves and variety of supervision, it seems a miracle that only one of these buildings, Dartmouth Hall, was destroyed by fire, and that this one stood 120 years before succumbing.

During his first two years at Hanover young Clark roomed outside of the dormitories, and he doubtless felt at home from the beginning, as a quarter of his class had prepared at Kimball Union Academy. His first letter home breathes an atmosphere of greater liberty than he had been accustomed to:

"Everything seems different from what it did at Meriden. We have more liberty and many misuse it to smoke, etc., and some to drink, I am afraid. Class feeling is very strong, though so far the Sophs have used us very well, and permitted those who wanted to, to carry canes without molestation. In the first and only football 'rush' the freshmen carried off the ball in triumph, and so when they try to plague us, as they often do by singing a song about the 'Green Freshy' or some such thing, we have only to cry 'Football' and they soon 'dry up.'"

The daily schedule of a freshman as outlined in the following letter would seem to leave little opportunity to misuse one's time if rigidly followed:

"The round of daily duties which we have now settled into is about this: we get up in the morning at six and study on mathematics until breakfast at seven-thirty. At eight we have prayers, and immediately afterwards the mathematical recitation. Then we study on Greek from nine until ten, then recite in Greek and after that till dinner time study Latin. Dinner comes at 12.30. From two until five-thirty are study hours again, relieved at 2.30 by gymnastic exercises, and at 3.30 by Latin recitation. At 5.30 we have supper, then exercise until seven when we again attack our books until bedtime at ten. Wednesday afternoon the routine is varied by a rhetorical exercise instead of the Latin, and Saturday P.M. we have for a half holiday."

It is interesting to compare this statement with a comment made three years later at the beginning of his senior year:

"Our studies are pretty severe, unusually so for seniors. Three a day, English literature, Metaphysics and Chemistry. We have sent a remonstrance to the faculty telling them that at this rate we shall get no time for reading, writing, or general improvement, which is supposed to be a senior's chief end. They reply that they know we have altogether too much studying to do, but the vote of the trustees obliges them to give us three studies a day, etc., part of which is true, and part Prexy's soft soap, I imagine.

"We have Taine's English Literature for a text book, two large volumes of 600 pages each. It is very interesting indeed, especially the first part where he treats of the Saxons and Normans. I wish you could read it. I think you would be charmed with his style, it is so bright and lively and nowhere dull."

Enjoyment of the exuberant manifestations of college life is evident in his letters home. As a junior he is somewhat superior to the Burial of Mathematics staged by the sophomores:

"The sophs had their burial of mathematics last night and a rare 'bum' they made of it. A long procession with torches and transparencies, headed by a fife and drum, formed at ten o'clock, and after marching through the principal streets, went to the college park where a grave had been dug to receive the coffin, which was borne in the middle of the procession.

"At the grave a eulogy, which had neither wit nor wisdom, but only a kind of impious resemblance to funeral orations, was pronounced by one of the class, a wretched poem was read by another, then the books were burned while a quartette sang funeral dirges, and finally the exercises were ended by firing three volleys into the ashes. It seemed like a very weak, and really wicked affair to me. Nevertheless the whole class was engaged in it. One of the profs who saw the coffin when it was being built remarked, that there wasn't mathematics enough in the whole class to half fill the coffin."

It was again the sophomores who incurred faculty displeasure, but this time a different class. In the spring of his senior year young Clark writes:

"There has been a little trouble in college this week. It happened this way. It is the custom to 'wood up,' stamp on the floor in chapel, when a classmate who has been out teaching gets back. Prex has been trying to break this up for a long time, so the other day when the sophs went through the usual operation on the return of one of their number, Prex 'got on his left ear,' (Excuse me, this is the college term for getting riled,) and suspended the whole sophomore class. For three or four days they wandered about at their own sweet wills, and then signed a repentant apology and were received back into the fold."

A little later the ancient institution of a " shirt-tail parade " was observed:

" About midnight a large number of freshmen and sophs had a shirt-tail drill, (I suppose you know what this is, as I believe it is an ancient institution) while the other classes went out to look on. Among other things the white-robed paraders made a big bonfire on the common and burned up the whole of the south side of the common fence. This was because the fence had been recently moved in, and shortened the common some fifteen or twenty feet."

Senior dignity was not forgotten:

" Don't you wish you could see my new plug (silk hat)!! It came to-day from Boston where my head measure was sent, and costs six dollars. It is a senior prerogative to wear a beaver, you know, and a large number are coming out in them just now."

Then as now a large proportion of the students were obliged to earn at least a part of their college expenses. The average cost of a year at Dartmouth is quoted in the catalogue of 1869 as ranging between $176.50 and $286.50 for the prime essentials. The average cost now is probably five times as great, but it is doubtful if the present day student works any harder for his education than did the student of sixty years ago. At any rate young Clark was not too liberally supplied with funds. The small estate of his mother was being administered by his uncle, Oliver Clark, and from him he drew on the resources available. He also obtained a small amount from the sale of a piece of land that had come down from old Zechariah Symmes to a number of heirs, and with whom he received an undivided share. " Turkey Swamp," as it was known, contributed towards his education, but there was still a deficit,

and this was made good in part by teaching during the long winter vacation from Thanksgiving until early in January. So common was this practice of teaching in winter vacation that the college was largely depopulated during these six weeks, and the courses were so arranged that no serious interruption of the work was suffered.

During the winter of 1869–70 young Clark taught at Topsfield, Massachusetts, and the following winter in the neighboring village of Boxford. The schools were of the usual ungraded type, but they had the advantage of being near the home of his uncle, William Coggin, who had married a sister of Lydia Symmes, and there was always a warm welcome for him at the Boxford parsonage.

In young Clark's junior year at college the winter vacation period was shortened, so that this source of income vanished. There seems to have been no common source of gainful occupations open to college students during the summer vacation of six weeks. At any rate he found no such opportunities during his college course.

A VISIT TO AYLMER

The estate at Aylmer seems not to have been settled to the complete satisfaction of every one, and young Clark was evidently not too optimistic about getting further revenues from it. He planned a trip to Aylmer for the winter of 1872, and writes:

"I will do the thing up brown if I can, but shall have no great expectations, so as not to be disappointed."

He left Hanover on November 9 to visit Aylmer for the first time since he had left it as a heart-broken little boy thirteen years before. "Cherry Cottage" was still unsold,

and was apparently under the control of Symmes relatives, and an accounting was asked for. Young Clark was now of age and whatever income had accrued from the estate was due him. There were friends in Aylmer who still remembered his father and mother with affection, especially the McLeans and Dr. Church. There was some difficulty concerning the deed, but it was hoped to obviate this by deeding the property to young Clark under the name of "Symmes, commonly known as Clark." "Cherry Cottage" was found badly out of repair, and renting for as little as fifty dollars a year.

The negotiations were unpleasant and unsatisfactory. As young Clark writes:

"The next day I went to see Tibby (Tiberius) Symmes about the business. He would give me no definite answer about the deed. Said he would consult his mother about it, but implied that they would never give me a deed because my name had been changed. He said that there had been a great deal of hard feeling about that and that his father had charged them again and again not to give me the deed on that account."

The accounting showed a balance due of some $800.00 and even this had not been put out to interest, so that the result was distinctly disappointing, but the best advice seemed to be to get what he could.

One source of gratification was the affectionate memory in which his father and mother were held. He writes:

"I made quite a number of calls, and every one received me very kindly. All remembered my mother and father and spoke of them in a way that did me good to hear. Old Irishmen would say of my father (and quite a number of them too) 'He was the best man I ever worked for, he was always helping us and giving us presents'; and Charlie Hall said he heard a great many old lumbermen say the same thing."

Before leaving, young Clark visited the graves of his mother and his brothers and sister, on the road to Ottawa, and found them in a sadly neglected condition, a condition that he was able later to remedy.

It is interesting to note that the journalistic impulse and the urge to write were already strong, and three columns of copy were sent to the New York Herald in the hope of meeting part of the expenses of the trip by this means. Whether it was published we do not know, but there was at least some advantage in being an embryo journalist for the railroads in Canada were liberal with their passes.

On his return to Hanover young Clark evidently feared that his foster parents might take too seriously his remarks about a possible penalty for changing his name, for he writes:

"I have no wish to change my name again and wouldn't for a dozen houses like the one in Aylmer. If I can't earn enough in a few years after I get out of college to make the few hundred dollars I am losing now of no account, I'll sell out cheap, as the boys say."

SOCIAL LIFE IN HANOVER

It is evident from young Clark's letters home that he was not entirely deprived of social life during his Hanover quadrennium. One letter is devoted to the young ladies of Hanover. One of them must be mentioned specifically — the president's daughter, she who was affectionately known to many generations of students as "Sally Prex," and left the memory of a strong personality with hundreds of alumni of the college:

"There is Miss Smith (the President's daughter) a young lady of two and thirty summers or thereabouts. She is one of

those smart, capable, energetic, up-and-down sort of young ladies who is sure to put anything through successfully that she undertakes. She runs the ' Presidential Mansion ' I guess entirely, with the exception of the old gentleman. She is always present at every party and does a great amount of singing."

Others are listed, but " Sally Prex " comes first. Here is the record of a week that may not be typical:

" The first thing on the order of exercises this week was a party at Mr. Wainright's where this galaxy of beauty assembled with about as many students, and chatted small talk, and went into raptures over the singing, and regaled themselves on escalloped oysters, cake and coffee. Tuesday night was given to a senior party at Professor Sanborn's — more small talk, musical raptures, oysters and cake. Friday night the select crowd of Monday evening met at Dr. Ben Crosby's and enjoyed more gabble, musical ecstacies and scalloped bivalves. Thursday night we contented ourselves with a prayer-meeting, and Wednesday night we had the most enjoyable time of the whole week, a genuine orthodox Psi U ' bum.' "

Lest the current use of this last word be misunderstood, it should be stated that the strongest beverage of such a " bum " was sweet cider. However the schedule of a day so dutifully outlined in freshman year seems to have fallen by the wayside.

Here is a tempting reference to social Hanover:

" I have just come home from a grand dinner (Thanksgiving) at Prex's. His daughter Sally sent for me yesterday and gave me charge of the invitations to five or six classmates, and at two this P.M. we all went down to the ' quiet family dinner ' as Sally called it. Soup, turkey and chicken roast — chicken pie — apple, mince and pumpkin pie — pudding — ice cream — nuts and raisins. After dinner we played ring peg, rounce, etc., until half past six."

The local celebrity who brought to Hanover the atmosphere of the world of affairs was Hiram Hitchcock, proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. He too shared in the social whirl:

"On Friday night the Dickens Club was invited to take tea at Mr. Hiram Hitchcock's, the wonderfully rich man who has just moved into town. He has just fitted up Professor Fairbanks' house in magnificent style. Everything is very rich and solid and costly, but nothing gaudy. And the supper was no meaner than the furniture. After supper we had the Dickens part of the evening, which consisted of my reading some selections from Martin Chuzzlewit, where Sairy Gamp, Betsy Prig and Mr. Mould figure. After the reading we had the usual quantity of small talk, and the inevitable parlor games before which no party in Hanover can break up."

The Dickens Club was evidently an active organization. In the last letter written from Hanover before graduation he describes another party at Hiram Hitchcock's:

"Most of the Dickens Club went as Dickens' characters. Mine was Mantalini with the 'Demit' left out. I wore a very gorgeous dressing gown, a 'loud' vest, some 'swell' pants, an abundance of flashy jewelry, and an immense pair of siders and a mustache. It passed off very pleasantly, and was such a success that it is to be repeated at Miss Brown's if an evening can be found for it before Commencement."

But there were other activities than those taking place in the social set. Fraternities were well established, and offered real opportunities for self-development. As a freshman he was initiated into Psi Upsilon, his foster-father's fraternity, and the oldest at Dartmouth. The next year he was in the midst of pledging a new delegation, for he writes:

"Friday afternoon and eve and a good part of Saturday we Psi U's spent in electioneering freshmen a constant succession of menageries, calls, walks, confidential talks, etc., etc., with them, until the very sight of a freshman's coat-tails is beginning to get disagreeable. However we have pledged eight first rate men and have two or three others about as good as pledged."

The letters home are filled with news of Psi U activities and much practice in writing and debating was to be had. In 1872 young Clark was a delegate to the annual convention at Amherst and the next year the convention came to Dartmouth. Evidently much of the preliminary work fell on him. One of his duties was to obtain an orator and poet for the occasion and numerous distinguished members of Psi Upsilon were invited, among them Governor Hawley, J. G. Holland, Andrew D. White and Charles Dudley Warner. The latter replied:

"I never wrote a poem in my life. Is not this a disgraceful confession? And still I am a pretty good Psi U. I assure you that if I had known the necessity I should be under of declining to do my share at your convention I should have been born a poet. As it is I can only decline with thanks and tears."

Finally an ode was written by Dr. Ordroneaux of the Medical School faculty, and apparently the convention passed off pleasantly, including a drive to the near-by Shaker settlement at Enfield.

The summer vacation periods were always times of much delight. At present impecunious students count on these times to earn at least a part of their next year's expenses. In the seventies the vacations were much briefer and opportunities for employment fewer. The summer vacation of 1870 was spent in Claremont with numerous trips to near-by ponds and mountains. By the next summer young

Clark's father had resigned from his church in Claremont and gone to Boston where he had accepted a clerical position with his brother Oliver, who conducted a profitable lumber business. This summer young Clark spent in the neighborhood of Boston, including a camping trip to Nahant with college classmates, and visits to relatives.

JOURNALISTIC EFFORTS

The next summer, 1872, saw the first ambitious attempt at journalism. With his father he undertook a trip to the Provinces, visiting New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, serving as correspondent for the *Boston Globe* and the *Congregationalist.* Pages of his father's massive diary record this trip, and yellowed clippings of young Clark's correspondence bear witness to his diligence. We are told that he wrote five letters to the Globe and three to the Congregationalist, for which he received five dollars each, also two articles for *The Old Curiosity Shop,* a Boston publication now defunct, at ten dollars each, which went well toward paying the money expense of the trip, which was $97.86. Nearly $70 was also received in free passes on railroads and steamships, and in reduced rates at hotels, a common consideration given to journalists in those days.

In the same manner, immediately after commencement, a memorable trip was made to the White Mountains with five classmates, "Jim" Pettee (later a missionary to Japan), "Tom" Cramer, "Doc" Ward and "Ham" Mayo. A wagon was rented and their own supplies carried, as the trip was to be as economical as possible. The first letter written from near Haverhill has an apologetic tone, as it was written on Sunday. He offers three excuses,

no time to write previously, no time to write in the near future, and nothing else so good to take up the hours of Sunday. He continued in further extenuation:

" We are trying to be pretty good boys as far as circumstances will admit, have just got home, five of us, from one of Mr. Greely's discourses, have prayers every night, and expect to go to meeting again this P.M. Indeed we are all church members, though one has rather fallen from grace I fear."

It does not seem as though serious objection could be taken to this program, especially as no travelling was done on Sunday.

In spite of blistered feet and variable weather the trip was a great success, and included an ascent of Mt. Washington, by walking up the recently built cog railroad, and later a fine view of the " Old Man " in the Franconias. Modern tourists will be interested to note that the whole trip of two weeks' duration cost only $15 per man. Of further interest is the fact that it was the cause of young Clark's first published book, entitled, " Our Vacations; Where to go, How to go, and How to enjoy them," a book of 200 pages published by Estes & Lauriat of Boston, and, aside from the mountain trip, containing chapters on Canada, The Tent on the Beach, and Down East, all products of his own experiences. The Tent on the Beach was the description of an additional venture by the same six, who spent a week under canvas at Nahant at the conclusion of the mountain trip.

The college days were definitely crystallizing young Clark's preference for a future profession. When he left college his father records in his diary the hope that Frank will become a useful Christian minister. This must always have been in the background of the young man's

thoughts, but journalism was tempting him. At the beginning of his senior year he writes home:

"You ask me if I would like to be a doctor. Not by no means. There is nothing I should dislike more. I should like better than anything to be a journalist of some kind. Not editor of a 'Northern Advocate' or 'National Eagle'; that would be almost as bad a berth as that of a saw-bones. The place I want can't be jumped into at once, and I don't know how to go to work to crawl into it. Can you tell me how?"

As late as March 1873, within three months of graduation, he still had his doubts:

"I'm not quite clear in my mind yet," he writes, "and never have been, *that I ought to go to the seminary at all.* At least I think I could judge much better after a year out of college, and I hope I should be more in the spirit of going then, as I should be. If I wait a year, I shall be less than twenty-six when I get through the seminary, which I am sure is young enough to begin preaching. It is a fact that two thirds of the boys teach or do something else for a year or two after leaving college, before going to the seminary. I think it would be a real and lasting benefit to me to get used to writing, as I should if I get the chance I want. I will send you two or three articles the first of next week, which I will thank you very much to take to the editors."

About the same time he writes: —

"My principal object now is to get a place for next year. My plan is to write for three or four papers, and if in this way I can be sure of a thousand, or even eight hundred dollars, to go into this work for a year before going to the seminary."

Opportunities to try his hand at journalism in college were not wanting. At the beginning of his senior year he was elected one of the editors of *The Dartmouth,* the

monthly news and literary publication of the college. It appeared in rather small format, with five or six articles of a literary nature in each issue, with editorials in a philosophical vein, and brief news items concerning the college and its alumni. Evidently young Clark was given a chance to try his hand even before he became an editor, for in October, 1871, appears an article entitled, " The Fall of Dartmouth," which has been traced to his pen, though signed " Dorking." This depicts in prophetic style the dire fate that befell Dartmouth when in 1885 it opened its doors to co-eds.

After he became an editor contributions are numerous, though still unsigned and difficult to identify. " By Rail and Wave " described the trip to the Provinces already mentioned. " Advertisements " is an essay on the art of advertising then and now. In May 1873, he estimated that he had written one tenth of the copy appearing in *The Dartmouth* of that college year.

During this same year an able and even brilliant, independent publication made its appearance in the college. It was called *The Anvil*, and started by F. A. Thayer of the class of 1873. Among the editors was Samuel W. McCall, '74, later United States Senator, and Governor of Massachusetts. So excellent were its articles on matters of national interest that it attracted attention far beyond the environs of Hanover. Young Clark was asked to become one of the editors of this publication as well. He writes:

" I shall be responsible for about a page each week, and shall have the majority, and perhaps all of it, to write myself. We are going to double the paper in size, making 16 pages, five of them advertisements, which will pay for the printing, and from

the subscriptions we will pay our office expenses, etc. It is a private venture, but we expect to secure ourselves against loss before we begin, and at the same time do not expect to make anything out of it."

These latter expectations were realized, for the paper was short-lived, but it was highly creditable to all concerned.

The later achievements of this college generation show the ability of the men and the value of their training. The class of 1872 furnished three members of the Dartmouth faculty, small as it was in those days, Professors Bartlett, Colby and Worthen, an editor of the *New York Times*, Charles R. Miller, and Charles L. Dana, a widely known nerve specialist. The class of 1873 furnished two well-known educators, John H. Wright and Charles F. Bradley, the naval astronomer Henry M. Paul, and a nationally known surgeon, Emilius C. Dudley, besides the subject of this book, who became internationally known as the Founder of the Christian Endeavor Society. The class of 1874 boasted John A. Aiken, Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Samuel W. McCall, Frank N. Parsons, Chief Justice of the New Hampshire Supreme Court, Samuel L. Powers, Member of Congress from Massachusetts, and Frank O. Streeter, long a leading citizen of New Hampshire.

In such activities and surrounded by congenial friends, the four years must have passed rapidly. They ended with a feeling of satisfaction. In May 1873, young Clark writes home:

"You must rejoice with me for I have gained the prize of the four years' struggle, and have come out in the race much better than I expected. I have never had any great ambition to stand

very high, only respectably, so as to come on Commencement. But instead of barely coming on I am the fourteenth man, with a dozen below me who also have appointments."

And so on Commencement Day, June 26, 1873, his father and mother who had come to his graduation saw the class of 89 men file into the old college church on the campus, and saw their son mount the platform with 24 of his classmates who "also came on." Young Clark's part was an "Ethical Disputation" with Arthur K. Whitcome of Bath, New Hampshire, on the subject, "Ought Nations to be Governed by the Same Moral Laws as Individuals?" His father writes of the occasion in his journal:

"Frank graduates. Third speaker — rank of an English Oration. He ranked in marking among the first seven of his class, higher than any year. All were very good. Very creditable. Alumni Dinner excellent. President made a good speech, Governor a poor one, and Dr. A. B. Crosby an immensely funny one. My dinner was salmon and green peas, lemonade, strawberries, and ice cream. In the evening H and I go to the Trustees' Levee in Culver Hall. A crowd. Lovely ladies and gallant men."

In concluding this chapter on Dartmouth days it will not be out of place to quote the recollections of a college mate, Samuel L. Powers, in his book entitled, "Portraits of a Half Century."

"I first met Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, when we were students at the preparatory school at Meriden and our acquaintance extended not only during the time we were at the Academy but throughout college. During his school and college days he was a quiet, studious youth, conscientious in the performance of every duty, and greatly beloved by his fellows. I doubt, however, if even his most intimate friends of college days ever imagined that he

possessed that marvellous genius for organization and those striking administrative qualities which enabled him to organize and set in motion influences for the advancement of religious and social welfare which have extended throughout the Christian world. I feel sure that most Dartmouth men will agree with me that Frank Clark has exercised a larger influence for the good of the world than any other graduate of the seventies, and that his fame is likely to be of a most enduring character."

Chapter V

ANDOVER

THE summer of 1873 was spent at home in Westboro with numerous pleasure excursions. A two weeks' camping trip at Nahant with college classmates broke the monotony as did the crew races at Springfield, where Dartmouth finished fourth in a field of four. Also during that summer the last of the Symmes inheritance in Winchester, Turkey Swamp, was sold for $600 to meet expenses of the first year at Andover, for in spite of the allurements of journalism the decision had finally been made to go into the ministry.

The seminary opened on September 5, and the first letter home was written the following day; evidently first impressions were rather bleak:

"It doesn't seem quite as dull and desolate as it did yesterday, but still I feel more like an exile in Patagonia than anything else, and can hardly help sighing for college, and especially the Trio, Tom, Sam and Rich."

Later on he writes asking all the details of home happenings:

"For it will seem especially good to hear about them in this rather dreary and chilly atmosphere."

Perhaps the comparative restraint and inhibitions of a theological school produced this atmosphere and chilling

effect on the newcomer. It is more likely that new surroundings and the dearth of old friends were the cause.

The seminary was a staunch advocate of the freedom of the will but still maintained its original purpose of combatting extreme Calvinism and Unitarian tendencies. Probably its teachings had varied little from the days of its founding and in the seventies there were no signs of that controversy that was to blaze up in so vivid a way in the next decade.

The faculty at that time consisted of Professor Edwards A. Park, who held the chair of Christian Theology; Professors Mead and Thayer, holding the chairs of Sacred Literature (Old and New Testament); Professor Egbert C. Smyth, Ecclesiastical History, and Professor John W. Churchill, Elocution. Professor Austin Phelps was still in active service, but absent through illness much of the time. It was a distinguished group, and no teacher held a higher place in the affections of his students than Professor Park, whose witty and ironical conduct of classroom and lecture have given rise to innumerable anecdotes. Professor Churchill is also recalled as an inimitable entertainer on the platform and in his home.

It was the reluctance of Professor Mead and Professor Thayer to give what seemed to them a humiliating assent to a periodical acceptance of the Andover creed, and their consequent resignation, that resulted in the Andover controversy. Professor Smyth, brother of Rev. Newman Smyth, whose election to the faculty was vetoed by the Visitors, and Professor Churchill were in the thick of the fray.

But the calm of Andover Hill was untroubled in the fall of 1873. A diary kept by the young theological student

gives a happy insight into the Andover life and subsequent years, even though much must be read between the lines.

A part of October Clark spent in a visit to Aylmer with his father and mother. The Symmes estate had never been finally settled and it was highly desirable that this should be done. Side trips were taken to Quebec, and to Three Rivers where cousins were still living, and where Charles Symmes was buried. At Aylmer an agreement was reached to take $200 in cash, and a deed to Cherry Cottage which the seven-year-old boy had left fifteen years earlier.

At first Clark boarded at a club in the old Stowe House, doubtless already thronged with memories. But within a few weeks there is a significant item in the diary:

"Go to Mrs. Abbott's to board. Like it very much. Mrs. Abbott is a widow who has about a dozen boarders, half theologues and half academy boys."

There is no reference here to other members of the family, but on December 6 appears this fateful item:

"Go down to Abbott Village in evening with Miss Hattie E. Abbott to take charge of meeting."

The "village" referred to was in the outskirts of Andover, and throughout Clark's seminary course he faithfully conducted here a Sunday school class and apparently added a certain amount of pastoral work. As the girl with whom he was associated in the mission Sunday school was eventually to become associated with him permanently, it may be well at this point to refer briefly to the Abbott family.

Andover was, and still is, the home of many Abbotts more or less distantly related. The Mrs. Sarah Abbott who was now conducting a boarding house for students was

the widow of Rev. Sereno T. Abbott, a graduate of Amherst and of Andover Seminary, whose last pastorate was at Seabrook, New Hampshire. He died in 1855, leaving to her the house he had built for her, seven small children, and a beautiful memory. That was all.

For three or four years she lived in Seabrook, struggling to support her family, taking the minister who was her husband's successor, as a boarder, and also the school teachers of the town. Then there came to her an invitation from her uncle, Samuel Farrar, Esq., of Andover, to come and keep house for him, with the privilege of taking a few Academy boys into her home, as boarders. Because of the opportunities for education which Andover offered, and because of her love and respect for Esquire Farrar, as everyone knew him, she moved with her seven children to Andover, where they all received a warm welcome from "Uncle Farrar."

With no resources but her courage and untiring industry she made a home for her aged uncle and her family, and a home for the students as well. Her memory still lingers in the hearts of generations of Academy boys as "Mother Abbott." The oldest daughter died at the age of eighteen; the other three daughters, of whom Hattie was the youngest, all married ministers. This may have been partly due to a helping hand from their mother, but at any rate Andover did not seem so desolate to our particular theological student after this December evening at Abbott Village. Further references in the diary show that Miss Abbott continued to take a share in the work of the mission school, and in the following March appears this entry doubly underscored:

"Hattie and I walk up together."

We can only conclude that on this evening the important question was asked and a favorable answer received.

Two of the old Dartmouth group of friends were in the seminary, and the intimacy of college days continued with Adriance and Pettee. New friends joined the circle — Harry Nichols, who later became an Episcopal rector, James L. Hill, a graduate of Iowa College, and later closely associated with the early days of the Christian Endeavor movement, Brainerd, and Davis, long time pastor of Eliot Church, Newton, Massachusetts. The friendships formed in these seminary days were life-long, and in some cases professional work in later life brought still closer association.

SEMINARY LIFE

The most stimulating mental exercise outside the class room seems to have been the gathering known as the " Porter Rhet," or, in full, " The Porter Rhetorical Society," where sermons were often read, and criticized by some one of the professors. These intimate friends also formed a Sermon Club of their own, of which John Cotton Brooks, a brother of Phillips Brooks, was also a member. In May 1874, Clark seems to have made his first speech before this group when he held the floor with the subject: " Should professional revivalists be dispensed with? " This organization probably served its purpose best in the sharpening of wits, and no quarter was asked or given in the criticisms.

In the " Porter Rhet " the professors took their part in criticisms. From a letter home we learn:

" Our class has just been assigned to the various profs who are to criticise our sermons. I fall to Professor Thayer, — the

best man here, I think, at least the most critical. They say he does cut a sermon up most fearfully."

The results of one such criticism are quoted:

"My sermon (about the wise man in the little city) came back this week from Professor Thayer with a very elaborate criticism. He says some very encouraging things but thinks I come 'perilously near to sensationalism,' and in one place he says, 'One might also suspect the writer of this sermon as not loath to sympathize with the theology of John Hay in his poem about the engineer "who held her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot got ashore."'"

Although there must have been daily contacts with the Academy boys, the two schools had few things in common. Occasionally the theologs held spelling matches with the "Cads." The diary records one such match in 1875.

"Great times spelling — twenty theologs against twenty cads. Girls judges. Miss Twitchell chief judge. Miss Phoebe gives out the words. Prize is a statuette of Charles Sumner given by the girls. Proceeds to go to the new chapel. Carey, our second best man, goes down first. Sam goes down on 'weasel.' Nichols beats and gets the prize. Christie next. Blake third. Much to my surprise I am fourth. Pure luck. Brainerd misses on 'omnivorous.' Proceeds net $1.35. Write up the thing at night for the Globe."

In the same year a debate was held with the "cads."

"Discussion in the evening between Porter Rhet and Philo. (Philomathean Society). Resolved that a monarchical government is better for England than a Republican. Higgins leader for Cads. The others are Wolcott, Clay and Davidson, I am leader for Theologs. The others Foster, Lathe and Swinnerton. Coy, the judge, decides in favor of the Cads." (Mr. Coy, the

Elm Arch
Our Favorite Walk

judge, was at that time the most popular teacher in the Academy.)

The girls referred to at the spelling match were pupils at Abbot Academy, or " The Fem Sem " as it was familiarly and universally known. Miss Abbott had graduated from that school and was now teaching at Wilmington, a few miles out of Andover. The " Fem Sem " formed the center of such social life as Andover Hill offered, though probably nothing more boisterous than a spelling match, or an occasional " Levee," in the home of one of the professors, was indulged in.

The most exciting activity seems to have been the " bobbing." This was particularly good in the winter of 1865. In a home letter we read:

" The great excitement here just now is the coasting or ' bobbing,' as it is in Andover parlance. I never saw anything like it. The Latin Commons Hill is a perfect sheet of ice, and, starting at Mrs. Abbott's, a good bob will go clear down under the railroad, over the Shawsheen and out onto the Ballardvale road, — a good mile I should think. At some points we go at a fearful speed, fully a mile a minute, I believe, and it takes an experienced steerer to get down safely. Saturday I went down on a bob with five others and a capital steerer in front and was tipped over five times out of seven."

Evidently the " bobbing " was too good, as it led to interference by the police, revolt on the part of the " bobbers," and the eventual arrest of some of the persistent culprits, including theologues.

Walking was a favorite exercise — to Pomp's Pond, to Indian Ridge, to Prospect Hill, and often farther afield. Brainerd seems to have been the most frequent companion on these expeditions. Here is a typical entry in the diary:

"Sept. 26, 1874. Get up at four o'clock and get breakfast in Brainerd's room — a snab one too. Eggs, tongue, coffee (splendid), bread, butter and cake. All from Mrs. Abbott's. At 5.30 start for Boston afoot. Walk through Reading, Medford, Stoneham and Charlestown. Meet father at Parker's at 12.30. Get dinner at 'The Cellar.' Afterwards we all, father, Sam, Charlie and I, go to the Boston Baseball grounds and see the Bostons whip Baltimore's 11–5."

The same love of out-of-door life, and of travel, is seen in all the summer vacations of the seminary. In 1873 two weeks were spent in camping at Nahant. In 1874 the tent on the beach was pitched at Marblehead. In 1875 the same congenial spirits appeared at Cohasset. And in 1876 a month was devoted to a trip to Nova Scotia with Brainerd. This is practically a repetition of a trip taken the previous summer with Miss Abbott and her cousin Miss Maria Dow, and both were largely financed by the now familiar method of serving as a newspaper correspondent, and thus becoming the recipient of many transportation passes. From the earlier trip a joint letter was sent home, playfully signed, "Elizabeth and Edward" (their middle names), and indicating in every line that the trip was having some compensation other than that received from the *Globe*.

Professional studies did not extinguish interest in collegiate affairs. This from the diary of July 1873:

"At nine o'clock take the train for Springfield. Meet Hiram (King) at Worcester. Get into the smoking car with a lot of gamblers. Most all the car get drunk and keep up a fearful row all night. Reach Springfield about one o'clock. Sleep on the floor in the parlor of the Union House. At two o'clock go to Hampden Park and see the match game between Harvard and Brown Freshmen, and also the foot race for the $500 prize offered by Bennett. Bowie of Canada wins easily. After dinner

go out on the railroad to Longmeadow where thousands of people are gathered to see the race. Meet a great many classmates and college friends. About 60 Dartmouth fellows there. Freshman race comes off at 5.00. Three contestants, Yale, Harvard and Amherst. Yale easily wins, Amherst next."

"An hour later come the university crews. Very exciting. Yale, Harvard and Wesleyan ahead. Yale wins by half a boat's length, then Wesleyan, next Harvard, and then Dartmouth. Our fellows do well. After the race go over to the Dartmouth quarters and see the boys. Ride back to Springfield with Hiram and Rich and a lot of Wesleyan boys through the rain and dark; a dangerous ride. Almost tip over a dozen times."

In 1875 the Centennial at Concord proved an irresistible attraction. The diary for April 19 records the following:

"At 4.30 get up and get breakfast in our room. Sam and I make the coffee, and Day cooks the eggs; a good breakfast. At 5.30 start for Concord in a big team carrying 20 of us. Sam, Peleg, Nichols, Blake, Day, Parsons, Merriam and myself, and 11 'Cads.' Make a great noise saluting every house. Many of the houses heavily decorated as we approach Concord, which is itself covered with flags. Reach there at nine o'clock after a cold but enjoyable ride. Visit the 'Old Manse' of Hawthorne and various places of revolutionary interest. See the unveiling of the Minute Man. See part of the procession, which is very long. General Grant, Secs. Fish, Belknap, Delano and Jewell, and the governers of all the New England States in it.

"Geo. William Curtis delivers the oration, Lowell the poem, and Emerson an address. Do not get near enough to hear them. Get a good seat at the dinner table. Poor dinner, but fine speeches from Speaker Blaine, Gen. Hawley, Mr. Curtis, Gov. Ingersoll, and others. At five start for Lexington, seven miles off. Stay there half an hour and see the crowd, and then start for home. A clear, cold evening. Get home at eleven."

THE BEECHER QUESTION

In 1876 the Beecher-Tilden scandal involved the Congregational churches in its controversial progress. Andover was naturally aflame. To quote from the diary of February 9 and following days:

"Great excitement on the Beecher question. The members of the church committee meet in Prof. Smith's study, where he explains to us the proposition that this church shall call a mutual council with Plymouth Church to investigate the charges against Beecher. Spend three and a half hours in the study, and in the church meeting after the prayer meeting stay three hours longer discussing the matter. At last, vote to invite Plymouth to call a mutual council.

"Feb. 10. Another church meeting at five o'clock. A committee appointed to carry the letter to Plymouth Church and also to have the whole matter in charge. Professors Smyth, Mead and Churchill, Principal Bancroft and I are chosen for the committee. Of course I am the sub and have little to do.

"Feb. 17. Meet Professor Phelps in his study with the other students who belong to this church while he explains to us his course with regard to the Beecher affair. At Professor Thayer's suggestion I ask him if he said as reported that 'Some boys and the janitor put the thing through the church.' He says he did not write that to any one but admitted that he specified the janitor in his letters, which looks rather invidious, to say the least. Much excitement about his course."

However this was subsequent to the trial and acquittal of Beecher and apparently all parties concerned were reluctant to prolong the publicity which had been nation-wide, and no action was taken on the invitation.

With all the excitement of outside interests the daily routine was going forward. Here is a specimen day's program from a letter written in September 1875:

" Breakfast	till	7.30
Prayers	"	8.00
Prof. Churchill	"	8.30
Twist (walk)	"	9.00
Theological Reading	"	11.00
Lecture	"	12.00
Dinner and Newspapers	"	2.00

" Then three hours from two to five for reading which just now I divide up as follows: an hour and a half for history, then an hour and a half for English Literature, taking Taine for a guide and reading the authors more or less as I come to his criticisms on them. This, if I take it up carefully will be a work of three or four years. Then a ' twist ' until six. And in the evening miscellaneous work, such as meetings, letters, calls, writing of various kinds, etc."

FIRST PREACHING SERVICE

As the course drew toward its close incidental preaching formed a larger part of the students' activities. This seems to have been welcomed both for the change it offered and the income afforded. Clark's first preaching service was at New Boston, N. H. The event is thus recorded in the diary:

" Nov. 7, 1874. At noon take the train for Manchester, wait there three hours, then take the train on N. Weare Road for Parker's Station, then six miles by stage, and a walk of half a mile to New Boston. Stop at Deacon Adams', a pleasant family.

" Nov. 8. Preach my first sermon in the Presbyterian Church. Get along much better than I expected. Enjoy the day. Text in morning Eccl. 9: 14–15. In P.M. Ps. 72: 17. About 150 in audience. Very attentive. None asleep. Go to Baptist prayer meeting in eve with Dea. Parker's folks, and have to speak and pray."

The first notice which Clark gave from a pulpit is preserved in an old scrap book. It was in New Boston, and reads as follows:

"A meeting will be held at this house on Wednesday afternoon at the close of the society meeting to make arrangements for a Levee for the support of preaching in this house."

The young theologue seems to have made a favorable impression at this first venture into a pulpit. He was soon asked to come again, and had to write a sermon at high pressure. In a letter home we read:

"I am going to lock myself in after breakfast and try to write my sermon at one sitting, dinner or no dinner. I shall take for my text Luke 15: 10, 'Joy in the presence of angels of God,' etc. — theme, the Incentives to Beginning the Christian Life, furnished by consideration of the joy such a step will afford others."

The sermon was written at one sitting, but completed long after dinner time. It was preached in the midst of a New Hampshire February blizzard:

"To-day it has blowed. Oh, how it has blowed! Snow flying in clouds — wind whistling, and howling and roaring and rattling every loose object about the meeting house. In fact, the wind and I had it nip and tuck to see which could make the most noise. I thought the wind was going to beat me, but the people say that they heard the sermon distinctly. As most of the people come from some distance I did not expect any kind of an audience, but there were something like sixty (this is not slang) present all day. A good many of these came three or four miles and had to take shovels with them to dig through the drifts.

"It is a wonder to see how the people seem to like me here, for I don't think it's egotism to say that they do. I begin to be afraid that it's because they find something 'almost sensational' in my sermons as Professor Thayer's criticism runs, and

as the boys at Andover tell me. They always punch me (my particular friends do) when anything occurs in Professor Phelps' lectures about sensationalism, clap-trap, etc. However when I write carefully I can't seem to write differently, for when a dull sentence and a comparatively bright one come into one's mind at the same time it's ' ag'in natur ' to choose the dull one."

As the seminary course wore on, Clark was given greater opportunity to gain experience in the pulpit. His first sermon was preached during the winter of the second year, and another opportunity came, likewise at New Boston, the same winter. Tentative approaches were made to persuade him to settle there permanently. But a country parish seemed to offer little scope for the efforts of a newly made bachelor of divinity. In the second year also came the first experience as a member of a council to install a young ministerial friend in Newburyport. He writes:

"I felt very youthful among all the grey-beards of the council especially when the council retired to vote upon the candidate. But *we* concluded that he was sound in the faith and agreed to let him pass, after which we were ready for a dinner that had been provided for us in the vestry. I did my duty there if nowhere else."

With the summer of 1875 and the last year in the seminary the preaching engagements became frequent; apparently only fifteen such engagements out of town were permitted during the year, and there seems to have been regret when the allowance was exhausted.

In the summer of 1875 Clark was asked to supply the church in Franklin, N. H. It was an attractive place, and flattering to find a governor and a senator in the congregation, but its difficulty of access each week ruled against it. However most of the Sundays during this summer found

him occupying the pulpit either in Westboro, Upton or the old home town of Claremont.

The following comment appears in the *Claremont Advocate* for August 1875:

"Among the many visitors to our pleasant village last week was Mr. Frank E. Clark, son of Rev. E. W. Clark, the former pastor of the Congregational Church. The young man was among the first scholars in our high school, was noted for his industry as a student, and we are glad to find that he is now reaping the advantage of early application to his studies.

"He preached two sermons in the Congregational Church on last Sabbath which we learn gave excellent satisfaction to large congregations. We could only hear him in the evening. He has the appearance of firm health, a very important consideration for a young man just completing his preparation for the gospel ministry.

"His theme was Charity . . . and the discourse was admirably arranged, the delivery forcible and excellent. Mr. Clark has a fine voice, and if, with his other qualifications as a Christian minister, he unites a sound experience, he will soon take a high rank among the many able clergyman of the denomination."

Preaching experience came fast during the final year in the seminary. Supplies followed in rapid succession at Byfield, Salisbury, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., Boxford, Georgetown, Lynn, Haverhill, Nashua, N. H., Holbrook, Southbridge, North Brookfield, and Portland, Maine. Aside from valuable experience there were other emoluments, and at Haverhill a fee of twenty dollars was paid in dimes. The individuality of each church evidently aroused the young preacher's interest. This quotation from the diary is typical of many:

"Sept. 12, 1875. Preach in morning at Salisbury, 'Little City,' and in the afternoon at Rocky Hill, a very old and antiquated meeting house about half a mile from Salisbury. Pulpit high up, twelve steps; sounding-board overhead; square pews with seats all around; deacon's pew in front, etc. A pleasant Sabbath, and my 24th birthday."

Negotiations for a permanent settlement seem to have been started at Nashua and Haverhill, but came to no definite proposal at either place.

The titles of a few of these early sermons are recorded in the diary, though not their substance. Generally the titles are in brief: "Surprises of Heaven"; "Isaac"; "Religion a Remedy for the Discontent of Mankind"; "Little City"; "Joy in Heaven"; "All Nations Shall Call Him Blessed"; "Alchemy"; "Cradle to Grave"; "Sinful Women."

WILLISTON CHAPEL

As Portland will soon occupy a large place in this chronicle it is interesting to note the first impression received of the situation there as recorded in the diary:

"June 10, 1876. Decide to go to Portland and at 4.21 take the train. Stay in the house of Mr. Lord, 673 Congress St. Mr. and Mrs. Lord delightful people. He is a graduate of Bowdoin '26, in college with Longfellow, Hawthorne, J. S. C. Abbott, McLellan the poet, S. S. Prentiss, Cheever, etc. Mr. Lord formerly editor of *Christian Monitor*.

"June 11. Sunday School in morning. Take a class and make some remarks. Preach at 3.00 and 7.30 to a congregation of about 125 in Williston Chapel. This is a new church formed three years ago. Rev. Mr. Leavitt, the former pastor. The people are enthusiastic about my coming again and settling with them."

In little more than a week Mr. Lord appeared in Andover bearing a unanimous and enthusiastical call to Williston, and after another visit to Portland, and some deliberation, it was accepted.

But while the future was being settled the seminary year was drawing to a close, and Clark was one of the commencement speakers. With his address on "The Obligations of Literature to the Pulpit," the period of preparation was over.

Chapter VI

PORTLAND

THE settlement in Portland had to wait for another important event. On October 3, 1876, Francis E. Clark and Harriet E. Abbott were married in the New Chapel in Andover. According to the diary: —

"Our Wedding Day. A beautiful, bright day. We are married in the New Chapel by Professor Smith. The chapel full. Hattie beautifully dressed in white, with a trail, etc. Reception afterwards at Mrs. Abbott's. Lots of people present. A great many presents. After the reception take the barouche in grand style to the depot for the seven o'clock train, and spend the night in Boston.

The wedding trip was continued to Montreal, Ottawa, and Aylmer where Cherry Cottage still stood in Mr. Clark's name, though the annual income was almost swallowed by the expense. They arrived in Andover on their return trip on October 18, and the ordination at Williston Church took place the next day.

Portland, then as now, the largest city in Maine, was nevertheless a city of homes and quiet beauty. Almost unequalled in situation on its two hills above Casco Bay, it was a town of stately old colonial houses and elm-shaded streets. It boasted three daily, one tri-weekly, and seven weekly newspapers, and was exceptionally well churched, with thirty-five religious organizations, including nine Congre-

gational, six Methodist, three Episcopal, two Unitarian, two Roman Catholic churches, and several other sects.

WILLISTON CHURCH

Williston Church, to which Mr. Clark was going, was perhaps the youngest of the Congregational organizations, but he was to make it world-famous. Williston Chapel, as it was known, was in reality a daughter of aristocratic old State Street Church, and since 1886 had stood on the corner of May and Danforth Streets, built by funds supplied by the older church. Preaching was begun in a small chapel in 1872, and in 1873 Williston Church was organized under the ministry of Rev. Burke F. Leavitt. The original membership consisted of 16 from State Street and 5 from other churches. In 1876 Mr. Leavitt was called to another church, and Mr. Clark accepted the call to become his successor.

The church at this time was poor in worldly goods, not strong in membership, but rich in future prospects. It was in the new and rapidly developing section of the city near the Western Promenade, and, while most of the members were in modest circumstances, there were a few men of wealth who were devoted to the interests of the church. Furthermore, as a condition of acceptance, Mr. Clark had obtained a promise that a new and commodious church should be built in an appropriate location. It was however in the little chapel that the ordination was held on October 19: —

"Examination in the Chapel at three. Mr. Fenn Moderator. He questions me mostly on inspiration, eternal punishment, and the Atonement. Keep me up about two hours. Get along very well. Take the governmental theory of the Atonement.

Harriet Elizabeth Abbott

The girl Dr. Clark married, October 3, 1876

"In the evening comes the ordination and installation. President Smith of Dartmouth preached the sermon which was one of his best efforts. Father gives the charge to the pastor, which was long and exhaustive but very good. Mr. Fenn the ordaining prayer, unusually good. Mr. Hincks the right hand, very cordial, and Mr. Byington of Brunswick the charge to the church. All the exercises unusually good. Many said it was the most interesting ordination they ever attended. The chapel crowded. Four hundred people present."

The above is from the diary. From the *Portland Press* comes the following brief biographical mention.

"Mr. Clark was born in Aylmer, Canada, and is some 25 years of age. He studied at Meriden Academy and there fitted for Dartmouth College whence he graduated a few years since. After leaving college he also graduated at Andover Theological seminary. Thus he comes fresh from his studies to his pastoral duties. He is a very entertaining speaker and will be quite an acquisition to the clergy of the city."

The young couple first engaged rooms at 30 Winter Street, boarding at a near-by house. But all the time and energy of the new minister were devoted to the task of building up the church. The regular routine of most Congregational churches of that day consisted in preaching in the morning or afternoon or both, with Sunday school at a convenient hour, and a prayer meeting in the evening. This latter might occasionally be turned into a Sunday school concert, or a missionary concert. During the week were various meetings of children's organizations. Sunday school teachers' meetings, sewing circles, mission bands, mothers' meetings, and always a mid-week prayer meeting. Many of these the minister was expected to attend and frequently to assume responsibility for their successful operation.

Less than two weeks after the installation in a letter to his father Mr. Clark writes: —

"You will see how busy I am when I tell you that there are seven meetings this week, most of which I have to attend and take charge of. Besides calls, callers and sermons, Monday was Teachers' meeting, Tuesday P.M. Sewing Circle, Tuesday evening prayer meeting. This afternoon we have the little girls of the Sabbath School (those under fourteen), and they have already begun to come. Friday eve preparatory lecture, Sat. P.M. ladies' prayer meeting, and Sat. eve choir meeting.

"The work is very encouraging so far. I had a large congregation Sunday, of 200, so that extra seats had to be brought in and chairs put in the aisles. Sunday eve there were a hundred at the prayer meeting and last evening sixty at the meeting. These figures are all more than double the numbers they have ever had before. One of the richest men in State Street Church has just asked a letter from them to our church which encourages our people very much. I suppose this good attendance is due mostly to the novelty of a new man."

The most interesting part of the work in the early days seems to have been the sermonizing.

"At 8.30," he writes to his father, "I begin to work on my sermon, and have some solid hours until one o'clock. I have given notice from the pulpit to that effect so that no one dares intrude on those morning hours. This part of the day I enjoy very much. In fact there is no part of the work I enjoy so much as writing sermons, except perhaps preaching them. Subjects crowd in far faster than I can write upon them."

The titles of some of the sermons preached in the early Williston days suggest the messages he was giving to his people: — "Taking Risks," "Last Things," "Christian Honor," "Forerunners of Christ," "All are Yours,"

" Caiaphas," " Be Still," " True Liberality," " Loneliness of Sin," etc. It is evident that the pulpit work of the young preacher pleased his audiences, as many of the sermons were printed by request in the Portland papers, and the preacher was in frequent demand in exchange, or for union services.

Nor were all platform appearances limited to the pulpit. Occasional trips were made to near-by towns to deliver lectures. Two in particular were given successfully on many occasions, one entitled " What's in a Name? " and the other, " Pernicious Reading." The first lecture had to do with a study of family names, and in concluding an account of it, the Press reports, " The lecture was the work of much research and thought, replete with instruction and humor."

The other lecture called forth many flattering press notices. It was directed against the sensational literature favored by the youth of the eighties and nineties, but now apparently known only to collectors. The *Springfield Republican* comments as follows: —

> " Rev. Frank E. Clark has done an excellent piece of work by setting forth to the people of Portland, Maine, the extent to which flash literature is read there and elsewhere, and the pernicious effect it has. He puts the case none too strongly, and we are glad to see that he condemns not only the low books and papers that deal with murder, seduction and other crimes, but those that inflame and miseducate the imagination, and, while containing nothing positively bad, give young people false views of life and prepare their minds for lower grades of literature."

The Portland Congregational Club was moved to appoint a committee to combat the evil, with what success

we do not know. A scribe, writing in the *Gorham* (N. H.) *Mountaineer* reports: —

"On account of a severe headache Monday evening we were denied the pleasure of hearing F. E. Clark's lecture on 'Pernicious Literature,' but those who did attend, one and all, pronounce it a great treat, and many are so well pleased that it is their desire to secure the lecturer for another evening if possible during the season. The attendance was large for a lecture of the character in Gorham, and should Mr. Clark come again to lecture upon any subject he would have a crowd to greet him."

The effect of the lecture at Gorham was so strong that positive police action against this type of literature was obtained.

THE NEW CHURCH

But these activities were incidental, and church work was all engrossing. The matter of most immediate concern was the building of a new church. The matter seemed to hang fire for a time, much to Mr. Clark's disappointment, but a call from Manchester which came just at this time, gave a new impulse to the movement. From the diary, on April 23: —

"Deacon Eaton calls on me and offers me a call from Manchester if I want it. I tell him that if our church decides to move and build I shall stay here, but if they do not I will consider their proposition; and we leave it so. In the evening at the business meeting the church votes to go on to Thomas Street."

The lot, which measured 100 feet square was on the corner of Thomas and Carroll streets, and cost $4,500. Then came the perplexities of planning and the excitement of receiving bids, until the questions were finally settled.

Williston Congregational Church, Portland, Maine

" We shall have a beautiful church. The bid is very low, $11,975 for the building, brick with stone trimmings. It will seat 800, and all told, land, furnishing and all, will cost about $19,000."

The contract was let, the corner-stone laid on October 17, 1877, and the new church occupied on September 1, 1878, amid great rejoicing, but the church debt hung like an incubus over the young minister. On November 11 he writes: —

" We are talking very seriously of attempting to pay off our church debt, which is about $10,000. The matter worries me very much as I find the people are relying upon me a good deal, expecting me to be the Kimball who shall lead them into the green pastures of a debtless state. I haven't any idea how to do it, and would give half I possess for a few hours of the genuine and only original Kimball.

" And now it's Thursday morning and the debt business still hangs like a nightmare over me. We had a very enthusiastic church supper last night in which all voted unanimously and heartily to tackle the debt next Sunday."

The " Kimball " here spoken of was famous in his day for a special gift in raising money, especially for church debts. But to continue the story from the diary: —

" Sunday the eventful day. Gray and cold but little rain. A good houseful. Go through the opening exercises as usual until the sermon. Then make a short speech opening the subject of paying the debt. Mr. True follows with the financial statement, and pledges $1,000. Mr. Chapman follows him and pledges $1,500. Then others come in thick and fast until about $5,500 is raised when there comes a pause and I slide in Mrs. Harward's pledge of $1,500. This puts new courage into them and the amount soon rolls up to $8,000, when there comes another hitch. Then Mr. Chapman offers a thousand more to

close it up on the spot; the other thousand is raised in five minutes and the church is free; the whole thing taking only an hour and a half. A great scene of rejoicing, weeping and smiling. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow' sung with a will."

The *Eastern Argus* commented: —

"Yesterday will ever be a red-letter day in the annals of Williston Church, for on that day in less than two hours, was raised the whole of their debt, amounting to $10,000. Instead of leaving the debt for posterity to pay the church quietly resolved at a social gathering the other evening to pay it *now*. In pursuance of this resolve they met as usual Sunday morning when, instead of the usual sermon, the pastor announced that he expected the people to preach the sermon that day, and to such good effect that the entire debt should be cancelled."

THE CHURCH AND THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Now that a modern church plant was available, and the debt raised, the church was ready to make its great contribution to the churches of the world. The church was made up largely of young people, and from the first the minister's appeal and his own interest seemed to be especially with the young people. After three years of work in the church the problem of how to reach the boys and girls and their older brothers and sisters was still unsolved. An attempt was made in the fall of 1879, and Mr. Clark writes to his father: —

"To-night a new prayer meeting is started which we shall hold through the winter. It is designed especially for the young people, and I want to make it very informal and familiar where we shall all sit around, talk, ask questions, etc. It is something of an experiment, but I hope it will succeed, for there are many young people whom we can't quite seem to reach by the existing meetings."

But the hope was not to be realized so soon. Six months later in April 1880, we find the following lament: —

"There is no reason in my judgment why thirty or forty of them (young people) should not come into the church the first of May, but I find an unaccountable indifference and reluctance on the part of the parents to their joining the church and I am afraid I shall receive but few of them. Their parents acknowledge that they are different from what they were, and they think they are converted, but will not encourage, or even allow them, in some cases, to go any further. It is very disheartening to find them so, and I am almost indignant sometimes."

It was not until after the founding of the Christian Endeavor Society that this particular difficulty was resolved. In April 1881 about thirty of the most influential male members of the church met at the home of the minister and adopted the following resolution: —

"Resolved: that we believe in conversion: that we believe in the conversion of children at an early age: that we believe that children who give satisfactory evidence of a change of heart and express a desire to join the church should be admitted to the church."

A year's work had produced the desired result, and at the next communion service of the church about twenty-five were admitted to membership, most of them young people.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

The organization of the Christian Endeavor Society came as the result of this interest in young people. In the winter of 1880–81 there was much religious interest in the church in general; but to quote from a letter: —

"The most encouraging feature is among the young people and children. At a Sunday School prayer meeting last Sunday afternoon over fifty of the boys and girls stopped for religious conversation with me and the teachers, and a large number of them hope they have become Christians. Of course it is hard to tell yet just who are influenced by sympathy with others, and who are decidedly and independently in earnest."

The actual formation of the society with its constitution and pledge took place on the evening of February 2, 1881, at the home of the minister. The diary has the following reference: —

"The boys and girls take tea with us — about thirty-five of them. Other young people come in the evening and we form a Young People's Association with Granville Staples as president, and about seventy members."

Such was the laconic reference to the formation of an organization that was soon to number its societies by the thousand and its members by the million, in all parts of the world.

Even before the success of this first society was assured the model was copied by other churches, and before the year was over the correspondence having to do with the society demanded constant attention. On February 2, 1882, Mr. Clark writes: —

"It does take a good deal of time to answer all the letters about the Young People's Society but I think it pays. It seems to me I can do more good by working up this method of Christian nurture for the young than in any other way. I am almost ashamed to write so much for the papers about it but I feel the importance of the subject exceedingly."

Again about a month later: —

"Made an address last night at the West Church where they are having a revival interest among the young people and are about to start a society like ours. The Young People's Society seems destined to become a great thing. Every mail brings me letters asking for information."

But this was in addition to the normal work of a church, for in 1877 he had written: —

"My life is monotonous and pretty severe. I work in my study every morning, and in the afternoon make from four to eight calls. In the evening there is almost always a meeting of some kind, or if not, more calls to be given or received. So the weeks go and I long to take a run away from Portland."

Then there were the numerous miscellaneous calls on the time and energy of a popular young minister — weddings and funerals, many of them outside his own church, county and state conferences, speaking at schools, colleges, and civic occasions, local Congregational Club meetings and frequent exchanges. In 1882 he was elected Moderator of the General Conference of Congregational Churches of the State, an unusual honor for a young man, and one that caused some heart burnings among receptive candidates.

In October 1882 the American Board of Foreign Missions held its annual meeting at Williston, and Mr. Clark was in charge of all arrangements for this meeting. Of this occasion the *Boston Traveler* wrote: —

"Rev. F. E. Clark of the Williston Church has marshalled the resident forces in the most admirable manner so that without the slightest jar or ripple of inharmonious action the entire corps of 3,000 visitors have been delightfully entertained by the citizens, who seem to enjoy being hosts as well as the temporary sojourners have enjoyed being guests. No better leader and

organizer could be desired than Mr. Clark with his administrative skill and genial composed air."

Mr. Clark was fortunate in having near him some of his friends of seminary and college days. Mr. Nichols was rector of an Episcopal church in Brunswick; Mr. Adriance was settled over a church at Woodfords, a suburb of Portland; Mr. Lathe was pastor of one of the city churches, and before Mr. Clark left Portland Mr. Dickenson accepted a call to the Second Parish Church in that city. Mr. Adriance and Mr. Dickenson were early converts to Christian Endeavor, the former being the first General Secretary of the Movement. Mr. Lathe was a constant companion in the Saturday walks about the town or trips to the near-by islands and beaches.

VACATION DAYS

This love of the out-of-doors and necessity for exercise were characteristic of Mr. Clark throughout his life. Whenever a free day or two gave the opportunity he might be found fishing in the Saco, or among the Notches of the White Mountains, or through the ice on some pond near Portland. The longer summer vacations were usually spent deep in the Maine woods. The following describes a typical trip in 1880: —

"Charlie (Loomis) and I had a magnificent time in the woods — the best yet I think. We left the railroad at Winn and took a horse and buggy there riding about 175 miles in all. At Patten we stopped four days and went trouting in a pond about ten miles off. We did not get very many but they were nice ones some of them weighing a good pound. We fished for them in thirty feet of water. One night we passed in the woods sleeping under a piece of bark and cooking our own trout

of which we got all we wanted to eat. For a week we got all our dinners in the woods. It was the best partridge shooting I ever saw; we got eleven all together. In less than ten minutes I got four out of one flock."

On another occasion the route of Benedict Arnold was followed through the woods to Quebec, but the trip was nearly ruined by a severe attack of lumbago. Even this could not quench the high spirits of the occasion as this extract from the diary reveals: —

"Take the train at St. Joseph's for Quebec, three hours running 45 miles! Land at Point Levis. Get breakfast on that side and then cross by ferry. Chaff the calash drivers at a great rate. Get even with them for past impositions. Hire a fellow for nearly five hours for two dollars. Go out to Montmorenci. Sarse the toll-gate men and all the extortionists. Great larks. Get back to St. Louis in time for six o'clock dinner. Very hungry. A glorious meal, the best I ever ate, O!!! Take the train at Point Levis advertised to start at 9.30. Gets away about 11.00. Goes very, very slow. Get little sleep and wake up the next morning to find that we have only got to Lennoxville and that there is a freight train off the track. A terrible wreck but no lives lost. Get home seven hours late. So ends a very pleasant trip of more than 600 miles, occupying eleven days and costing me $36.00 all told."

On first going to Portland this young couple had engaged rooms and board on Winter Street. In April 1877 a move was made to more commodious quarters in the south half of a new two-family house close to the new church. It was here that the first Christian Endeavor Society was organized.

The problem of summer vacations for the family was happily solved by the building of a cottage at Pine Point, a beautiful stretch of beach ten miles west of Portland,

then very sparsely populated but now a closely built series of cottages for miles. It is interesting to note that this little beach cottage of seven rooms cost only $550 when completed. Certainly times and prices have changed. As this beach home played a large part in the life of the family for years it will not be out of place to quote the description of its early appearance: —

"The grand old sea at our front door-step and the piney woods at our back steps, with walks and shady nooks and sunny hollows all about us. The beach is nine miles long, extending in horseshoe shape from Biddeford Pool to Prout's Neck."

Mr. Clark found it difficult to keep away from the beach at any time of the year. In the middle of November he writes: —

"That day was a magnificent one at the beach. I never saw the waves so beautiful. They were very high, and the wind blowing off shore threw the spray from every breaker until the whole sea from our house to the Island looked like a series of cataracts. The shore, too, was covered with small, globular jelly-like transparent glass marbles."

There was a more practical reason for this acquisition of real estate than love of the sea, for the family had by this time assumed respectable proportions. In November 1877 a daughter was born. She was the first baby baptized in the new church and was christened Maude Williston. In August 1879 a boy was added to the family and received the name Eugene Francis. (The author of this book. Ed.)

LITERARY WORK

The urge to write was always present. The sermons themselves were written in long-hand though there was

little reference to the manuscript in the pulpit. The first book appeared during the Andover days, but several modest efforts were added to the list of publications during the Portland period. In 1879 Hoyt, Fogg & Dunham of Portland published the *Life of William E. Harward.* The mother of the subject of this sketch had been a member of the Clark family during part of their residence in Portland, and affection for the mother as well as admiration for the boy's career prompted the memoir.

Of more significance for the future was the book entitled, *The Children and the Church,* with the sub-title, "*The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor as a Means of Bringing Them Together.*" This carried an introduction by Dr. C. L. Goodell of St. Louis, in whose church was a successful Christian Endeavor Society, and covered the experience of the first years of the movement.

Another publication of this period was the result of a letter to 100 prominent business men of the city, asking their opinion on the keys to success. Many responded and their answers served as the basis for a series of sermons, then for some articles in *Wide Awake,* and finally for collection in book form in 1884 under the title of *Our Business Boys.*

CALLS FROM OTHER CHURCHES

As the year 1883 drew on Mr. Clark had been in Portland nearly seven years and was probably the best known and most sought for of the young ministers in the state, and it is not strange that calls to settle were received from all parts of New England. Among the active and insistent committees trying to bring about a change of residence were those from The Franklin Street Church of Man-

chester, New Hampshire, North Avenue Church, Cambridge, and leading churches in Brockton, Massachusetts, and in Auburn, Maine. Others indicated that the slightest interest would produce a call. Perhaps the most hesitation was shown in the case of the call to Cambridge. It was an urgent invitation: —

"I never expect to get another such call," he writes. "Letters and telegrams have come in showers. The gentlemen have written to me, and the ladies to Hattie. The church meeting was held Monday night; 74 were present and 74 voted yes, and they seem bound not to take no for an answer. They have stirred up the neighboring ministers too, and some of them have written me urging me to go. On the other hand my people here are much excited, declare that the church will go to pieces if I leave, that they gave their money on the ground that I would stay, etc."

Finally the decision to stay was made, and it was evidently wise: —

"That I ought not to have decided otherwise has been impressed upon me more and more every day since. People of all churches and all denominations unite in holding the same view. To leave now would have been a most serious blow, I am convinced, to this church. Many said outright they would leave immediately should I do so. A delegation of 18 of my leading men visited me one night and made out a very strong case. When I announced it at my preparatory lecture my people were very exuberant, the ladies crying and the men clapping made a great time."

Other temptations to leave came. In 1877 *The Congregationalist* had invited Mr. Clark to come to Boston as one of the associate editors: and an invitation to become the Western Secretary of the Sunday School Association at a flattering salary had been extended in 1882. But it was not

until the summer of 1883 that the break with Portland finally came.

The first intimation of the imminent change of scene and labors appeared in June when the Union Church of Boston let it be understood that Mr. Clark would receive a call to that church if Dr. Meredith of South Boston should decline the call already extended to him; and Dr. Meredith on his part let it be known that if he should accept he wished that Mr. Clark might follow him at Phillips Church. Events now moved rapidly. On July 29 he writes: —

"The call from Phillips Church was a great surprise to me, at least that it should come now. I had no idea that they would act before fall. However they seem very hearty and enthusiastic about my going to Boston, and they tell me that Dr. Meredith's friends and foes alike are united upon me, while Dr. Meredith is most anxious of all to have me come."

The decision was difficult, but it was inevitable that some call to a larger field of work would be accepted. Writing in September he says: —

"It has been a terrible week. I had reckoned on a good deal, but I had no idea it would be such a strain as it was. Still, when I can get down to hard pan I think I have done right."

The resignation was read in the church on September 9, 1883, and the following reasons were assigned for the decision: —

"My pastorate of seven years among you, and my first pastorate over any church, has been a wearing and exhausting one, and I feel that by making such a change, with the relief in certain directions which such a change brings, I may be able to broaden and deepen my capacity for usefulness and thus, in the long run, do more for the common cause of our Master.

"In the second place, I feel that our beloved church is in

such a state of concord and harmony, as well as spiritual and financial prosperity, that a disruption of the present pastoral relation will be attended by no serious results, and the pastor, whom I pray God you may soon obtain, will lead you into greener pastures and beside stiller waters than I have been able to do."

"In the third place, I have received a call, as you know, to a place of unusual promise and of the widest usefulness, and, if it is always a Christian's duty to go where there are the largest opportunities for doing his Master's will, it is clearly my duty to accept the call now tendered me."

The resignation was accepted most reluctantly and with manifest grief. The general feeling was expressed in verse by one of the ladies of the church: —

"There was a time when we were few: and small
Our place among the churches. But there came
One sent to be our pastor in the name
Of Him who knows the flock, and seeing all
Their need, and all the work, knows where to call.

"We know his life, his labors, and the same
Unfaltering purpose which has been his aim,
Since first we heard the Master's message fall
From out His servant's lips. And more and more
Have come to us, to whom his words have been
A fragrance, as of life to truer life.
Seeking to reach the young, an open door
Was set before him, and he entered in, —
God grant that he unnumbered souls may win."

The *Golden Rule* printed the following editorial in June 1883, before the call to Phillips Church, but in effect a valedictory: —

"June 11, 1876 they (Williston Church) listened to a young senior from Andover named Frank E. Clark. We may be sure

that they liked his preaching, for nine days later they called him to be their pastor. But we are not so sure that they foresaw the blessed results which would attend his ministry. Pastor and people were, however, most happily wedded, and have remained so ever since. Mr. Clark is a man of whom we could say much, but we are not writing his biography, and as he seems to be good for thirty years of active ministerial service yet, it is hardly necessary. But probably there are few men in the state of Maine who can equal him as a *pastor,* or approach him in the knack of getting hold of the young. There is not a young man in all Portland but what knows that, if he is in trouble, he may go to Mr. Clark, and find in him a friend."

Chapter VII

PHILLIPS CHURCH

FAREWELLS were said in Portland, and the new life in South Boston entered upon in the early fall of 1883. The Peninsula was still occupied by many of the old families and their homes looked out from the heights over Boston Harbor and Dorchester Bay. But the change which was to make this section of Boston a center of Irish Catholicism was already under way, and was soon to be rapidly accelerated.

There were two Congregational churches then in that part of the city, but Phillips Church was the strongest of the Protestant churches and its auditorium was one of the largest in the city. Unlike Williston of recent growth, Phillips Church had a history of sixty years of successful effort. With the growth of the Unitarian movement in the early twenties it had gathered in the orthodox elements and prospered in its growth.

Mr. Clark's immediate predecessors in the church were Dr. E. K. Alden, afterwards Home Secretary of the American Board, and Dr. R. R. Meredith, widely known as a pulpit orator and a teacher of great normal Sunday school classes which met every Saturday in Tremont Temple, where crowds thronged to listen to him. The church had a membership of nearly 500, and a Sunday school attendance of 700 or more including the Bay View Branch, a

mission work in another part of the city supported by this church. The future of the church in influence and growth seemed sound.

Mr. Clark was installed as pastor on October 16, and an unusual feature of the occasion was the fact that the council which dismissed Dr. Meredith installed his successor on the same day. Notable on the program of installation was the prayer by the father of the new pastor, Rev. E. W. Clark. In reporting the installation the *Christian Union* refers to the new minister as

"thoroughly evangelical and undogmatic, his face turned toward the rising sun, and he desires to be known as a minister of Christ, and not as a partisan or school man."

The *Congregationalist* also gives this testimony:

"Though still a young man he has achieved prominence as a minister and as a writer. He comes to a large field, which will furnish ample scope for all his strength, and one that, from the nature of its business and its population, promises to grow in difficulty as he grows in power. He made an excellent impression upon the council, making it evident that this historic pulpit will give forth no uncertain sound."

The family was soon settled in a rambling old house at 142 Dorchester Street, its large rooms, cupola, and pear-tree-shaded yard being more reminiscent of a New England village than of the metropolis of New England.

Mr. Clark's impressions of the church are recorded in an early letter to his father:

"At the reception last night there was a great crowd, four or five hundred at least, and such a hand-shaking as we did have! I think I am going to love this people very much. The only trouble is that they are a moveable set. Many are constantly going, but many are coming too. I suppose that at

our prayer meetings we have between three and four hundred, and I guess the audiences Sunday numbered nearly a thousand morning and evening, the evening audience being a little the largest. Many of these folks come, however, to see the new minister, I presume. I think there was considerable anxiety on the part of the church committee, who really called me, as to how I would pan out. I have begun to make calls, and oh my! what a job it is! On Broadway alone I have 65 church members, and nearly as many on some of the other streets, and 59 streets on which some members live, to say nothing of parishioners outside of the church."

Here is a record from the diary of the first Sunday at Phillips Church:

" October 21. Very large audiences to hear my first sermons. 'Behold I have set before thee an open door,' in the morning, 'Spider's Web,' in evening. Go into Sunday School; and attend Y. P. meeting; a funeral at 1.30. A very hard day."

Mr. Clark soon gained a reputation in Boston as a forceful preacher. This fame was extended largely through the sermons preached as a series around one general theme. One series, on " Manly Christianity," depicted the lives of the heroes and martyrs, discussing John Huss, John Knox, Martin Luther and others. In May of the same year a series of sermons answered the attacks of Ingersoll. A third series dealt with " Christianity among men." Probably the sermons drawing most attention were those entitled, " Enemies of Youth."

These sermons occupied eight Sunday evenings in the spring of 1885, under the following titles: — " King Alcohol," " The Henchmen of King Alcohol," " Dirt in Ink," " Trash in Ink," " The Gambling Den," " The Low Theatre," " The Leper of Impurity," " Sappers and Miners of

Character." They resulted in two publications, one entitled, *Danger Signals*, and intended primarily for boys and young men, and the other, *Looking Out on Life*, written especially for young women. The evenings on which these sermons were preached always found a crowded house at Phillips Church. While the advice contained in these volumes would doubtless strike the modern generations as typical of the sober eighties, the papers of the day gave them highly flattering reviews.

The journalistic urge was in constant evidence. Mr. Clark seems never to have been happier than when he had his pen in his hand. In 1884 arrangements were made to write regularly for *The Christian Work, Illustrated Christion Weekly Messenger, Homiletic Monthly, Pulpit Treasury*, and *Wellspring*.

The sermons on " Enemies of Youth " led to civic activities that might tend to lessen these dangers. With other like-minded friends he appeared before the judiciary committee of the State Senate to urge a bill for the better suppression of bad literature. In reporting the meeting we quote from the *Christian Work*.

" The reception which the judiciary committee gave these gentlemen was marked by an absence of cordiality which did not speak well for their profession of care for the tempted youth of the times. To some at the ' hearing ' it seemed as if the honorable senators on the committee had been seen by somebody else who had different views from those of the ministers and eminent laymen who urged a more stringent law. Anyhow there is small hope that any legislation can be secured this session. But Rev. Mr. Clark in his sermon on ' Dirt in Ink ' did some agitating with facts which may set enough people thinking to make headway under the big dome an easier business next winter."

A more hopeful note is sounded in the *South Boston News:*

"Thanks to the energy of Rev. F. E. Clark of Phillips Church, the gamblers in South Boston have found the climate of the Peninsula very unhealthy, and have departed to more congenial quarters. If public opinion is once aroused against a wrong it has to go to the wall in South Boston."

Phillips Church prospered under its new pastor. The first eighteen months showed an increase of 130 in its membership and a total of more than a thousand in its two Sunday schools. The *Boston Traveler* remarked in April, 1885:

"Mr. Clark is doing an immense work for the young people in his series of evening lectures."

A year later the same paper continued the theme:

"In his church Mr. Clark is a general favorite and has gained the respect and esteem of all its members. His sermons are always preached to large audiences, the Sunday evening service being especially attractive. With the young people he is extremely popular and is, on the whole, one of the most successful and well-liked ministers in the city."

A Dover (N. H.) paper printed a highly eulogistic article on the South Boston pastor. In conclusion we read:

"His popularity as a public speaker may be inferred from the fact that he seems to be in almost constant demand at public gatherings in various parts of the country, while a recent course of lectures to young men delivered in his own church, when repeated in Tremont Temple by request, drew immense throngs on successive Sunday afternoons to the largest hall in Boston."

It would seem that here was such stuff as crusades and crusaders were made of.

Shortly after coming to South Boston the third child was born, a girl, and named Faith Phillips. After five weeks she died of acute bronchitis, and the strain of her illness and death, combined with overwork, developed in the young pastor a state of nervous depression that persisted for months, and was the forerunner of numerous later attacks of the same kind throughout his life.

"I have been feeling blue and depressed of late," he writes, "and little things seem mountainous. I dread the winter's work unspeakably. It is a mental depression. I never had anything like it."

A TRIP TO FLORIDA

To effect a cure if possible, arrangements were made for a trip to Florida in January and February, 1884, in company with a genial friend among his parishioners who had business in that state. Florida was evidently as alluring then as now.

"The air is soft and balmy and delicious after three o'clock, like our warmest days in July, and the thermometer keeps about 80 every day in the shade. I wish you could have come up the St. John's River with me yesterday, (up is south here). We left Palatka at 8 o'clock and got here at nine P.M. I sat out on the deck all the way, firing at turkey buzzards, water turkeys, herons, ducks, etc. We saw two alligators, at one of which I fired but I presume it didn't worry him much. (It should be specified that the firing was done with a small calibre pocket pistol with evidently little danger to the targets.)

This reference has a flavor of later times:

"Everybody is talking orange culture and real estate here. It gets monotonous to a man who has no money."

This trip, however, did not bring the hoped-for improvement, and a summer trip to Europe was urged, to be financed also by the generosity of the church. This proved to be the first of many voyages to foreign countries, numbering no less than nineteen, of which five were journeys around the world. Mrs. Clark was his companion on this trip, and this one had the advantage of a freshly receptive mind. The first impressions of one who later travelled so widely are interesting. The itinerary covered Ireland, England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France. Of Edinboro he writes:

"Of all cities we have yet struck, this is the bestermost. From our window in the hotel which is right opposite the great Scott monument, we can see the Castle, and Calton Hill, and Arthur's Seat, and the beautiful valley between the old and new cities, and all the pictures I have seen on paper so often. This is a very pious city. I never saw Sunday kept so well: not a horse-car, not a shop or restaurant open, not a paper cried in the streets. Indeed, last night at five o'clock we had hard work to find a restaurant where we could get supper. Everything was closed up for Sunday, most of the stores closing about noon Saturday."

Switzerland seems to have made the greatest impression:

"At Chamonix we found the most magnificent scenery I ever beheld. From our room in the hotel on the mountain-top (Montanvert) which is about 6,000 feet above the sea, I could throw a pebble down on to the Mer de Glace, or great sea of ice, which at that point flows down from Mont Blanc. On all sides towered the great needle-like mountains, 6,000 feet still above our heads, so sharp and precipitious that no snow can lodge on them. A little beyond, the wonderful snow-clad peaks of Mont Blanc proper, 18,000 feet high.

"Though we were in the region of perpetual ice and snow

the air was not cold, and I sat out doors all day without an overcoat. Occasional spruce trees grew from the very edge of the glacier, and wherever there was any soil the grass was green and fresh. We went across the glacier without a guide, which all the guides (very naturally) persisted was a very reckless thing to do, but we found no danger in it for anyone who keeps his eyes open."

This journey had the desired effect of strengthened nerves and improvement in general health, so that, with occasional summer visits to the Maine woods and a vacation trip to the Maritime Provinces, Mr. Clark was able to carry on the increasingly difficult task of a busy pastorate combined with many outside calls and the growing demands of Christian Endeavor.

Chapter VIII

FROM PASTORATE TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

THE demands of Christian Endeavor were becoming more and more insistent. Not only was the time required to meet the various calls as a speaker in the interests of the movement, but journalistic and editorial activities were also involved.

Above all these, was need for an official Christian Endeavor periodical. This requirement was met in the summer of 1886. The *Golden Rule,* one of whose editors had been the renowned " Adirondack Murray," was purchased by Messrs. Clark, Hill, Dickinson and Ward, the latter a graduate of Dartmouth College, and later General Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society.

The following announcement appeared in a contemporary religious journal:

" Arrangements have been made with our neighbor of the *Golden Rule,* of which Rev. H. S. Kasson is the editor, whereby that paper is to become the organ of the societies of Christian Endeavor. If it be necessary for them to have an organ, they are to be congratulated on securing so enterprising and well-edited a paper. We noted an expression of alarm in the *Watchman* lest Baptists who are interested in these societies be inveigled into supporting a Congregational paper. We do not think they need have any uneasiness. The *Golden Rule* claims to be undenominational and will deal honestly by all it readers."

Mr. Clark was named the first editor-in-chief of the paper. Its name was subsequently changed to *The Chris-*

tian Endeavor World, and it attained a circulation of nearly 100,000. It should be noted in passing that after giving up his work as a pastor, the salary received from his paper, together with income from books and miscellaneous writings, constituted his only means of support. No salary was attached to the office of President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

Meetings, conferences and conventions, local and general, were crowding on one another. In 1885 the annual conference was held at Ocean Park, Maine; in 1886 at Saratoga, N. Y., and at the same place in the following year. Here is the brief diary record of the momentous convention of 1887:

" July 4. Celebrate the great and glorious by going to Saratoga to the annual convention of the Y. P. S. C. E., hot and dusty, but a pleasant ride in many respects. The train crowded with delegates, 21 from Phillips Church.

" July 5. Saratoga crowded with delegates. Never so large a convention here. Have a trustee meeting nearly all day. Convention begins at five P.M. Dr. Hoyt gives a grand sermon.

" July 6. Early prayer meeting at 6.30. Crowded as were all the sessions. A great day. The most enthusiastic convention ever held in Saratoga, say all the resident ministers.

" July 7. The greatest day yet. Twelve hundred at the early morning prayer meeting. The enthusiasm keeps up to the end of the last consecration meeting at nearly eleven P.M. Thirty or forty on their feet trying to give their testimony. In the morning they chose me President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. The Convention ratifies the choice of the trustees very enthusiastically."

This was subsequent to a prophetic observation in the diary of the same year:

" It looks much as though I should have to take up Christian Endeavor as a life work."

FAREWELL TO PHILLIPS CHURCH

Resignation from Phillips Church was inevitable, and could not be long deferred. It actually took place on September 4, 1887, two months after the Saratoga Convention. In the letter of resignation the growth of the church during the pastorate of four years is depicted as rising from 465 to 770 members, and of the Sunday school from 800 to 1,100. The affection of the pastor for the church and its people is also dwelt upon:

"And yet, when I have said all this, and though there is much more in my heart that I would say concerning the importance of the work before Phillips Church, I feel that I must ask you to release me that I may take up a yet larger work.

"I feel as though this call had come not only from the 2,500 societies and the 150,000 young people who compose them, but from Him who from the beginning has guided the movement as we believe, upbuilding and strengthening of the churches, and I cannot disregard it. Did I not believe that through this society I could do more than in any other way for the Church of Christ, I would not for a moment think of undertaking this work. The last two months have been given largely to a careful and prayerful consideration of this question.

"I consulted my wisest friends, and the longer I have considered it the more plain has my duty become. In fact, more than is usually the case is this movement a matter of necessity. The recent wonderfully rapid growth of the Society of Christian Endeavor, and the corresponding increase of work, has brought me face to face with the alternative of giving up my connection with the Society, or my pastorate.

"My relations with the Society are such that I cannot sever them even if I would: so then, painful as it is to say, there is only one thing left for me to do, for I should not dare to begin a new church year with no prospect of relief. It is not only leaving a church which I love with all my heart: it is leaving that

branch of the Master's service for which I was educated, and in which I have been exceedingly happy, for a work which is surrounded by all the difficulties and uncertainties of an untried field. And yet I feel that this is the path of duty."

No less touched with emotion were the resolutions passed by Phillips Church in accepting the resignation. To quote only in part:

"As the years have come and gone, it (the church) has been glad to recognize his rare and genial nature, touched as it is by the very spirit of the Master, his genuine sincerity, his profound earnestness, his perfect transparency of character, a real spiritual ambition amounting almost to a passion for helping and saving men; and with these a balance and symmetry of character which, taken together, have gained him universal love and respect.

"It would bear witness to his tireless labor, his skill in dealing with difficult problems, his fertility of resource, his power for organization and leadership, combined with a modest and retiring spirit; his clear perception and knowledge of men, and all sanctified and given without stint to the Master's service.

"And further, we cannot forbear to dwell upon the upright life which has been lived in this community, above reproach or question, given to utter self-abnegation, the almost ideal pastor, the grand results attained in the large accessions to our membership, and a united, harmonious church."

PRESIDENT OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

Within a week of his resignation from Phillips Church, Mr. Clark had sent to the Trustees of the Christian Endeavor Society his formal acceptance of the presidency. It was accepted, however, conditioned on the adoption of certain fundamental principles which really became the platform of the Society. These principles were:

"First: the society was not to be independent of the church but an integral part of it. Second: it was to be undenominational. Third: the purely religious features must be paramount. Fourth: it must sympathize with all true moral reforms, with wise philanthropic measures and with missions at home and abroad. Fifth: it must be managed economically, with no large number of paid agents or Christian Endeavor missionaries; and Sixth: the officers must have the sympathetic support of the state and local unions."

The resignation took effect on October 15, but there was no period of relaxation. Here are a few days from the record of the diary:

"October 19. Meeting of the Suffolk South Conference in Second Church, Dorchester. I am chosen moderator.

"October 21. Go to Bucksport, Maine. C. E. Conference afternoon and eve. Very rainy, but a large crowd from all the surrounding towns.

"October 22. Go out to Woburn by horse cars as far as Medford, and then walk to Uncle Luther's, who carries me the rest of the way.

"October 24. Go to Fitchburg, where I address a C. E. gathering in the Rollstone Church.

"October 25. Go to Hartford where I address the New England Sunday School Convention.

"October 26. Come home by way of Millbury, Mass. where I preach at the Worcester County Conference and also take on Christian Endeavor in the evening.

"October 28. Go to Brooklyn where I talk Christian Endeavor in Classen Avenue Church and form a society.

"October 29. In the morning go to New York. Take a train for Amsterdam in P.M.

"October 30. Preach in morning and eve. Address a Union C. E. Meeting.

"October 31. Go to Schenectady where I address a C. E. meeting in Second Reformed Church. A very grandiloquent introduction.

"November 1. Go on to Rochester to C. E. State convention. 1,000 delegates. A great convention. Speak in eve.

"November 2. Reach Hartford at noon to attend the Connecticut convention. A still more remarkable meeting. 1,500 delegates from out of the city. Boundless enthusiasm. Have a great reception in evening.

"November 3. Go to Warren, Mass. in afternoon and address a C. E. meeting."

As the new president and editor-in-chief entered on his work he received a characteristic eulogy from the pen of his friend and editorial associate, the Rev. James L. Hill. The editorial is captioned, "Our Editor-in-Chief," and to quote in part:

"Friends have often discussed as to what that mental faculty is which he possesses in an unusual degree. Whatever it is named, it is the ability to forecast. It can throw out a plan with great boldness and certainty into the future. It is a sort of insight into things-as-they-probably-will-be.

"It is the peculiarity of the originator of the Society of Christian Endeavor that he never excites jealousy. We often hear this fact recited. He never claims special authority or wisdom in the councils of the Society of Christian Endeavor as its originator, and he is altogether too modest a man to enjoy this analysis of character. There is a sense in which Mr. Clark never undertakes work alone. He has the ability to ally others.

"In some well-remembered cases where an attack has been made upon the cause that it is the province of this paper to promote, before he could gain his feet to reply, others equally interested have come to the defense. No one thinks of him as the sole representative of the work he originated. If an attack should be made upon him, almost unconsciously there would be a hundred arms raised to parry the blow. Some leaders are so far in advance of their company as to be lost to their sight and so cease to be leaders. . . .

"The only other characteristic that will be named in this

little friendly analysis of our coming Editor-in-chief is the most unwearying diligence. Industry is a habit. The writer supposed he had seen toil before but confesses an error. The amount of work accomplished comes chiefly from the ability to do a thing and drop it. Accompanying this is a peculiar versatility in taking up new work any time, anywhere."

In the latter part of the Phillips pastorate the family had been increased by the birth of a second son on October 16, 1887. He received the name of Harold Symmes. The resignation from the church also made it desirable to find another home, although the former pastor continued for another year to live in South Boston acting as the stated supply of Phillips Church, either preaching himself or securing the services of another minister by exchange. Finally, after considering several of the suburbs of Boston, it was decided to settle in Auburndale, which was still almost rural in its surroundings, and land was bought within a stone's throw of the house to which Mr. Clark had come as a boy thirty years before on the death of his mother. The new house was built and ready for occupancy in June, 1888.

To bring the family record to its conclusion, reference should be made here to the birth of the youngest member of the family, Sydney Aylmer, in 1890, and the building of a new and larger house in 1893 on the hill overlooking the Charles River and the Weston hills. In this year of transition, 1888, Mr. Clark's successful ministry was also recognized by the first of several honorary degrees, this one a highly prized doctorate of divinity from his own college, Dartmouth.

Chapter IX

ENGLAND AND SCANDINAVIA

THE resignation from Phillips Church marked the end of a period of settled home life with pastoral duties, and the beginning of a life of wandering, but always with a definite objective. The purpose was the advancement of Christian Endeavor in all parts of the world, and the journeys were undertaken at the solicitation of those in other lands who knew of the movement and wanted help in promoting it in their centers.

Christian Endeavor was never adopted by the Roman Catholic Church, and only to a limited extent by the Protestant Episcopal denomination. In all countries, however, where non-conformity was strong, the society flourished, and was even encouraged occasionally in the State Church of some European countries. Furthermore it gained a strong hold in the Protestant missions of the Orient.

This situation led to innumerable invitations to attend the conventions of the society in all parts of the world, and resulted in nineteen journeys to foreign lands, five of which circled the globe. This was in addition to hundreds of shorter journeys in the United States which filled in the intervals between the ocean voyages. It would probably be an under-statement to say that Dr. Clark travelled at least one million miles in the interests of Christian Endeavor, and addressed millions of people on his journeys.

It should be noted again that these trips were financed by earnings from the pen of the traveller, and he estimated that the literary output of these journeys amounted to no less than 5,000 articles. It will be evident that the further chronicle of this active life can only touch it here and there, and must follow it to remote regions. A chronological record can hardly be attempted. It will be sufficient, however, to show briefly the unusual series of journeys that justified the name of "The Great American Traveller," which was frequently bestowed on Dr. Clark. The years from 1888 to 1900 comprised one journey around the world, including Australia and New Zealand, another trip of several months to India and South Africa, and four extended visits to Europe.

From 1900 to 1910 there were two more trips around the world, one of them by way of Siberia by boat on the Amur and Shilka Rivers, and by rail from Irkutsk, the railroad not being then completed; also an extensive journey through South America, and several visits to Europe including nearly every country and a brief visit to Iceland.

In the years 1910 and 1920 prolonged journeys were taken in every year except the three war years of 1917, 1918 and 1919. These included another journey around the world, a winter in Athens, a visit to Asia Minor, and a winter in Hawaii.

Of the remaining years of Dr. Clark's life until his death in 1927, several months of each year except 1923 and 1925 were spent in Europe or in Mediterranean lands. One winter was spent in Algiers; a cruise was made to the Holy Land. Germany was visited while the American army was still in occupation and the new countries of eastern Europe were visited. A review of this foreign travel afforded by

the hundreds of articles that resulted shows scarcely a political division of the earth that was not visited on one of his journeys. All this, too, was in addition to hundreds of thousands of miles travelled in the United States and Canada, the constant strain of speaking before large audiences, and unremitting labor on books and articles by which the travel was financed.

No better picture of the man and his work can be given than by quoting freely from his travel letters though without attempting chronological sequence.

ENGLAND

Impressions of England in 1891 when Dr. Clark was just beginning his extensive travels are interesting:

"I am thinking of introducing these English customs when I get home: — a light breakfast at 8.00, lunch or dinner at 1.00, tea at 5.00, supper at 10.00. We drink no water, but tea, coffee, soda or ginger ale, and we eat a great deal of jam, marmalade, etc. We have our butter all spread before coming to the table and make a great deal of rhubarb tart. We almost always have bacon for breakfast, and it is very nice, sweet and fresh and not all dried up; and we drink English tea very well made. Our toast is always cold, and we cannot get along without boiled or dropped eggs for breakfast, and only occasionally have a mutton chop. Our spare rooms are very nice, and we have capital beds and, above all, we think a good deal of Americans and treat them very hospitably."

The visits to England were always busy ones:

"Last night we had a large and good meeting at Newcastle and also a conference in the afternoon. I carried no coals, but I hope some Christian Endeavor to Newcastle, though they already have a good deal and are going to have the National Convention next year. I am obliged to speak twice every day

except when I speak three or four times, and never am allowed to go to bed until 12 o'clock and after. But then I have four meals a day to make up for lack of sleep, and all the tea I want to drink."

The toil involved in one of these journeys is shown in a letter from Chesterfield written in 1908:

"Yesterday they treated me cruel hard, making me preach at 3.30, speak and conduct a preachers' meeting at 4.45, drink tea at 5.45, speak and conduct a workers' conference at 6.15, speak at a big public meeting at 7.00, conduct a consecration meeting at 8.30, and then meet the minister and others at supper until 11.00.

"Here they are much more human. The mayor gave us ministers a lunch at 1.30 and a very good one. I talked to them for a while, then we went to the church and talked to the workers, then they let me come home and gave me a two hours' rest in my own room, and there is only the evening meeting left."

Dr. Clark was in London when the siege of Mafeking was raised and refers in a letter to the scenes of delirious joy that followed the news. It is obvious that he did not sympathize with the Boer War:

"The Maffekirs kept it up all night in London — the fellows kissing every girl they met, the girls tickling the fellows with peacock feathers, and blowing paper horns in everybody's face; men knocking each other's hats off, dancing and capering and singing like mad.

"You might really think they had won a real victory over somebody of their size.

SCANDINAVIA

The Scandinavian countries early welcomed Christian Endeavor though the increase of societies has never been

Rev. John Pollock and his Wife and Son Paul, who was Killed in the World War, on the right. Rev. James Mursell on left. Miss Elsie Pollock, now a Missionary in Formosa, with Dr. Clark

Both Mr. Pollock and Mr. Mursell have been Presidents of the British Christian Endeavor Union

large. In the several visits that Dr. Clark made to Norway, Sweden and Finland his reception was always cordial, and his recorded impressions of the countries most favorable. Writing from Stockholm in February, 1902, he says:

" I took the boat for Malmö and had a smooth, frosty passage of an hour and a half. It was a lovely morning and a lovely ride. The air was crisp and sharp and tonic-y. The rime was white and thick on every tree and bush and telegraph wire, the sun was bright and sparkling, the second class compartment was warm and comfortable and not over-crowded. After all the north is the place to travel in winter! I have written an article setting forth the advantage of going north instead of south in winter if you want to be comfortable, and am thinking of a book on the same subject."

Swedish dining customs were at first rather perplexing:

" At supper to-night the table was spread with all kinds of salt meats, fish, bread, cheese, etc. but no plates or chairs. My hostess told me to go ahead. I didn't know what to do, until at last I caught on by a happy inspiration, picked a slice of bread, spread some butter on it, fished out a pickled fish, pulled a slice of cheese — then found a chair, got a knife and fork and plate from the pile, and fell to. Fortunately I found I had done the right thing."

A description of a breakfast in a station restaurant is typical of many similar experiences:

" I left Gothenburg early, and we have just stopped at Östebro for breakfast. I didn't feel very ' peckish,' so I just wandered around like the other passengers in the restaurant and picked up what I wanted — merely some delicious ham and eggs and a fine veal cutlet with vegetables, and some cold meat in jelly and two or three kinds of bread and butter and cheese, and apple dumpling with hot sauce, and pickles. If I had been really sharp-set I might have had, for the same money, in ad-

dition, some beef steak and roast beef and prunes and compote, sardines, and sausage, and coffee and chocolate and cakes, but what's the use of making a pig of yourself? For this modest breakfast I paid 37 cents."

The journeys were interspersed with meetings and speaking engagements:

"At Kristiania I had a strenuous time with meetings, and visitations on and from many people. On Sunday at 6.00 we had a great service in the Dom, a splendid great church which the king attends. Haakon's box was right opposite the great pulpit from which I spoke, but Haakon wasn't there. But if the king wasn't there, the people were, and crowded the aisles on all sides of the pulpit, standing up throughout the whole service. An old state church minister with a big frill almost a foot wide standing out all around his neck, interpreted for me. The Bishop of Norway and all the dignitaries were there and expressed themselves as pleased. The rule is that the king must give permission for an outlander to preach in the Dom, and as they didn't get it in advance, he gave me permission Monday morning to preach the day before, which I graciously accepted."

January, 1913, found Dr. Clark again in Sweden and far to the north, beyond the Arctic Circle, in Gellivara:

"It is 12.30 o'clock but the dawn has already begun to fade into twilight. The sun has not risen upon us for two days and is not likely to for another week unless we go south. The rime on the trees is beyond anything I ever saw. A little way back the little, stunted Arctic trees looked like branches of corral. Now the frost is still heavier, and hangs, I should think, at least half an inch deep on every twig, while everywhere is a great white world of unsullied snow.

"The days here are really wonderfully beautiful. Imagine a dawn-glow just before sunrise, lasting for hours, and growing very gradually brighter and brighter, from 8.30 till about 11.30.

Then it just as slowly fades into the evening twilight until about 3.30 when it is quite dark. In the meantime the eastern sky is all kinds of a foreglow and afterglow from delicate pink to rosy red, but yet the sun never quite peeps above the horizon. He seems to move along a few hundred yards, just below the horizon, and then the afterglow of evening, equally beautiful, begins and lasts for hours, while all the snow mountains on every side blush in sympathy with the embarrassment of the sky.

" As I write we can see through gaps in the mountains to the farthest horizon. On one side of an arc of about 90 degrees the morning dawn is a bright pink; on the other side where the sun is going down though not visible there is a golden glow, while all the rest of the sky clear around is a delicate pearl gray and it is now just one o'clock."

On an earlier trip Dr. Clark had an experience on the Baltic rarely enjoyed by European travellers.

" Here we are as tight as ever Franklin was in his Arctic travels. Across the open water of the Baltic for about six or eight hours we had a good passage last night. Early this morning we struck the ice on the Finnish side. There is no channel here, the ice is fifty miles wide, and we have to cut our own way. In some places it is only three or four inches thick. We go through that as a cat goes through cream. In other places it is six inches, — that is like soft butter for us. Where it gets a foot thick it is like good stiff cheese, but when it gets two feet thick we are stumped entirely, and have to back out (if we can) and try another channel. Sometimes we cannot get either way for the ice closes up behind us. Then the sailors get out, fasten a long iron pike in the ice, a cable from behind is hitched on to that, and we pull ourselves back, as we used to get off a sand bar on the Amur River.

" Another companion ice-breaker in distress, the Murtaja, of about the same size, is alongside, and we seem to be making common cause, for we are hitched together now by a cable and each in turn uses the other for a purchase.

"Once I got off the steamer onto the ice just to say I had been on an ice floe in the ocean. At one place on the ice we saw a lot of seals. They seemed to live in families. The babies are white and shaggy and look like little Polar bears. Some of them could not get into the water and the steamer almost ran over them.

"Six hours later: it isn't so funny as it was. The captain has done his best but the ice is too much for him. Sailors have been out cutting the ice around the ship all day, and the propeller has been going, but we can't get ahead. We are about four and a half miles from the Finnish shore. There are rumors of a big ice-breaker coming out to help us to-night if she gets her boilers repaired. The ice is piled up ten feet high around our ship. It is a grand lonesome sight.

"The Next Day: Early this morning the big ice-breaker Sampo (a Samson indeed) reached us, and chewed up the two-foot ice as she would brown paper and soon set us free. Then she went ahead of us, making a furrow through the ice in which we followed, and got to Hangö about ten o'clock after being about thirty hours in the ice. It was a rare experience of Arctic travel and hasn't happened before this winter. Wasn't I lucky?

"Hangö is a little place with snow piled up six feet high along the streets. Winter isn't broken here, not even cracked yet, and it is still snowing hard. I am writing in the second class waiting room with a big white stove reaching nearly to the ceiling, and comfortable furniture. Over one of the doors is a startling sign which reads, 'Dam Rum.' But is isn't profane and it has no reference to the evils of strong drink. It simply means, 'Ladies' Room.'"

Once arrived in Finland there was activity enough to make up for the delay on the ice-breaker:

"We have had a great time in Åbo and as strenuous as strenuous. From 11.00 yesterday morning to 11.00 in the evening there was no let-up of meetings, conferences, dinners, coffees, etc., ending with a grand wind-up in the cathedral,

which was crowded and many standing. This is the mother church of Finland, 700 years old, containing the tomb of Queen Katherine of Sweden, wife of Eric XIV, and of many generals who died in the Thirty Years' War. It is pure Gothic, much like the church in Upsala, only not so completely restored, and is much admired.

" The many meetings are the least part of the work for I always have to call on the Bishop and the Stiftprost and the Sangprost and the Domprost and here in Åbo on the Arkbiscop. He was a nice old man who came to the service in the Dom in the evening. He is greatly troubled at the spread of materialistic socialism in Finland.

" Christian Endeavor is making rapid headway in Finland both in the free churches and in the state church and there are now about 70 societies."

In Scandinavia as in all other European countries the cause of Christian Endeavor enlisted the support of individual workers who gave their time and energy. The most active was Pastor Klaeboe, whose enthusiasm paved the way for Dr. Clark's visits. Another of the active pioneers in Norway and Sweden was the Rev. Horace Dutton, formerly of Boston, but later on a roving commission throughout Europe, in the cause of Christian Endeavor and the Esperanto language.

Chapter X

EUROPEAN IMPRESSIONS

GERMANY was one of the European countries to give early endorsement to the Christian Endeavor movement. By the middle of the nineties there were many scattered societies, though the movement had not prospered in the more aristocratic State church. A picture somewhat typical of the early days in Germany is given in a letter written in 1896:

"Deacon J. and seven others met me at the station at 2.30 Sunday morning. How was that for hospitality? Not a blessed one could speak a word of English but we got along finely. Deacon J. took me to his house to dinner yesterday. He is a 'Salem Streeter,' lives in three little rooms over a shoe shop and up a back yard. Frau J. made the effort of her life in the dinner and gave us goose and boiled apples and sweet cabbage and sauerkraut and all the delicacies of the season."

Dr. Clark claimed no skill as a linguist, and had to make thousands of addresses through interpreters. His judgment of what constitutes a good interpreter was gained by many painful experiences. Some would stop him after each sentence and laboriously and literally translate each word, frequently with the introductory phrase, "he says." Others would allow him to speak for five minutes and then render the substance of the passage, sometimes, as Dr. Clark realized, in a more polished form than the original.

There are many comments in the letters regarding interpreters, or "interrupters" as he sometimes called them, from whom he had suffered:

"Me too, *I* am not altogether on a bed of roses either. I suffer many things of many interpreters. When I hear them making hash of what I try to say, while I stand helplessly by, I feel inclined to remark 'Therewith' in German. To-night the translator was better than some, but none of the best. The assurance of these men in thinking they know English is surprising. When they get through they are usually wiser as well as sadder men."

And again on the same trip:

"We had a great audience here last night, over a thousand people and Pastor K. translated. I greatly feared for the result, for he said he knew very little English, but he 'trusted in the Lord for help.' However I think the Lord did help him, for he was much more fluent than I expected."

Other hardships were faced on these early trips:

"I reached here last night and found Pastor H. and two or three others at the station to meet me. Pastor H. took me to his home, and I have a little bit of an ice-box for a room, not quite so large as your refrigerator at home, though perhaps I am exaggerating a little. When I go to bed I pile on my overcoat and plug hat and all and crawl under the feather beds, wrap my feet in my undershirt and try to sleep. Mrs. H. has six small children ranging from six years to six weeks; still they are very kind and take me in very heartily."

Much of the time during his European visits Dr. Clark spent on railway trains and these journeys frequently had to be taken without consideration for his personal comfort. In 1902 he journeyed from Italy to Berlin, and wrote a description of his trip from which the following is quoted:

"My car is a corridor and not at all crowded. At first two expectorating Italians got in and in happy oblivion of the fact that my compartment was a 'Nicht Raucher' lit up at once very bad cigars. However they stayed only about an hour and for the rest of the night I had the compartment to myself. Early in the morning I invested a franc in a pillow which was money well spent. I could stretch out pretty well and slept considerably, though the guard came around to see my ticket every few minutes.

"My compartment got so hot in the night that I had to turn the handle from 'warm' to 'kalt' and then turn it back again when we got among the snow mountains. The custom house is at Ala, but as I had no 'heavy baggage' they did not bother me to get out. If they had only hefted my accordion bag they would have thought I had some 'heavy baggage.'

"Soon after leaving Ala the cold began to strengthen and the snow began to deepen and now it looks like Maine in mid-winter. In some places the trees and telegraph poles are covered with rime an inch or two deep, as we once saw it in Norway. The Alps are fine, though not so magnificent as in other passes. The villages are few and small but picturesque with churches that look like a cross between a Greek Church and a Puritan meeting-house.

"One or two fellow passengers drop in on me occasionally, but they do not go far, and are deferential and polite, usually asking if they may intrude on my solitude, which I graciously permit."

And later on the same journey:

"Oh! I have passed a miserable night! Chiefly because two Dutchmen who walked into my little parlor insisted on having the 'warm' on all night and on shutting all the windows and doors of the compartment. I believe these 'furriners' are so cold most of the time in winter that when they have a chance to get good and hot for nothing, they intend to get their money's worth. However I lived through it, and reached Berlin.

"It was dark as pitch and raining dismally, but I got a

Leaders of Christian Endeavor in Budapest

'Zweite Classe Droschke' and drove to No. 34 Wilhelmstr. and was set down in the rain only to be told by the porter that he was 'alles besetzt.' But I craved the privilege of setting my things inside the door and getting Frühstück! This modest meal was soon prepared, and I had a great dish of delicious buns — they know how to make bread in Germany. While I was eating, and trying to prolong my coffee until daylight if possible, the old manager who used to be here, came in and called me by name and said that Room 59 was reserved for me. Either Pastor B. or some other good angel had reserved it."

Twenty years later, in 1922, Dr. Clark was again in Germany, but under greatly different conditions. Germany was now a conquered nation and her Rhineland was occupied by foreign armies. The country, too, was socially disturbed. To quote from a letter:

"We are stranded in Koblentz by the big, nation-wide railway strike. We are due in Berlin to-day, and I was to speak at four meetings for they are making a great time there, because it is Christian Endeavor Day. It is a serious thing for our program, as I was to leave Berlin for Copenhagen on Thursday, where there was to be a Christian Endeavor Conference of four nationalities, and a week from that day we expected to start for Prague.

"However there is no loss without some gain. We here belong it seems to the American Army of Occupation, and are billeted, free of charge, in a fine room in the Koblentzerhof, the best hotel in town, which has been taken over by the American officers. We only have to pay for our meals, and not for many of them, as we are often invited out. An automobile is at our disposal. Every one is more than kind, and we are the pampered children of luxury.

"I have just preached to soldiers and civilians in the beautiful Royal Palace Chapel which makes my hand shaky, as any excitement does in these days. I suppose I am growing old. Americans are very popular here."

This visit to Germany was made in the midst of the period of the depression of the mark. In a letter from Leipzig:

"The mark suddenly fell down yesterday from 305 to 327 to the dollar, the lowest yet. I went this morning to my bank, the Allgemeine Deutsche Credit Anstalt, and asked for fifty dollars on my letter. They did not complain but smilingly handed over 15,984 marks, keeping 16 marks for their trouble. This is the biggest bank I was ever in and mountains of money were lying on every counter. Then I sallied out to buy an overcoat. We found one which, with some alterations, will cost nearly eight dollars, and were so pleased with it that we bought a business suit for about $18.00 in the afternoon. I felt rather mean to pay so little, but I really needed the clothes.

"We have a nice front room in a good hotel, indeed a suite, with a bath and all the appurtenances of a little hall and two good beds, for 230 marks a day, and a three course dinner for two costs about 100 marks.

"This is nothing to Poland, however, where $25 brought me in 92,000 Polish marks, and then I found I could have got 10,000 marks more, if I had taken it in Danzig instead of Berlin. But prices are high in Poland, and it costs 500 Polish marks to go from Danzig to Vandsburg, about 125 miles away, second-class, — nearly 12½ cents.

"Travelling is very uncomfortable in Poland, cars and hotels often absolutely heatless, though our friends all pampered us to the top of our or their bent. It is a rare thing for them to see an American and they make the most of him. The hardest things to get all over this part of Europe are coal and milk."

The suffering and hardships consequent on the post-war conditions affected Dr. Clark deeply as reflected in the letters of his German friends:

"I am very much distressed," he writes, "about my German friends. Almost every day I get heart-rending letters. They are not complaining or bitter but just down-and-out letters,

telling a little of their recent conditions, of people starving, of the impossibility of using their currency, of suicides everywhere, etc."

The Christian Endeavor organization was able to relieve some of the acuteness of this distress among the German friends, and Dr. Clark lived to see the tide turn for the better in the country as a whole.

Hard travelling conditions were encountered everywhere on the Continent. To quote from a letter written on a French railroad in 1908:

"We left Paris at 8.00 P.M. in a second class compartment and each had a pillow, hoping to get some sleep, but soon a French family of four got in, all of them big, with a big lunch basket from which they proceeded at once to gormandize without fletcherizing. They were very lively and jolly and did not want to sleep or let anyone else sleep. At midnight, at Dijon, I went out for a few minutes, and when I came back into the train a large Frenchman had two-thirds of my place and all of his own, so I had to squeeze into a corner.

"After awhile our noisy family got out and five large men got in and filled us up tight again. However I got a little sleep toward morning."

Although France, like most Catholic countries, has never been a field for extensive work in Christian Endeavor, Dr. Clark occasionally spent vacations from the busy periods of travel in the south of France and along the Riviera. Much of his voluminous writing was done here and on similar holidays snatched from travel. The first visit to Monte Carlo in 1891 made a pleasant impression:

"Monte Carlo is I think the most beautiful place I ever saw. It surrounds a lovely little bay, Monaco jutting out into the sea on one side and Monte Carlo on the other. High peaks come down almost to the sea, leaving just enough room for the

town. Monaco is a little kingdom by itself. It is the smallest kingdom in the world and includes Monte Carlo, and I could walk all around it in half an hour. We went to the great casino this evening where hundreds of people were losing thousands of dollars, and some were winning, I suppose.

"The Casino is a beautiful building and it all looks like fairyland, something like Baden-Baden only much more beautifully situated. Orange and lemon trees, and a lovely, soft, cool air from the sea. As I write I can hear the Mediterranean swash up on the shore within fifty feet, while a big mountain frowns down at me in the moonlight as I look out of the window.

"We go on to Pisa to-morrow, but I should like to stop here a month. What struck me most at the Casino was the extreme respectability of the gamblers, in looks, — old ladies and matrons and bald-headed gentlemen. No drinking or smoking, and no loud talking. The old ladies seemed the most eager, I thought. It's a very queer sight."

In later years the preliminaries of travel became more difficult and more arduous. In 1920 Dr. Clark went to France and other countries of Europe as an emissary of the Church Peace Union, as well as for Christian Endeavor. The travel regulations were then at their most difficult phase:

"We are on our last lap on land," he writes, "and tomorrow expect to leave little old New York with our prow pointed France-ward.

"'It looks like a tempest,' as a consoling Greek friend said to us once as we were about to leave Athens by sea. But the Touraine which I went aboard this morning looks like a staunch boat. She is a big one, and very French.

"I have been busy all day getting my passport visaed by the French consul, for whom I had to wait an hour, getting a permit to sail at the custom house, after showing that I had paid my income tax for 1919, and had several other pieces of war-time tape to untie.

"Then I had to visit the offices of the Church Peace Union, of the World Alliance of the Churches, of the League to Enforce Peace, and of the Federal Council of Churches, from all of which I am a sort of special commissioner or representative on this journey with credentials. The Church Peace Union has contributed $500 toward my travelling expenses, the first time I have had any help from anyone.

"Mr. Bryan sent me a most glowing letter of introduction and I shall find it hard to live up to it."

Like France, Italy frequently served Dr. Clark as a resting place from his more active campaigns in the Protestant countries of Europe. A few Christian Endeavor societies have prospered in that country, but the possible field for such activity is necessarily very limited. The first visit to Italy was in 1891, and included a horse-back trip up Vesuvius in company with Rev. Charles Dickinson, a long-time friend. In a letter to his small daughter Dr. Clark writes:

"You would have laughed to see us. Mr. Dickinson's horse was called 'Macaroni' and mine 'Bifstek,' and the guide's 'Lacrimae Christi.' The small boy held on to my horse's tail to help drag himself up, and every minute the guide who went behind whipped up the horses and cried, 'Ach Bifstek, Ach Macaroni,' and the boy would echo every time, 'Ach, Ach,' which meant, I suppose, 'Go along.'

"We had to ride about two miles over a plain and then another mile up the mountain side on the old lava beds. It was pretty hard work, but the hardest was to come when we reached the funnel of the mountain and could go no further on the horses. Then it was a scramble. It was a walk of about a mile, and the hardest one I ever took. Mr. D. didn't feel very well and lagged behind and the guide kept calling out, 'Couragi, Papa.'

"When about half way up a storm came along and we got quite wet, but at last, after climbing about an hour and a half we reached the crater. Here the mountain was all covered with

sulphur, red and yellow and blue and all beautiful colors. Smoke was coming out of the ground in many places and some little holes were so hot we could not hold our hands over them. The big crater was perfectly awful. There was so much smoke and steam coming from it we could not see the lava, but we could hear it a few feet below, boiling and seething and washing up against the side like the waves of a dreadful lake of fire. Every now and then there would be an explosion and a chunk of red hot lava would be thrown up forty or fifty feet into the air and fall back again into the lake.

"It was so cold and windy and getting so late that we only stayed a few minutes on the crater, and then went down to the horses in about fifteen minutes, running down in the loose ashes in which we sank at every step up to our ankles, but it was much easier than going up."

Three years later, in 1894, Venice was selected as a refuge:

"It's a splendid place to rest. We found a quiet little pension on the Grand Canal, and floated around in gondolas, and visited St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace and the old churches, and fed the pigeons and did nothing much of the time. There is no such place for rest as Venice: no cars, no carts, no crowing cocks, no whistling engines, no braying donkeys, nothing to prevent you from sleeping till nine o'clock in the morning, and I improved my opportunities."

Thirty years later, in 1924, Dr. Clark had again taken refuge in Italy, this time in Naples, intent on recuperating from an exhausting attack of fever in Algiers. A big storm that did much damage to the Naples water front enlivened this visit, and gave a subject for ever-urgently demanded articles. The situation, during the later years, with failing health, and insistent demands, is evident from a letter written at this time:

"My travelling has been so curtailed by the microbe I swallowed in Biskra that my topics for articles have been curtailed also. I have just had to write to my friends in Spain that I couldn't go there, much to my sorrow. They were arranging for meetings in Barcelona and Madrid. I think I should have been able to go by the last of March, but I did not want to disappoint them at the last minute, and the doctor in Algiers seemed to think I mustn't fool too much with my heart until it got stronger and more regular.

"However, I am getting on famously, sleep nine hours at night and have the most ravenous appetite I have known for years. We like this pension, for our room, for the attendance and for the food, — what there is of it, which doesn't quite fill me up at any meal — and for the price. So we supplement our meals with some cakes and chocolate and an occasional tea.

"We are reading Bok's book together. It is intensely interesting. Next to Chatterton and the Admirable Crichton he seems to have been the most marvellous boy who did not 'perish in his prime.' I wish I had more of his assurance. I could have made more of my opportunities."

Chapter XI

INDIA

WHILE Christian Endeavor was spreading in the European countries, it was making even more rapid progress in some of the eastern lands where American missionaries had been working for generations.

India was an especially fruitful field and both American and English missionaries wrote, urgently asking for a visit from Dr. Clark. He had spent some weeks in the country in 1893, but he responded to the appeals for a second visit, and in 1896 set out alone from Germany, leaving his family in Berlin for the winter. This journey was also to include South Africa which he had not visited before. The voyage was broken at Cairo where the relics of the past seem to have produced as strong an impression as on previous visits:

"We had a very irascible driver who swore in classic Arabic at everything in his way. 'Out of way, you dog, you son of a dog, and you grandson of a dog,' he would say. Then he would shout to a camel driver, whose beasts blocked the way, 'Blast your eyes, and your mother's eyes, and your grandmother's eyes, and may you never see the light of day,' etc. etc. However he got us there.

"I looked down into Rameses' eyeless sockets, and Seti's, and all the other old favorites whom we saw before. They now have many new things, especially some toy soldiers just dug up. They are supposed to have been used in Pharoah's nursery.

They were about eight inches high and made of wood, painted; there were thirty or forty of them.

"We got back across the Nile, just before the draw was opened for two hours, and then drove to the great university mosque where they have 10,000 students. All were studying aloud and made a perfect Babel. They dislike the English because they closed the university when cholera broke out last, and when we went in, thinking we were English, they sent up a mighty hiss like a flock of 10,000 geese. It's the first time I ever was hissed, and then I was taken for a Britisher!

"This afternoon we went to the citadel which is crowned by a beautiful mosque, the finest I have seen next to St. Sophia. Here is a lovely view of the city and the distant pyramids.

"Yesterday I simply lost myself in the streets of Cairo, going wherever they led, and taking in all the picturesque sights and smells and noises I could."

The stay in Cairo was brief, and the next letter was written from the Red Sea:

"As soon as we were out of the Suez Canal we bade goodbye to cool weather, and I have longed to sit in my bones ever since. My heavy overcoat seems like an anachronism and it is hard to realize that it was ever cold anywhere.

"When I boarded the 'Valetta' at Ismailyeh I found that my ticket gave me a berth in a four-berth stateroom where there were three men already. When they saw me coming they 'kicked' like the traditional steer, and began to cry out, 'I say, steward, what are you giving us? We are full up already.' I told them I felt quite as badly about it as they did if not a little worse. The steward told me there was a three-berth room in which was a 'foreigner' and if I didn't mind I could go in there. As the 'foreigner' was a mind-mannered Frenchman whom I had met at Shepheard's in Cairo, I didn't mind, and so we have room 118 on the starboard side. It is the hot side of the ship and gets intolerably hot with the afternoon sun, especially on such a day as this when we have to keep the port shut on account of the waves which drenched my chum's berth

this morning. I cannot bear my hand on the iron side of the ship just outside of my port.

"The 'Valetta' is a staunch ship and I like her very well. Everything is clean, shipshape and orderly. The captain is a very decent fellow. I sit at his right hand at the table. On my other side is a great lion hunter, the greatest in the world, it is said, who is going to East Africa after lions and tigers and elephants. I played some games of tub quoits with him the other day. He wanted to play for 'thruppence the game,' and when I would not, then 'for the drinks.' Again I refused, and this morning he humbly apologized for the suggestion, when he found I was a minister.

"Another good fellow is a Mr. Harmsworth, a very wealthy English newspaper man who owns the *Daily Mail* and three other London dailies, and no less than eighteen other publications. Since he has learned who I am he has invited me to come to his country seat in England next May.

"An English Wesleyan conducted the service this morning and I read the Scripture lessons. This evening there is to be another service at which they want me to preach and to follow with a Christian Endeavor consecration meeting. There are at least seven Christian Endeavorers on board, missionaries mostly; one or two going to Ceylon and others to northern India. They are all in the second cabin. I have not found any in the first cabin, though some are interested of course. I have not talked shop but Mr. Harmsworth has gone all over the ship proclaiming my occupation."

On the voyage to Bombay the ship settled into the routine customary to the tropics:

"You know the routine customary to a P & O-er. My steward calls me at eight and offers me tea or coffee, which I do not take. Then he tells me that my bath is ready and I go down in my pyjamas and take a cold sea bath in a marble tub.

"Then I have half an hour for Bible reading, and dress slowly, being ready for breakfast at 9. After breakfast come three or four hours for reading, writing, chatting, etc., then at one comes

Leaders of the Christian Endeavor Society in the Girls College of the United Presbyterian Mission in Cairo

lunch at which we have all kinds of salads and cold meats, curry, fruits, and usually ice-cream. This is not a table d'hote meal, but you have the exertion of picking from your bill of fare what you want. After lunch comes a nap always for everybody on these hot seas, and then more reading and writing and quoit pitching until the swell meal of the day at 6.30.

"Dinner is a great function. You are simply not in it without a black coat and white shirt front. If you are a lady you have on all your diamonds and pearls and opals and amethysts and rubies and gold bracelets, and as little else as decency permits.

"We had a most interesting time at Aden, getting there at 8.00 A.M. and staying till 1.00. There were a lot of little naked boys in dug-outs, crying out, 'Papa, dive; Charlie, dive; Charlie, dive;' and then they would cry out in a kind of Greek antiphonal chorus, one boat shouting, 'Oh, yes,' and the other responding, 'Papa, dive.' They had dyed their wooly hair red, by plastering it with lime, but they were great divers, jumping from the hurricane deck, swimming under the ship, and doing all kinds of tricks for sixpences. Sharks abound in Aden, and the divers sometimes have their heads nipped off when the monsoon drives the sharks into the bay. Aden is a doleful-looking place of steep, precipitous mountains, dry 'as the desert of Sahara,' without a green thing to be seen."

The plague was epidemic in Bombay and it was necessary to hurry on eastward, as meetings were out of the question. Like many of Dr. Clark's letters to his family, the one from which the following quotation is taken was written on the train, this time on the way from Ajmere to Agra:

"By my side is a disreputable old Hindu in a red-figured calico dressing gown, with a calico turban around his head. He looks a hundred years old, but he may not be more than ninety-five. My other companions are two bare-legged Parsees, and an English boy. I hope some of them will get out at Jeypore and give me a chance to lie down, as I have to stay in the train

till 3.45 to-morrow morning — just my luck, you see, to change in the middle of the night.

" You ought to have seen the style in which I left Rutlam. The Rajah had left town to go back to school, but the Regent, an old and fine-looking Parsee, called on me just before my train left, and took me to the station in the royal carriage with two prancing white horses, two footmen in gorgeous red liveries, and a guard of honor prancing behind on white horses and armed with swords and spears. All the natives prostrated themselves with salaams, and evidently thought I was some great dignitary of state.

" The Regent, or ' Dewar,' pretended to know all about Christian Endeavor, though I do not think he did, and was much pleased to make the acquaintance of ' one who had so many followers.' I suppose he thought I was some kind of a religious rajah from America. I gave him my picture and he promised to send me his own, and a photo of his royal highness in his royal robes.

" I was quite abashed to take a second class ticket and show him that an American rajah did not have unlimited rupees at his command. However I sacrificed my pride to my pocket, and he stayed until the last gun was fired to see me off, fully half an hour before the train started. He has full authority in the state of Rutlam until the Rajah comes of age — three years more.

" In the compartment next to me are four English soldiers. They have been amusing themselves by beating every poor dog they could reach with some heavy hockey sticks. They broke one dog's leg, and nearly killed another. At last I could stand it no longer. My blood boiled and at the next station I got out and said to them, ' You are the most cowardly and cruel men I ever saw, to beat dogs that way, and I'll report you to your superior officer the first chance I get.' I hoped they would take me for a government official of some sort, for scarcely any other white men travel in this region. You should have seen them hang their heads. Not a single Tommy of them said a word. But I took their regiment, and mean to make it hot for them if I can. There has been no more dog-beating. It

ARRIVAL AT THE CONVENTION CITY, AGRA, 1909

General Secretary Halliwell between Dr. and Mrs. Clark. Dr. Herbert Anderson lifting his hat. Mr. Hiram N. Lathrop, Excursion Manager, at right with garland

made the Hindus in the car with me indignant too, but they didn't dare say a word. What a contrast! The heathen Hindus in every large town support an asylum for sick and old and lame animals, (I saw one in Ahmednagar) and these Christian (?) soldiers go around maiming them for life.

"I heard the afore-mentioned old Hindu confide to one of the Parsees that he had 'skin disease,' the Lord only knows what. I hope it isn't small-pox or itch. The plague grows worse and worse in Bombay. The city is half depopulated and four or five dead Hindus are taken out of the cars every day, whom the plague has overtaken as they were fleeing from it.

"By the way, I found out afterwards that there was nothing the matter with the old Hindu party on the seat with me, except that he was a leper. His 'skin disease' was a gentle euphemism. His fingers were all eaten off, but he considerately kept them covered with woolen gloves mostly. Travelling in India, like politics in America, makes queer bedfellows."

Railway travel in India continued to have its discomforts:

"Last night an aged and smelly Hindu occupied the seat opposite me, and as it was a narrow gauge train I was not more than two feet from him. How he did snort and snore! He could be heard above the roar of the train, and when we stopped at stations his trumpet was tremendous — it gave no uncertain sound. I could not sleep, and three or four times I punched him with my umbrella. He never knew what hit him, but then he would stop snoring and turn over, for just one minute, and then at it again."

An interesting experience in Eastern India was a trip through the "Beels of Bengal," the jungle country of the lower Ganges.

"At Khoolna the terminus of the railway we found a queer little flat-bottomed, stern-paddle-wheel steamer to take us down the Ganges. As usual, we had to turn out at 4.00 A.M. and then had to wait until daylight, as on this treacherous stream they cannot run except by daylight. Just at dawn we started, the

owls hooting in the trees, the jackals slinking to get under cover, and all the rest of the world waking up.

"It has been a delightful journey so far, not too hot in the shade, and a constant succession of interesting sights as we go through the jungle. Sometimes the banana trees actually overhang the boat, and I can almost pick the plantains. There are thousands of little boats and many big ones, great clumsy arks that look something like Chinese junks. As we go along we suck the water out from under them, and then by our own waves dash the little boats high and dry up on the bank in the narrow canals. The way the boatmen have to scramble out and hold on to their craft as we steam by is a caution.

"The villages are mostly of straw, but now and then we pass a mud village, and once in a while make a landing on a mud bank where a lot of bright red and yellow natives, like big parrots for plumage, scramble aboard. We are the only 'sahibs' on board, Mr. McGaw and I, and we have the fore deck all to ourselves.

"Of course there are no restaurants in this jungle so we have brought a kerosene stove and some tea and a teapot and canned goods. We have already had two meals, chota hazri at 5.00 A.M. and breakfast at 9.30, and have food enough for two more before we reach Barisal about seven this evening if we do not get stuck on a mud bank.

"This is a great Christian Endeavor country, and William Carey, a great-grandson of the great William Carey, has established sixty C. E. societies. We are going to a convention at a village with an unpronouncable and unwriteable name, 24 hours beyond Barisal. I think likely some of our fellow passengers are Christian Endeavorers going to the convention, but I am not proficient in Bengali, and besides they cannot pin a C. E. badge to themselves without hurting, so I cannot tell. They are much better-looking specimens in this region than in Central India, — not nearly so emaciated and famine-stricken as there.

"While I was writing this last sentence we ran into a big straw-thatched house-boat (house-boats are thicker than spatter all about), and sank it, I think, but our skipper didn't stop to

see. It was full of people, but as the water was only five or six feet deep no great harm is done. Our 'Cap'n bold' is a fine old Musselman about the color of old mahogany. He spread his mat down just now and said his prayers."

The journey continued with varying vicissitudes but every sight novel and interesting:

"The 'Beels' are vast rice-fields flooded for nine months of the year with fifteen feet of water, dotted with little villages built up on artificial mounds above the level. Now the 'Beels' are all dry except in the river-beds and canals which, in all this Ganges district, intersect the country everywhere.

"I have seen no heathen mothers throwing their babies to the crocodiles as in the old pictures, but this is where they used to do it. In fact I have seen no crocodiles as yet big enough to eat a baby, but almost every other kind of beast, bird and fish. Big-beaked flamingoes, dainty white ibises in flocks, spotted deer, huge turtles, ducks, snipe, widgeon, porpoises, otters which the natives tame and use to catch fish for them, and all kinds of parrots, hawks, ravens, crows that come right aboard our boat, kites, vultures, etc.

"Two nights running we were up and down all night, for the water was so low that we had to leave our house-boat and then go a few miles in a 'dingy,' a boat that looks for all the world like a Chinese sampan. Then we had to get out and walk a few miles, then crawl into another 'dingy,' where we couldn't sit or stand up, but only lie down; then walk again, etc. As the country is full of bamboo bridges, where a single plank is all that exists between you and a more or less bottomless pit beneath, these midnight rambles under the light of the silent moon were thrilling.

"Another thrill is added when you think you have stepped on a cobra, but find it to be only a crooked stick, and still another thrill when one of the servants comes running back to say that he had seen a leopard jumping for him. Whether he did or whether the leopard was a product of an excited imagination will always be uncertain.

" At one place in the dead of night the Endeavorers tried to relieve the asperities of the journey by meeting me with a 'palky,' that is, 'palanquin,' — a bride's palanquin at that. It was simply a piece of netting about three and a half feet long and eighteen inches wide slung on a stout bamboo. My bearers carried me about half a mile while I sat doubled up like a letter N, only the head of the N curved over the wrong way, and rested on its knee. As soon as I thought it was polite I begged to be excused on the ground that I was wearying my bearers. So I got out and walked the rest of the five miles to the next 'dingy.' "

Chapter XII

SOUTH AFRICA

THE India visit was concluded shortly after the convention in the " Beels," but this was only a prelude to a continuation of the journey, and the conventions in South Africa. Communication between India and Africa was not easy, and apparently the principal traffic was in Indian coolies as a labor supply for the South African market, a situation which has occasioned much difficulty for the British Empire since those days of 1897. The easiest way to get to South Africa then was by a steamer from Madras to Natal, which was engaged in the transportation of coolies.

The trip might have been made in eighteen days but the Natal government insisted on a period of at least twenty-three days, to give an opportunity for the plague to show itself if it were harbored among the coolie passengers. So they jogged along at nine miles an hour to use up the time. From a letter written on shipboard:

" I am the only cabin passenger and eat at the officers' mess. There is always enough such as it is, but the food makes a poor appetite turn up its nose, in spite of all efforts to hold it down. The butter is a kind of yellow liquid salve; the water has apparently been on a moderately slow fire, and is like the Laodiceans of old; the ice gave out the first day from Madras; and as to the meats, the less said about them the better.

" The curry is the best thing, and as we have it three times

a day I shall get along very well. My cabin is a fairly roomy one, with two berths, of which I use the upper, so as to have the advantage of the small round port, which, it is needless to say, is open night and day. If a storm should compel me to shut it I don't know what I should do for air.

"I am at liberty to go forward if I choose, but the decks are so thick with lousy, frowsy, sweaty, smelly humanity, and are so foul and slippery that there is no temptation to take exercise in that way. There are big coolies and little ones, old and young. Most of the men are tall, lithe, rather good-looking fellows. The women are tougher looking customers, while the children are the most attractive of all. Those up to six or seven wear absolutely nothing at all, except an occasional smile, the older children wear a triangular postage stamp tied about them with a string, and the men and women wear three or four yards of white cloth.

"Some of the coolies have a big letter 'T' on their arms to show that they are 'Topas.' I always forget whether they are jaspers or topaz. The 'Topas' has some authority to keep order and such cleanliness as is possible, and it is amusing and pathetic to see a 'Topas' take another big coolie by the ear and yank him along the deck to make him sweep up some filth, the other fellow whimpering like a girl, and wiping his eyes with the end of his cloth in a most pathetic way.

"The officers are very subdued when I am about. I think they stand in awe of 'the cloth' on general principles, and, as we haven't many topics in common, conversation sometimes flags badly. Besides the captain there sit at the table, the chief engineer at my left, the first mate on the end, and, on the other side, the doctor and the second mate. The doctor seems an intelligent fellow, but is very silent and rarely opens his mouth and never smiles. He is in the employ of the Natal government.

"I wish you could see the picture before me just now as I write: a little, stark-naked boy, not more than four or five years old, is lighting a long cigar which looks like a stick (a kind the natives make themselves) from his father's weed. Now he has it well alight and he is strutting up and down the

deck with all the assurance of a practiced man of the world. His father has his long hair done up in a graceful pug, while his mother is an ugly 'devil-sheared' creature who also takes her turn at the cigar.

When mealtime comes they all squat down on the deck, and, making their rice and curry into balls about as big as base-balls, with their fingers, they cram it into their mouths. The smells and the dirt are beyond belief.

"At six o'clock in the morning the Lascars begin to swab down the decks and I have to wake up and shut my port which is just over my bed, lest I get drowned out by the dirty water which pours over the ship's side. As it is I have been pretty thoroughly wet down once or twice. Shutting the port makes the cabin so stiflingly hot in ten minutes that I am glad to get up when the dirty steward, called 'boy,' a Mohammedar Lascar, brings the early cup of tea. He brings it in a thick, cracked cup with a dirty saucer, and it is not very appetizing to a squeamish stomach. But I drink a little of it, and then go on deck in my pyjamas and straw slippers.

"In these early morning hours I have read Jeremiah, and James, and Peter, and Deuteronomy, and several devotional books. I have fortunately a good supply. These are some of the pleasantest hours of the day. At 8.30 comes breakfast, a meal to which I fear I do not do full justice, as it is too early in the morning for an appetite for liver and bacon and 'cold hump' and 'Scorumbulled eggs' as the steward calls them on his poor bill of fare. But there is one good thing, — it doesn't take long.

"In fifteen minutes I am on deck again with some solid reading and my lap tablet, for the last four hours of the morning. I have already written one little devotional book on Jeremiah, and am at work on another, called 'The Great Secret,' I hope they will do some good; at any rate they have done me good.

"At one o'clock we have tiffin, which is much like 'break fast' as the steward calls it, only my stomach is a little more hardened by that time and I stand it better. However I have abjured butter and have not eaten a drop for twelve days. We

have it in drops, not lumps, on this ship. After tiffin I take a good nap and a book, something light. I have read already Disraeli's 'Coningsby,' Miss Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' and above all, Barrie's 'Sentimental Tommy.'

"We have a lot of sheep on board that look like goats. St. Peter himself would be puzzled to tell the difference; six of them are slaughtered every week for the coolies' curry. They eat them up clean, too, liver and lights, and entrails, and tallow. Everything goes into their curry except horns, hoofs, and hide.

"Dinner is at six o'clock but no dressing is necessary, and dinner doesn't take much longer than tiffin. Then an hour's walk up and down our narrow quarters with the captain, a talk with him and the doctor in our big deck chairs — and it is bed-time once more — and another day of the twenty-three is over.

"The coolies afford some little excitement. Sometimes they get to fighting over their rice and curry, and then they are punished by being tied up to the tafrail by their necks or waists. I took a picture of five 'houries' thus tied together, and I think they rather enjoyed the distinction. In order to separate them the baboo carries a long brass syringe filled with water, which he squirts over them when he can't otherwise get them apart. This artificial rainstorm judiciously applied in the right spot always cools the coolies' ardor."

The twenty-third anniversary of the engagement of Frank Clark and Hattie Abbott was passed on this protracted voyage, and a letter commemorates the event. Perhaps it will not be in bad taste to quote from it as evidence of the happy married life that Dr. Clark enjoyed for over fifty years:

"Here we are with half the world between us, instead of under the same alpaca umbrella, and the coolies are jabbering so I can hardly hear myself write, and there isn't a sail in sight, or an island, or anything except a school of flying fish, and an

albatross now and then, and there hasn't been for ever so many days.

"How do you like it as far as you've got and would you like to go back to Seminary Hill, and the alpaca umbrella? I am very glad of that walk to Abbott Village, and especially of the walk home, but I don't care to go back to those old days, for I think these are better. I hope the Lord will give us twenty-three more years together, and if He does we will try to make them far better and happier than the good years that have gone. I think I have learned some lessons on this voyage, and you were always so much better than I that, if I can catch up in sight of you, we will go on together, *climbing*."

The long voyage was finally over and the last stage of the journey begun. It carried him through Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State, into Cape Colony.

"I have just crossed the border into the Orange Free State, and the customs officer stuck his head into my compartment, and asked me if I had any bicycles to declare. I silently invited him to search me, but let him know that so far as I am aware I had no bicycles concealed about my person.

"The Oranje Vrij Staat is for the most part a great flat tableland 5,000 feet or more above the sea, and with very few people on it. Once in a while I see a kraal with three or four huts, in each of which lives, I suppose, the swarthy vrow of some Kaffir. A few Dutch Boers, too, live in solitary little huts not much better than the Kaffirs.

"Last night at eight I left Pretoria, the captial of the Transvaal, and have been riding all night. Now it is nine A.M., and I have four hours more before reaching Bloemfontain, the capital of the Free State, my only stop in this republic. We had two meetings in Pretoria, but it is hard plowing, and rocky soil for Christian Endeavor in these countries. The Dutch Church is the most awake to this matter, owing to the influence of Andrew Murray, from whom I have just had a long letter and a very cordial one, telling of the arrangements in the Cape Colony."

An unusual discomfort of travel was experienced in crossing from the Orange Free State into Cape Colony:

"Did I tell you how I was disinfected for rinderpest when I crossed the border into Cape Colony? You know half the cattle in the Free State and the Transvaal have died and they are in a great funk about it in the other colonies. So when I came to the border everything I had, even to my shawl-strap and cane and umbrella were locked up in the disinfecting room for half an hour and smudged. Then a man came into the car and made me soak my boots in carbolic water, and he brushed me down and wiped me off with the same, and rubbed the seats, and squirted his disinfectant all over the floor, and did everything but make me wash out my mouth with it. Then he allowed me and my fellow-passengers to go on our way rejoicing."

Part of the journey in Cape Colony had to be made by post cart.

"The ride from Breakfast Vley to Grahamstown was not without its adventures. The post cart was very full, and one of the horses was very balky, which threw all the other five in the team out of kilter. We gently coaxed the ugly horse with a strap and a whip and broke a stick on his back, and twisted his tail, and did everything but kindle a fire under his belly. Then he concluded he was tired and lay down in the traces and induced some of the other horses to lie down with him. At last he had his own way and another horse had to be substituted.

"The scenery was very fine going over the mountains, especially in one narrow pass between the hills. The country is full of baboons and ostriches, and I saw one great flock of guinea hens just like our tame ones at home. I walked some of the way to save the horses and found it more comfortable than post cart riding. About five o'clock it began to grow dark and to rain at the same time, and the last two and a half hours were dismal enough, bumping along in the dark and mud, racing down the hills at breakneck speed with a precipice on one side or the other."

Dr. Andrew Murray
As Dr. Clark knew Him

This journey, the longest one Dr. Clark ever made without a travelling companion, finally reached its conclusion at Southampton where the whole family had gathered to meet him and enjoy a brief vacation on the Isle of Wight.

Chapter XIII

TRAVELS IN MANY LANDS

IT will be possible to touch only lightly on the travels in other lands. These travels extended from England to Australia, from Japan to Russia and Germany by way of the Siberian Railway, from Egypt to Scandinavia and Iceland, from Canada to the Argentine, and through the islands of the sea. A glimpse here and there is the most that can be offered.

One of the characteristics of Dr. Clark in his journeyings was his delight in the unusual and his interest in any diversion from the beaten paths. Many of these visits to the little-known regions were necessitated by his work for Christian Endeavor. Others were entered upon voluntarily or chosen as an alternate route.

The most noteworthy journey of this kind, and one which aroused wide interest, was the crossing of Siberia when the all-steam route was first opened in 1900. At that time Dr. Clark was on one of his journeys around the world with his wife and son Harold, and was due at the World's Christian Endeavor Convention in London in July. Rather than follow the stereotyped sea-route from Hong-Kong along the coast of Cochin-China to India and through the Suez Canal, he elected to take the overland journey by way of Siberia. His party was among the first twenty passengers to make the crossing from its eastern

terminus at Vladivostock. Friendly intervention on the part of those in authority was evidently necessary to smoothe the way. Dr. Clark writes of some of the difficulties encountered:

"We were no sooner established in our hotel for the day than I sallied out to seek the Governor of Vladivostock and of this whole Eastern Province, to whom I fortunately had a letter from the Russian minister to Japan. Well was it that I caught the Governor, armed with these credentials, as the sequel will show.

"Governor Tchitchacoff received me with the utmost courtesy. The letters from the Minister to Japan acted like an 'open sesame' to his kindly attentions, and he at once dispatched a secretary to secure berths on the train which left the next day for Khabaroffsk, and sent another to telegraph to Khabaroffsk to hold a stateroom on the Amur River steamer for Blagoviestchensk, as he knew the berths were in great demand. At the same time he gave me a letter to the chief of police in Khabaroffsk.

"While waiting for the preparation of this letter by his secretary he showed me a map of the vast province of Primorskaia, of which he is Governor, a province which extends for 2,000 miles up the shores of the Pacific clear away to the North Pole, embracing Kamchatka and the famous Saghalien Island north of Japan, to which are banished the worst of Russia's convicts.

"This interview with the Governor set my mind at rest in regard to any danger of losing the steamer at the first stage of our long river journey, for I knew that the word of Governor Tchitchacoff was as the law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. He is the virtual Czar of all this eastern land.

"In view of the long journey to which we were looking forward the railway station, prosaic as it is, was the most interesting building in all Vladivostock. On its doorway is printed in old Russian characters a legend which may well stir the blood as we think of all that it means. It reads as follows:

VLADIVOSTOCK TO PETERSBURG
9877 VERSTS

We were to begin to measure off these versts.

"Our first introduction to a Siberian railway train was made under unusually pleasant circumstances. Hurrying to the station in order to secure what accommodations we could, and expecting to have a severe struggle with our tickets and our baggage, in a strange language of which we knew scarcely a single word, what was our surprise to have a decorated official in a handsome white uniform trimmed with gold lace accost us by name, and assure us that at the Governor's orders, a first-class compartment had been reserved for us, and all we had to do was to buy our tickets and take our seats. As the train was very much crowded, and our lack of knowledge of the language made us almost as helpless as infants in looking out for our comfort and advantage, this was a favor which we most thoroughly appreciated."

The Siberian country in these June days made a charming impression on the travellers:

"The meadows were lush and rank in their growth and the cattle waded knee-deep in their delicious fodder, and were of course as sleek and fat as cattle could be. The trees were nearly in full leaf, though some of the later varieties had not as yet donned their full suits of green. Great dandelions almost as large as peonies starred the fields with yellow, and bluebells and tiger lilies made the roadway gay. At the station little girls with bare feet offered great bunches of lilies of the valley for sale, and I noticed that they were not unlike the rest of the world in taking advantage of the unsophisticated traveller; for while I paid fifteen kopeks for a bunch, a Russian by my side who knew how to dicker and bargain in the vernacular paid but three kopeks for his lilies."

The journey was continued by train and river steamer with its constant succession of new sights and experiences

FELLOW PASSENGERS ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY

Waiting for the boat at Lisovitchnia on the borders of Lake Baikal.

From photograph by Mrs. Clark

to a safe conclusion in London just in time for the memorable convention.

HUNGARY

In 1906 Dr. Clark visited Hungary which was a growing center for Christian Endeavor and strongly attracted him:

"Fourteen Christian Endeavor societies were represented at the meetings in Budapest, and were very enthusiastic. You ought to have seen the boys and girls and old women kiss our hands. It made us feel cheap and humble, but they meant it kindly. In the evening there was a great service in the biggest Protestant church and all the ministers and theologues were there.

"The train joggles so I can hardly write, but if I don't improve these shining minutes I will not get another chance for we do nothing but travel and go to meetings in these days.

"Budapest is a beautiful city, the finest in Europe it seems to me, except perhaps Stockholm, — very progressive with the finest trams, subways, palaces, etc., that I have seen. Coming from Turkey it seems like Paradise. I like the Magyars, too, and the country through which we are travelling is very fertile and green, — so unlike Dalmatia and Greece."

SOUTH AMERICA

The next year, 1907, found Dr. Clark travelling down the west coast of South America, crossing the Andes, and returning to the United States by the East Coast. The following is quoted from a letter written during the long journey down the west coast:

"None of the passengers or crew except those who are going to stay in Ecuador will be allowed to go ashore in Guayaquil on account of the Yellow Fever which is raging there. Together with many other passengers we have been nailing mosquito netting over our window and ventilator holes. Some have

covered their sash doors; ours, which was the kind gift of a fellow passenger, gave out, and we shall have to shut our doors tight if we keep out the critters. A mosquito is the only purveyor of the yellow fever and you may eat and drink what you please if you look out for bites. We shall anchor three miles from Guayaquil to avoid the pests, but even there, they say, they come aboard in large numbers, — but not the deadly kind.

"We have had a quiet, hot, uneventful voyage so far from Panama. This morning we crossed the equator, and almost all day have been in sight of Ecuador, which is named for the Line. Travelling in the Tropics isn't all that fancy paints it. One feels sticky and sweaty all the time, and his collar wilts and he would give a good deal for a real taste of a blizzard. Bugs abound, fleas and ants and roaches and worse — some of our fellow passengers have moved four times already. It is well to look in your shoe every morning for a centipede or scorpion who may have taken up his abode there overnight.

"Butter is salve-y grease and I have not eaten an ounce since I left Jamacia, for most of it is rancid as well as salve-y. Still, in spite of all, we 'ought to be thankful,' for we have large, airy staterooms all to ourselves, and a tolerable table, with ice and fruit, and after a few days we shall be out of the hottest of the Tropics, and getting into autumn weather slowly."

SPAIN AND FRANCE

Spain was included in the itinerary of 1914 and the bigotry of Catholics of the Carlist party produced unusual excitement:

"Spain has not had such religious excitement for many a day, according to the papers. The matter was discussed in the Cortes, I understand, and the Governor of Catalonia has had to eat humble-pie. But most of the papers that I have seen have been on our side, and have ridiculed the Carlists and called them inquisitors, Torquemadians, etc.

"In Madrid the authorities were afraid of a mob, and police guarded us, but there was no trouble.

"Madrid to Zaragosa is about a seven hours' ride, and there it rained 'like Sam Hill.' The meeting was in a dingy little chapel, but the best the Protestants have. Zaragosa is a very fanatical city, for here is the Virgin of the Pillar, the marble pillar having been let down from heaven as a special gift to the city, which makes it the most famous pilgrimage city in Spain. However we were too inconspicuous in Zaragosa to excite the wrath of the fanatics and there was no trouble.

"The next day was cold and blustering and we had to ride from 5.30 A.M. to 5.30 P.M. to reach Bilbao. The car was cold as cold and snow was on the hills all about. How was that for Sunny Spain on May 9! Bilbao is a thriving American-like city on the Bay of Biscay, and in the midst of iron mines. Here we spent Sunday and had a Christian Endeavor meeting in the Protestant church, a dingy place in the slums. It is in a very rough neighborhood, and there was some fear lest we might all be assassinated, after the trouble in Barcelona, for Bilbao is a particularly priest-ridden city. However there was no trouble, though at one of the services someone opened the door and threw in a lot of garbage. In the evening they took the precaution to bar the front door, and let every one in at a side entrance.

"Finally we turned our backs on Spain, and after ambling along for seven hours as Spanish trains do, through beautiful scenery and many tunnels, we found ourselves, with three changes and one customs house, in Biarritz.

"The 'Grand Plage' is a stretch of pebbly and sandy beach; then comes a promontory with a tall white lighthouse that winks at us all night, and beyond that a stretch of sand beach with flat back country that no one seems to visit.

"The charm of Biarritz is its rocks, with little beaches in between. There are three or four rocky headlands or islands connected by bridges and very picturesque. There is a fishermen's harbor and an 'old harbor' and a big harbor which Napoleon III, who used to come here, tried to build but never succeeded and only some ruins are left.

"The Bay of Biscay is often very rough and the waves roll in in great shape, dashing over the rocks and breakwaters in a

fine frenzy. The 'Grand Plage' is the only popular beach and here, even in this dull season, are scores of little shelter tents (in the season there are hundreds) and many chairs where the ladies sit and do fancy-work, while bare-legged children run about and take venturesome journeys in the waves."

HONOLULU

The winter of 1915–1916 Dr. and Mrs. Clark spent in Hawaii. Dr. Clark had not fully recovered from a serious attack of typhoid fever the previous summer, and here he succeeded in obtaining as nearly a complete rest as in any of his journeys to foreign lands. The island and the people were alike delightful and hospitable, though even such a paradise had its occasional drawbacks. In November he writes:

"We enjoy our room here with four windows, a bath room and a big *lanai* or out-door porch, filled with little palms and big ferns and looking out on a fine court-yard with royal and cocoanut palms, algeroba trees and other trees and shrubs. We sit out here most of the time and electric light on the *lanai* makes it as good by night as by day.

"Yesterday we drove over the Pali to the other side of the island. The mud was very thick on the other side of the Pali, but we got down safely over the tremendous zig-zags, though one big touring bus had skidded on the edge of a precipice and broken down, but fortunately did not go over, as it would have been all over with the twenty-five Y. W. C. A. girls inside it."

Part of the time was spent in the cottage of a friend at Kahala, one of the beaches not far from Honolulu.

"The situation is lovely, with the sea dashing up on a rocky headland a quarter of a mile away. Diamond Head and some other big mountains behind us, and Molokai in the dim distance to the south-east. A coral reef about 200 yards from the shore

shuts in a big 'logan' a mile long or so, which gives us splendid bathing though it is nowhere up to my neck. The water is about 75° I should judge and is rather warmer than the air.

"The only fly in the ointment is the sharp coral, sharper than a serpent's tooth. There is only one channel to the bathing pool (the deepest spot, about half-way to the reef) and as I didn't find it the first time I went in I cut my foot somewhat badly. On dark nights when the water is smooth, a lot of people go out with big torches, wading out to the reef where they spear or net fish, lobsters, crabs, etc., which are attracted by a flare.

"Speaking of flies in the ointment there has been one other in the shape of a big 'kona,' which means a tremendous downpour in heavy showers which come every ten minutes and last about ten minutes, each one a regular cloudburst. This is the third 'kona' since we came to Honolulu, though they are said to be rather rare. This last one has lasted three days, ever since we came here, and the showers hardly give us time to get to the out-door kitchen and back again. A typical Japanese lady from the backwoods of Japan washes our dishes and floors, and laughs uproariously at every remark she or anyone else makes."

TO JAPAN, CHINA AND HOME

Even this rest period had to give way to work. In February Dr. Clark writes:

"On Friday next we sail on the Shinyo Maru if nothing happens, and by the time you get this we will be nearing Japan. Engagements are multiplying here, and one of us has to speak almost every day somewhere. This morning I preach at the Methodist Church, and last Sunday at the Central Union, and Friday last at a big Christian Endeavor rally in honor of Christian Endeavor Day at the Kawaiahao church, the old native royal church, and to-morrow at Schofield Barracks to 2,000 colored troops. It doesn't seem to hurt me any, and I am testing myself a little for work in the Orient."

All went as planned, and two weeks later Dr. and Mrs. Clark were in Japan as the guests of Dr. James H. Pettee, a college classmate, and one of the distinguished group of American missionaries in Japan. Dr. Clark writes of his first impressions:

"As I sit in the *lanai* I see all sorts and conditions of Japanese go by, — men in mushroom hats and coats with big monograms of their employers on the backs, coolies struggling up the hill with loads heavy enough for a horse, an occasional auto, and one pathetic little funeral in the pelting rain.

"We have been as busy as two little bees since coming here, — welcome meetings and Christian Endeavor meetings, and preaching and peace meetings and junior meetings, and addresses at schools, etc.

"Last night we had a peace banquet given to me by the two peace societies, Japanese and foreign; I was seated between two barons, and Baron Shibesawa, one of the richest men in Japan, who has recently been in America, made a speech so complimentary about 'their distinguished guest' and the work he is doing for peace and good will among the young people that it made your unworthy father blush and hang his head."

This journey was continued to China where Dr. Clark found that his convalescence was not as complete as he had imagined, and where he was confined to his bed for weeks, awaiting the strength to return home. It was not until June that he was able to continue the journey, and his feelings on approaching home are reflected in a letter written on the "Empress of Russia":

"Hurrah, land is in sight, British Columbia, on both sides of us, and in a few hours we shall be in Victoria, and in a few hours more in Vancouver. This is the finest steamer I was ever on. Our stateroom though small has an open electric fireplace; turn another switch and a hurricane or a zephyr, as you prefer,

of fresh air comes from a box under your berth, besides two in the ceiling, and all sorts of conveniences, and, better than all, she is very steady with her 30,000 tons and her turbine engines.

"Our shipmates are of all sorts, about 50 missionaries including children, as many more in the gambling squad, a number of smoking ladies, and the only amusement is dancing with the monotonous one-step, tum-tum, tum-tum, going half the night near our cabin.

"As for myself, I have gained one pound since coming on board, and now weigh 143 pounds, instead of the 170 with which I left Honolulu. During our eight days in Kobe I was in bed all the time, and was just able to crawl on board the steamer. I had the best doctor in Kobe, and he says all these illnesses are the aftermath of typhoid fever, from which I did not fully recover, and that I must do no more public work for six months."

Chapter XIV

TRAVELS IN THE HOME LAND

GLIMPSES of journeys taken by Dr. Clark in other lands have been given, but it is probable that these did not comprise in their total amount one half of the distance covered in the United States and Canada. There was a constant demand for his presence at conventions and conferences of Christian Endeavor, as preacher at regular Sunday services, as a college preacher and adviser, or as a speaker on missionary and denominational occasions.

As might be expected, most of these engagements were in behalf of Christian Endeavor, but the demands from other sources were not light. Some quotations from letters written between 1890 and 1926 will give a slight background for the labors and compensations of this work as it was carried on in the intervals of office routine.

Appreciation of his surroundings was characteristic of Dr. Clark's attitude, and this did not diminish with advancing years. From Colorado he writes in 1890:

" It seems to me this is the most glorious climate I ever struck; cool, bracing, but warm in the sun. It must be death on the blues. We wouldn't have any ' I presume so ' if we lived here. The sky is absolutely cloudless and is so almost all the year round, I understand. The distant mountains look as though they were within half a mile. They have no rain here and can cultivate only with irrigation. When I woke up this morning Pike's

Peak loomed up 40 miles away, though it looked very near. I was somewhat disappointed in the Rockies. They are not so grand as the Alps or even the White Mountains, at least from this point, though many of them are very fine and perpetually covered with snow. But then we are now up as high as the top of Mount Washington, nearly, and on that account the mountains don't look so high.

"This air! I can't get over it. It's something delicious. All day yesterday, over the Kansas Plains, the whole country was lit up at night with thousands of bonfires where the farmers were burning up last year's cornstalks.

"Just now the grandest peaks I have yet seen are coming into view. They look like the views of the Alps from Berne. Some that I see are great white pyramids that look like solid marble. One of them is almost as fine as the Jungfrau from Interlaken."

Another letter tells of the program that was expected on some of these early trips, this one a visit to Omaha in 1895:

"This is Sunday night, and I have finished my fifth service. They did not know I was coming there until a few days ago, so did not give me much to do, you see.

"This morning I spoke at the Kountz Memorial Lutheran Church, addressed a big mass meeting there this afternoon, addressed two Christian Endeavor Societies and another mass meeting this evening in a Christian Church."

From Nashville he writes:

"All over town my picture is staring out at me as big as life, from a thousand shop windows until I hate the sight of myself, and the street cars are labelled, 'Dr. Clark at the Auditorium.'"

The discomforts of travel had to be taken philosophically, but they were none the less painful. This is from a

letter written in 1899 from a small town in the West where three days of meetings were being held:

"I have had a gruesome and awful experience. I went to bed last Friday night without a suspicion that my life was in peril. I had not reached the half-way house to the Land of Nod when I began to itch and scratch. I thought I had the measles. They kept growing worse and worse. I concluded it was the small-pox if not the seven year's itch. I got up in the dark and took a bath but still I could not go to sleep. I tossed and groaned and scratched and felt my temperature go up to 105 in the shade.

"At last, at three A.M., I lit the lamp and looked, and lo and behold! there in the bed, tell it not in Gath! was a great big polygamous Mormon Be-d B-g, Ugh!! with seven fat wives in his harem. I smote right and left and spared not, and soon the sheet was red with their gore — and mine. I searched for other members of the family and was not disappointed.

"At last I wrapped the drapery of my couch about me and lay down, alas! not to pleasant dreams, — the family had not been exterminated. Again and again I renewed the battle. About five o'clock I fell into a troubled sleep for a little, and that was only the first night of three.

"The next night I renewed the battle in advance, but the enemy did not come out to the fray very much until the lights were out and the bed warmed up. That night we had five pitched battles; the first one left seven of the foe cold and flat upon the field; the second, five bit the dust, and in the later conflicts several more. Again I got to sleep just before daylight, but which got the worst of it, the enemy or myself, I am not sure.

"Last night, the third night of the war, I said to myself, 'I will outwit the enemy by strategy. I will lie, without undressing fully, on the outside of the bed, with my head to the footboard, and thus the foe will be deceived and think I have retired from the field.' The ruse was only partially successful.

Still, only a few of the enemy found me, and I was able to get to sleep about three A.M.

"These midnight battles took more out of me than four conventions, and I am quite 'done up.' In an unguarded moment I promised to meet the Elko, Nevada society at the station, and as our train is two hours late it will be half past midnight before I get there. Whether they will expect me or not I don't know, but suppose I must sit up."

Many other hardships of travel had to be endured cheerfully. An experience in Tennessee in 1903 was probably typical of many:

"When I reached Paducah Junction the passenger train with which I wanted to connect had just pulled out and I found myself in for an eight hours' wait, and an all-night ride, getting to Mayfield, 30 miles distant, about two A.M. But fortunately a local freight came along and I am installed in the caboose, making my way at the rate of four miles an hour with numerous stops from 15 to 60 minutes long.

"It seems like our journey in Siberia, only my fellow-passengers are not so interesting. Two of them are 'crackers' in scanty shirt and trousers who can plug a knot-hole with tobacco juice at twenty paces. Another is an old man who boasts about how often he gets drunk, and tells how he feels 'kind o' blurry and dim when I have two sheets in the wind, by gum.' Also two darky train-hands as black as coal, and a decentish conductor. We are now at Fulton, where we have been for an hour, and have made all of ten miles in the last three hours. If it takes 3 hours and 13 minutes to go 10½ miles, how long will it take to go 33½ miles?"

Of this same southern trip Dr. Clark writes:

"I have been learning this week both 'how to be exalted and how to be abased.' In Memphis I was exalted and had a great reception and a large audience and a good time generally. In Jackson the next night I was abased. It was raining, and there was a big strike on; a man had just been killed, and

people were afraid to go out in the evening, and I had to sit up more than half the night to get a train, after a small meeting. Reaching Nashville yesterday I was exalted again, and had dinners and receptions and flowers galore.

"First, I went to Fisk University where the Jubilee Singers sang some of their best pieces for me, then out to the prison seven miles away, where I had to make three speeches, to the whites, the blacks, and the women. The white Christian Endeavor Society gave me a curious cane made of horn; the blacks gave me a black Bible made of coal, with 'Mr. and Mrs. F. E. C.' on it, and the black women gave me a big bunch of pinks and sang, 'Don't let the rocks fall on me.'"

Much travelling apparently did not dull Dr. Clark to appreciation of his own land. In later years he was accustomed to spend some weeks in Florida when his other appointments in the winter made this possible. In 1917 he lists the following points as the chief among the attractions of that well-known state:

"First, the climate, which at this time of the year (February) is about perfect, neither hot nor cold, just like our best June weather with a constant and pleasant breeze.

"Second, the birds. The mocking birds are most numerous, and they sit on any old telegraph wire or palmetto stub and mock at you as you go by. They sing almost all day and sometimes in the evening at this time of year, I suppose because just now the young bird's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Then there are some handsome red-headed woodpeckers, not quite as large as our flickers and much tamer. Also large flocks of little birds with a crest, something like our cedar birds. They fly in bunches as though they might be going north. I hope they are.

"Third, the live-oak trees which shade many of the streets are very fine, all of them covered with long drooping moss often reaching to the ground. Some of the streets seem like twilight in mid-day, there is so much moss on the trees. The

moss injures the trees, I think, and some of them are almost dead.

"Fourth, the beach (Daytona), but that is a mile away on the other side of the Halifax River so we do not see it every day. It is hard and smooth, and 26 miles long and is fine for automobiling.

"Fifth, the sunsets, which are unusually fine night after night. In fact they can scarcely be improved upon.

"Just now the great excitement in Daytona is 'J. Jimmy Jones' great Circus' which is encamped on an island in the river, opposite one of our windows. Yesterday I went to see the fair snake charmer with her rattler and several other sarpints, and also the fat sisters. They were advertised as a 'ton of flesh and beauty.' This was a gross exaggeration, however (almost as gross as the sisters), for one sister weighed 756 pounds and the other only a paltry 668, so they came nearly 600 pounds short of a ton of flesh, to say nothing of beauty."

In 1921 Dr. Clark undertook a long Christian Endeavor trip through Canada and the United States. He found travelling harder than in earlier years, but his courage had not deserted him:

"My feelings in consequence of leaving you are the cerulean color of this paper. If a poor beginning makes a good ending I am certainly all right. After I had shown my tickets to the two conductors (train and Pullman) last night they came around after an hour with a sort of sheepish look on their faces and said, 'We wish you would show us your half fare certificate and you will laugh when you know the reason.' I said, 'Certainly,' and handed it over. 'There, I told you so,' said one, 'I told this man that you were Mr. Clark of the Christian Endeavor Society, and he said you were not, that you weren't so stout.' It turned out that one of them lived in Auburndale and the other in West Newton, and we had a little chat. One of them was a Roman Catholic and the other a Protestant, and had been on this long run for many years.

"In order to get my half fare to Chicago I had to wait up until we got to Albany at midnight and there personally sign a certificate (as the concession isn't good in New England) and thus saved my convention some fifteen dollars expense money.

"As I couldn't sit up in my car after the berths were made up I went into the buffet smoking car. I soon began to feel car-sick, as I frequently do in these days, especially going through the twisting Berkshires. The car full of cigarette smoke added to my misery. However I managed to pull through an article for the *Christian Endeavor World,* and then gave up to the terrible thought that I had come less than 200 miles of a 10,000 mile journey and was sick of it already.

"At 11.15, while at the worst, as I sat with my hands in my head, or vice versa, another Pullman Car conductor hunted me up and sat down beside me, saying that the other told him I was on board. He said he was a hard-shell Baptist and lived in Malden, and had long wanted to see me.

"So I had to take down my hands and look pleasant. He chatted about Adoniram Judson who was born in Malden, and other worthies, for twenty minutes. I wished they had never been born. After the longest hour I ever knew, we reached Albany, and I rushed out to get my ticket, all the conductors offering to help, though they could do nothing for me.

"The cool air was blowing and I managed to get back and into my berth but did not stop to take off many clothes. This morning I naturally felt a little seedy, but am all right now, since the flat country of Canada gives no excuse for *mal de mer.* I am congratulating myself that most of the time for the next three weeks I shall be travelling over prairies and not following the twistings of mountain streams."

Friendly train officials continued their ministrations on this trip. Farther along, while crossing Texas, Dr. Clark wrote:

"The train conductor on the 'Sunset Limited' found me this morning and told me he had been waiting thirty years to see me. He was an active Endeavorer in Oregon and a college

graduate, but now lives in El Paso. He took me out to the dining-car, and insisted on paying for my breakfast. I seem to be blessed with friendly conductors on this trip. At El Paso twenty or thirty Endeavorers met the train and extracted a few words from me in the waiting room. They had wired me the day before that they were coming. At Morfa some more Endeavorers came down to the train.

Where we are now, about 400 miles from San Antonio, the mountains are particularly fine. Sometime last night someone shot at our train and punched a round hole in the outer glass of my section, not more than a foot above my head. Fortunately both windows were closed and the bullet didn't go through. I didn't even hear it. As you see, we are protected from dangers heard and unheard."

This journey allowed a respite of a few days, but nevertheless with an attendant convention. One of the letters shows typical experiences on these journeys, both pleasant and arduous:

"I am the guest of a wealthy Quaker who lives in the middle of a great orange, lemon and walnut orchard. As far as I can see there is nothing but such trees, — the oranges are at their best, but scarcely worth picking on account of price. I saw some set out by the roadside, half a bushel or so, for twenty-five cents. Other signs say, 'Help yourself!' Walnuts are doing better, but only half of war prices.

"But they are not growling here, for they have 'struck oil' in Whittier, and hundreds of derricks are going up and wells going down, — some of them hundred barrel gushers.

"We are having a great convention for Los Angeles County. Some three thousand delegates and the biggest Quaker Church in the world as well as the other churches, crowded for two days. This morning I preached in the Baptist Temple in Los Angeles, twenty miles away. Besides, I have four addresses at the convention to-day and two yesterday. I have spoken to 7,000 people to-day in all, they say.

"I had a pleasant day in Denver; a ministers' breakfast at eight with fifty ministers present, and a banquet and mass meeting in the evening in the biggest Presbyterian church. Also we filled in the spare time with a seventy-mile ride through the mountains, and a picnic at my classmate Richardson's summer home in the foothills. Judge Kerr, '73, came from Colorado Springs, and we had a fine trip.

"After six consecutive nights on sleeping cars I was glad to get into a bed last night, — a big Quaker bed."

The interdenominational character of Christian Endeavor has always been one of its elements of strength. Even the most restricted and smallest of sects frequently found its fellowship valuable. On returning from his long journey in the spring of 1921 Dr. Clark spent a day with the Schwenkfelders in the Perkiomen Valley near Philadelphia:

"They are a very interesting denomination," he writes, "numbering 1330 souls (and bodies) all told, and they give forty dollars per capita for benevolences. At Pennsburg in the Perkiomen Valley the archives of the Schwenkfelders are kept in a beautiful library, and my host is the curator and librarian. He has a library of Schwenkfeldiana worth $50,000 which he has just brought out of Germany where he spent 17 years collecting it, and he was an enemy alien all through the war. He was well treated and allowed to bring home all his property. He has many beautiful illuminated Bibles of Schwenkfeld's time (16th century) and more than 200 titles of Schwenkfeld's own writings.

"The Schwenkfelders are great Endeavorers, and together with Mennonites, Quakers, Moravians, etc., all of whom are allied doctrinally and pacifically, crowded the big Schwenkfelder church at Palm for afternoon and evening sessions, while from the latter service hundreds went away when the standing room was full."

The journeys and speeches continued though old age was creeping on. In 1922, after his seventy-first birthday, Dr. Clark writes:

"I am going out to Columbus, Ohio, for a reception on Saturday, a sermon in Washington Gladden's old church Sunday, and a talk to the Columbus ministers on Monday. An inducement was what O. W. Holmes called 'f-a-m-e,' — 'fifty dollars and my expenses,' though there will be little fame for me I fear, beside the dollars. I speak in a special series of occasional winter sermons this church is getting up.

"On Dec. 10 I am going to Groton to speak, and on the 17th take the service in Central Church for the new Andover Dean Sperry. I don't mean to preach very often on Sundays, as I have plenty to do week-days for a man in his senescence and who is approaching senectitude, as Stanley Hall puts it."

The next year a mid-winter trip was made to Concord, New Hampshire, after fighting off the influenza and the doctor's orders:

"I came up last night to Penacook and was put up at the Bonney Tavern, and slept in the immortal Daniel's bed. I was glad to go to the old Tavern which also has memories of Lafayette. I spoke there briefly this morning and then at a union Christian Endeavor service in the North Church in Concord this afternoon, and at a community patriotic Lincoln-Washington service in the South Church this evening. It was thirty below at Penacook this morning in the village, and twenty below on the hill where the Tavern is."

Among the last of the travel experiences that Dr. Clark has recorded many are in the south, and they indicate increasing infirmity though no diminution in his interest in life and people:

"'New Orleans 1920' is almost over, and thankful am I. We have a good 'All-South,' but it has been hot, hotter, hottest. I have managed to live by feeding my electric fan with nickels and sitting in the breeze, when in my room. A nickel's worth of air lasts one hour and when that is exhausted I drop another in the slot.

"Another mitigation was a big basket of fruit, nearly a bushel, certainly over two pecks, oranges, grapefruit, peaches, plums, apples, pears, and cherries, which I found in my room, from Presbyterian Endeavorers."

Three years later we have a glimpse of a brief visit to North Carolina:

"On my way home from a 24 hour visit to North Carolina. I feel rather done up after the addresses yesterday in those towns and much entertainedness, hundreds of hand-shakings, followed by the inevitable and unvaried 'I certainly am mighty glad to see you,' or 'I certainly am mighty glad to hear you speak.'

"Elon College, name of both town and college, is a 'Christian' institution, the leading one of the denomination I think. It is finely located in a great natural park of big trees. The South seems to me very prosperous, good roads, railroads on time, fine farms and farmhouses, great cotton mills, etc."

The last letter Dr. Clark wrote was from the South, from Florida, in March, 1927. Although already weakened, and feeble from the illness that was so soon to take him, there is no hint of this in his correspondence:

"We have got back into spring from summer, and to-day is comfortably cool, so I can even endure to keep my coat on. Last night it rained all night with occasional tropical downpours like young cloud-bursts, and to-day it is something like 65° or 70° with leaves and sky washed clean as clean and as fresh as paint.

"The way down here is an ill-begotten, turkey-trodden swamp for the most part all the way from Washington, while

the trains stop outside the large cities of Wilmington, Charleston and Savannah, so that we see nothing of them.

"DeLand is a pretty town, and would be considered so even in New England, large houses, well-kept lawns, tree-lined streets mostly big live oaks, and more automobiles than we have at home, proportionately.

"Mocking-birds are plenty and bluejays, but not much other wild life about . . . Just here we were called for to go to ride to a big orange plantation of a Mr. LaFollett; a lovely place in the midst of orange groves. He had many enormous water oaks two feet through I should think, only 35 years old, which he had planted himself. The trees are very handsome and something like live oaks, but very fast growers. The soil looks like white sand but seems to grow big trees."

This winter visit to Florida was Dr. Clark's last journey, and it was only with extreme care and difficulty that it was made possible for him to return North for the few weeks left him.

Chapter XV

CONVENTIONS

IT will of course be realized that the many journeys which have been chronicled were undertaken primarily, and almost exclusively, in the interests of Christian Endeavor. There were compensations in the new contacts, sights and experiences that were always eagerly sought, but the labor of the meetings and conventions, absorbing as it was to Dr. Clark, was intense. The story of the conventions belongs properly to a history of Christian Endeavor, but they were so vital a part of Dr. Clark's activity that they must receive consideration in any story of his life.

When the movement was still in its infancy the gatherings of affiliated societies began. The first one was held in Williston Church in the summer of 1882, less than eighteen months after the formation of the first society. The second was held in the Second Parish Church of Portland, of which the Rev. C. A. Dickinson was then pastor, and the third in the Kirk Street Church of Lowell, Massachusetts, to which Dr. Dickinson had been called in the meantime. These were naturally gatherings of small attendance, as was the fourth at Ocean Park, Maine, in 1885. But this one had an especial significance in that the United Society of Christian Endeavor was then formed.

At this meeting all the early leaders of Christian En-

deavor were present, besides Dr. Clark, the Rev. Messrs. C. A. Dickinson, J. L. Hill, S. W. Adriance, H. B. Grose, N. Boynton, and active lay workers, including Messrs. Pennell, Van Patten, and Shaw. It is significant of the strength of the movement that most of these leaders were young men, even younger than Dr. Clark, and were able to devote their lives to the extension of the movement.

The Ocean Park Convention of 1885 is reported in the *Golden Rule*, not then taken over as the organ of the society. Some impressions of this early gathering are quoted from the staff reporter:

"We had the privilege of attending the fourth annual meeting of these societies at Ocean Park last week. We say *privilege* designedly for it was a privilege to see so many active young workers gathered in convention to devise the best ways and means to help forward the Lord's work. The weather was oppressively hot and the exercises were held in a pine structure, entirely boarded in (a great mistake) so that when the sun beat upon it, it was like a furnace, though standing in the midst of a pine grove.

"But the intense heat in no way affected the willing workers gathered there. They were full of enthusiasm. The impetus of beginners in a great work is still fresh upon them.

"The first impression made, as one looked over this audience, was its vigorous young manhood and womanhood. The sexes were about equally divided. There was an absence of the rowdy and silly elements. There was an eager desire to obtain information and to carry back help to those left behind. There was very little gush but abundance of good, solid sense in both papers and discussions. Mr. Pennell presided with royal good nature and excellent judgment.

"Almost every one spoke briefly and with admirable directness. There was earnest discussion, but great harmony. The spirit of devotion was ever manifest. The importance of the work laid a joyous burden upon all. It was a ways-and-means

committee of the whole. If we were to single out any speakers as having the ear of the convention they would be Messrs. Clark and Hill. But comparisons are unnecessary, all had a respectful hearing."

The two following convocations were held in Saratoga, New York, and by 1887, the date of the second of these meetings, the attendance had reached large proportions with an enrollment of 2,000 delegates. It was at this convention that Dr. Clark was elected President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, a position which he held for thirty-eight years. The contemporary reports of this convention show the impression which it made on the religious world. The *Christian Union* has this comment:

"We think that even John Morley, if he could have been in Saratoga last week, would have thought that in some circles in America religion is still 'a supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man's life'; that it is not true of all nineteenth-century Christians that 'conscience has lost its strong and onpressing energy,' or that the 'sense of personal responsibility lacks sharpness and edge.' This movement has not only largeness of proportion but spiritual depth. . . . This movement answers the oft-asked question, 'Can two walk together unless they are agreed?' by showing what kind of agreement is necessary to enable us to walk together, — an agreement not in theoretical opinions but in spiritual purpose, and in practical Christian work."

The *Advance* made the following comment:

"They have been here in Saratoga for three days, 2,000 strong, — a fresh-faced, clean-minded, fervid, enthusiastic people, young men eager to stand in the front, young women not afraid of their own voices in frequent testimony. Saratoga has seen two scenes never before witnessed here: two six and a half o'clock morning prayer meetings, attended by a company on Wednesday of 600, and on Thursday of 1,400."

With Saratoga the conventions ceased to be small gatherings, and the period of assemblies began when halls sufficiently large could not be obtained, and the principal meetings had to be scheduled in tents seating 10,000. Dr. Clark was the central figure in all these conventions but despite their tremendous growth he was able to maintain and even enlarge the atmosphere of devotion and spiritual fervor that has always characterized them.

Some of the subsequent conventions stand out through their magnitude or through some special distinguishing feature but they have been remarkably consistent in their power of appeal. In 1893 the annual gathering was held in Montreal, the first time it had gone outside of the boundaries of the United States and thus emphasizing the international character of the gathering. At this convention for the first time Dr. Clark adopted the policy of presenting, if the delegates approved, a message which might be a key-note for the work of the coming year. This first message proposed that good-citizenship committees and work be a recognized activity among the local unions and individual societies. The proposal was enthusiastically endorsed and this work has been actively advanced by the movement.

In Montreal the convention met with local opposition and attempted violence owing to the ill-advised words of one of the foreign speakers in comparing Catholicism to Hinduism, somewhat to the advantage of the latter. An organized attack on the tent where the meetings were being held was made by a large crowd of indignant religionists, which was frustrated only by the combined efforts of the police and the fire department.

The imagination of the country was first caught by the

numbers attending the convention in New York in 1892 when 25,000 delegates made a decided impression on the life of the metropolis. But the climax, so far as numbers were concerned, was reached at Boston in 1895, when over 56,000 were actually registered. It was evident in those days that the city was conscious of a great movement, since the Common, hitherto inviolable, was given over to two enormous tents, the streets were festooned with bunting and flags, and the Public Garden was planted in Christian Endeavor devices, while the newspapers gave an unprecedented amount of space to convention "copy."

It was on the occasion of this convention that Dr. Clark became involved in what was probably his only controversy, certainly the only one which attained publicity. John G. Woolley was one of the convention speakers. The official report thus refers to his speech:

"If there is one man in this country, the flash and stroke, the quiver and cut, of whose tongue makes the devil tremble, cringe and cry out, that man is John G. Woolley, whose sword has been forged and sharpened in the hot flames of Satan's own alcohol. Mr. Woolley, as no other man, can hold the oft-cursed, and oftener-tolerated drink monster up to view in its full hideousness, and then cut deep into its rancid flesh with the keen scalpel of his piercing invective.

"If the delegates in Tent Endeavor on Thursday night entered the canvas door without any definite convictions about the liquor question, they left bearing in their hearts a perfect hatred of that minister plenipotentiary of the evil one. They left likewise with an over-powering realization of the truth that party is not principle, that truth is not entirely included in any platform, and that the starry firmament is all too narrow to cover the saloon and the Christian Church. 'Down with the saloon!!' will be preached in thousands of deeds because of this mighty meeting in Tent Endeavor."

In concluding the address just referred to, Mr. Woolley said:

"Somebody is sure to say that I have spoken here in the interest of the Prohibition Party. I make you my witnesses that I do not. No party owns me; no party claims me. I speak in the interest of a clean church, and in my opinion the very day the Church cuts loose from dirty politics there will come a new cleavage of voters, new ideals of citizenship, new meanings of loyalty, new victories, and a new country, and the Prohibition Party will have done its work and will disappear, except in its one, clean, noble page of American history, and there will be a new party either for Christians or saloon-keepers, for no honest party can hold both. I speak in the interest of a robust and vital Christianity that will not be under obligation to saloons, nor mix with cowardice or lies."

Dr. Clark plainly thought the address was political in its implications, and he was much distressed at what seemed to him the intrusion of party politics in an organization which was beyond party. In his President's Address to the convention he made what was evidently an allusion to Mr. Woolley's speech, brief but pointed:

"Not as a political party, but in all political parties, stand for righteousness, for honesty, for purity, for good men and good laws."

An unhappy personal meeting followed the convention and a few bitter newspaper interviews with Mr. Woolley were given publicity. Dr. Clark remained silent, so far as public statement was concerned, but the incident was a trying one, from the fact that it was unprecedented in a long life before the public, and all the more so for one of a sensitive nature.

In 1896 the convention was held in Washington with an

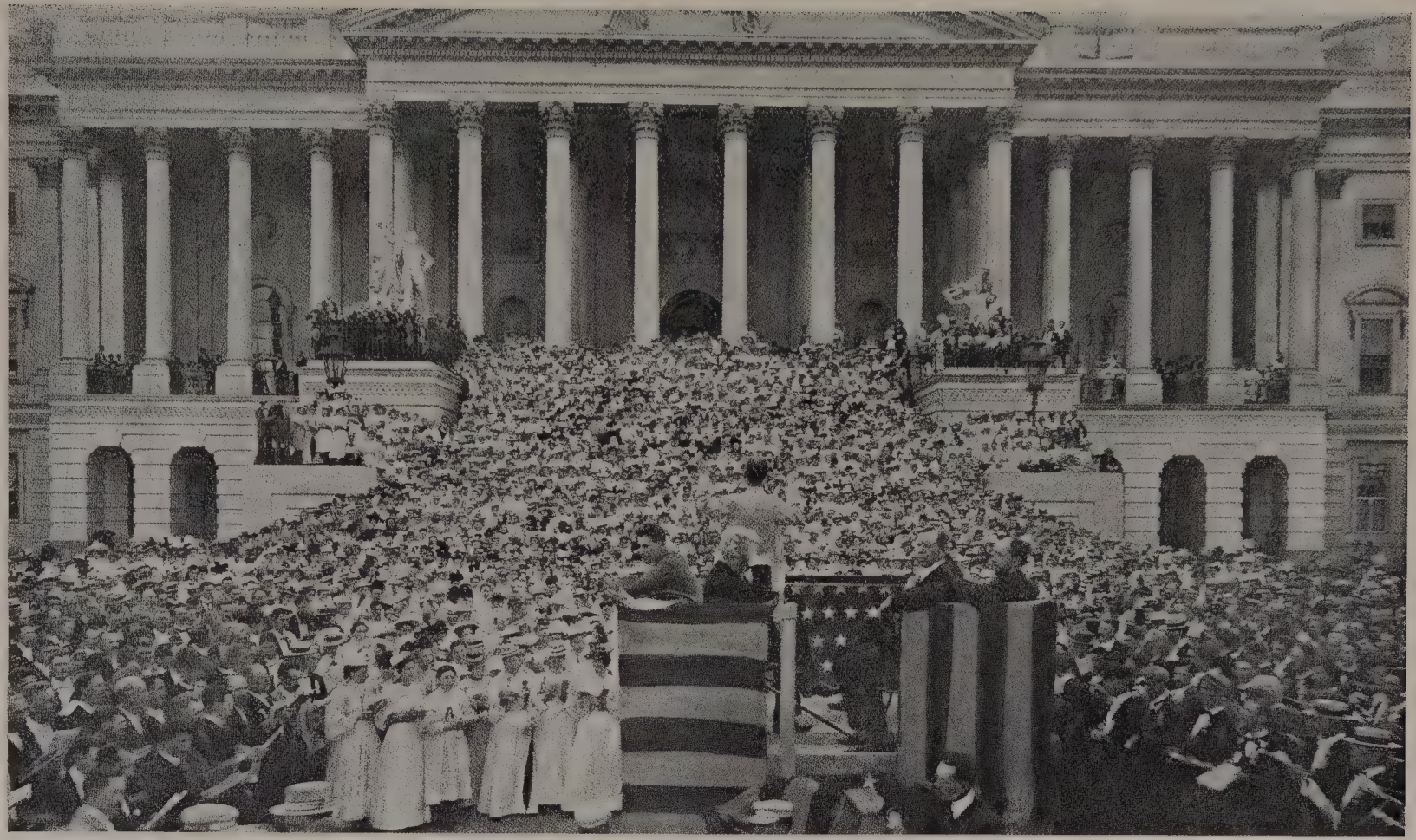
attendance of over 30,000, and the following year, for the first time it crossed the Continent and held its sessions in San Francisco. At this convention over 26,000 delegates were registered, almost half of whom came from outside the state.

The conventions were held annually until 1901 and then on a biennial basis except for the interruption in 1917 due to the War. At all of these gatherings Dr. Clark was present and the central figure, except for those held in Baltimore and Cleveland, when illness prevented. Mrs. Clark was also present at practically all of these conventions, and frequently had a place on the program.

In 1921 the convention was again held in New York, twenty-nine years after the first convention in that city. In the introduction to the report of the New York Convention in 1921 there is reference to the progress of the past twenty-nine years:

" In 1892 statements were made by friendly critics that Christian Endeavor would soon ' die out.' After 29 years we will have the same kind of friends predicting our ' passing on.' Just to illustrate how it is done, I note that in 1892 General Secretary Baer reported 21,080 societies, and this, eleven years after the organization of the first society. On July 6, 1921, twenty-nine years later, Secretary Gates reported 80,000 societies, an average increase of 2,029 societies per year for 29 years — and thus we ' pass on.' "

Probably the feature of the 1921 convention which most impressed itself on the delegates and city alike was the parade along Fifth Avenue to Central Park. In this parade which was conducted with unusual precision and despatch, Dr. and Mrs. Clark rode with William Jennings Bryan, and at the Sheep Meadow in the Park, Mr. Bryan addressed the



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CHORUS OF FIVE THOUSAND, WASHINGTON, D. C., 1896
East front of United States Capitol. Percy S. Foster, Musical Director

thousands assembled in the demonstration to advance good citizenship. A parade of this type has been a feature of each convention since 1921.

The last convention which Dr. Clark attended was that in Portland, Oregon, in 1925. Here he resigned as President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, a position he had held continuously since the Saratoga Convention of 1887, in spite of a growing desire, frequently expressed in recent years, to be relieved of the burden. In his resignation he referred to the fact that he was relinquishing in Portland, Oregon, a work begun in Portland, Maine, forty-four years before.

His successor in office, and his choice for the position, was the Rev. Daniel A. Poling, for some years Associate President of the Society, and also pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. Dr. Clark did not however entirely lose contact with the work, as he retained the title of President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union.

An incident at the conclusion of the Portland Convention touched and deeply gratified Dr. Clark. It was proposed and ratified by the convention that a fund of $100,000 be raised from Christian Endeavor Societies throughout the world, to be known as the Francis E. Clark Recognition Fund, the income to be used by Dr. and Mrs. Clark throughout their lifetime, and at their death the fund should revert to the Society. Dr. Clark's death prevented the complete realization of the project, but nearly $70,000 was realized from the appeal, and now constitutes an enduring memorial of one who gave his whole life for a cause.

Reference has already been made to the key-note of the

annual address by the president. These key-notes with the addresses that were built around them might well serve as an epitome of the ideals and purposes of Christian Endeavor. Following the Montreal Convention where Christian Citizenship was first stressed, at Cleveland in 1894 the slogan was,

> "Strike! Strike! Strike!
> for our Principles
> for good Citizenship
> for Missions."

In Boston, 1895, the slogan was, appropriately enough, "The Responsibilities of Success."

In Washington, 1896, the message was more inclusive:

> "Fidelity and Fellowship, one and inseparable;
> Loyalty and Brotherhood, one and inseparable;
> Obedience and Independence, one and inseparable;
> Christian Citizenship and Christian Missions, one and inseparable;
> Organization and Spiritual Power, one and inseparable."

In Cincinnati, in 1901, the forward-looking key-note was, "The Twentieth Century and the Christian Endeavor Movement."

In Denver, in 1903, an Increase Campaign was opened to double the number and the efficiency of Christian Endeavor Societies, and years later in Los Angeles the key-note was again, "Advance Steps in Increase and Efficiency."

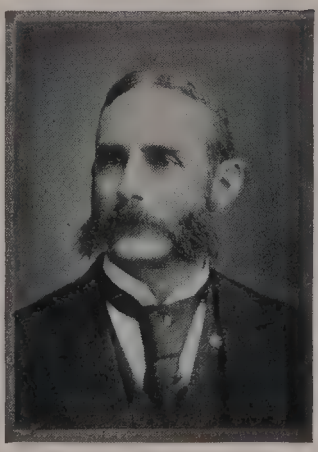
That the presidential addresses and the key-note messages were not losing in vigor with advancing years is plain from the messages at the last few conventions over which Dr. Clark presided. The last four of these calls to service and action were as follows:

The Boy who joined
the Church

The College Freshman

The President of the
World Christian Endeavor Union

The Young Pastor of
Williston Church



The Man who founded
the Christian Endeavor Society

DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK

Buffalo, 1919, "Come On! For New Victories from Old Ideals."
New York, 1921, "Christian Endeavor Foursquare."
Des Moines, 1923, "Friends of Christ Campaign."
Portland, 1925, "A Campaign of Fidelity to Principles."

It must also be remembered that while Dr. Clark was the central figure in the annual and biennial conventions for a period of forty-seven years, he was also constantly in attendance at smaller gatherings of state, city, or district conventions in the United States and foreign countries, reference to which cannot wholly be omitted.

Chapter XVI

MORE CONVENTIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE following description is typical of the events that might take place on any day of any trip for Christian Endeavor purposes. This reference is to a visit to Chicago in 1909:

"I had a strenuous day in Chicago yesterday. Reached there at seven o'clock in a snow-storm, but it soon cleared off. Two of the boys met me, and after a mild breakfast went to the Francis E. Clark Settlement where I saw the little ragged Italians and Austrians go through their kindergarten games. Mr. and Mrs. Espey, the chief Settlers, have a little baby six months old, born and brought up in the smelly, nasty slums, but it seemed as healthy and happy as any baby. I'm afraid these people have more devotion of this sort than the settlement's namesake.

"At eleven I went to the Moody Institute where I spoke to 400 students who sang with tremendous volume and vim. At 12.30 I dined with about a dozen of the officers of the Union.

"After a little breathing spell, mostly filled by three or four reporters who snap-shotted me four times, I started in an auto for the wedding I had promised to perform. Then we autoed back to the city to attend a reception at 5.30, and a banquet at 6.30 of the Veterans, who tried to wax merry over Fletcherism.

"At 8.00 came the public meeting in the Moody Tabernacle which was crowded. They gave me pledges for $100 for World-wide Endeavor. Thirty officers were installed by F. E. C. who also made an address of thirty minutes, and then was hustled

into an auto and rushed to the station where he took a Pullman for Evansville.

"This is the record of the first day of meetings but it looks as though to-day would be less strenuous, as I haven't seen a soul yet and am my own master for a little while."

The same trip continued through the South where the experiences were varied. This letter is written on the train in Florida:

"Here we are at the same place that Jerry Bradley and I visited 25 years ago, and where I felt miserable enough. How much misery I might have dodged if I had met Horace Fletcher earlier in my career!

"I reached Jackonville this A.M. and waited four hours for a train from Tampa whither now I am bound. Had a hot night on an upper shelf and every mile it seems to grow hotter. This 'White Car' is crowded, though the 'Black car' is almost empty, but I am not allowed to sit there.

"Yesterday I had a busy afternoon in Atlanta. First at Spelman Seminary, an institution for ladies of color of the Baptist persuasion, where they have seven Christian Endeavor societies, one for each dormitory.

"At Spelman our auto died on us, all the gasoline being used up, so I could not get out to the Theological Seminary, where I was due, but I trolleyed out to the Federal Prison where there is a big Christian Endeavor society of 150 members. All the prisoners came in, some 700 of them, and I talked to them about Turkey and China. Here is where the Government sends the moonshiners, the national bank defaulters, etc., and they are rather a tony lot of prisoners.

"After the prison I 'fletcherized' my dinner, then came a rather small meeting in the Congregational church and then at midnight the upper shelf."

The letters written at the time of the great biennial conventions reflect much weariness of the flesh but joy at the meetings. From New York in 1921:

"As you saw in the papers the convention was a great success, 16,000 registered and paid delegates, and 20,000 to 25,000 in attendance. Bryan was in his best form, and the parade up Fifth Avenue was a huge success, each state delegation marching by itself, and in costume, with floats representing Pilgrim's Progress, etc. It far out-did in beauty, and most people said in size, the wet parade on the Fourth.

"The Armory was a hard place to speak in, and I had to be on deck all the time on account of Dan Poling's accident."

And two years later from Des Moines:

"Nearly three days of the convention are over, and only three days more and it will be over, and well over, I believe. The attendance is great. The big auditorium is packed every night and hundreds who cannot get in listen outside as far as 'across the river' for the electric amplifier sends the voice out so that 50,000 if they were outside, could hear distinctly. The weather is hot, but as yet not unendurable. The financial end looks promising and a budget of $80,000 is proposed, and plans laid for getting it."

In the later years the letters contain frequent hints of the strain of travel and frequent meetings though the treatment is sometimes jocose. In 1919 a summer trip to meetings in the middle west, and the discomfort is evident:

"At 1.30 last night I left Fort Wayne for Cleveland and must leave here to-night at 11.15, reaching Council Bluffs at half past midnight. Pretty rough for an old gent of '93' who belongs to '73' but he is standing it pretty well. The worst trouble is the heat, and I am dehydrated by at least two pounds according to the scales. However as man is sixty-five and a half per cent water I have enough left."

The next summer also found Dr. Clark on an extended trip to the South. He writes:

A Christian Endeavor Convention Picnic
Of English, Irish, and Scotch Endeavorers, Lock Fyne, Scotland

" Considering my advanced years I have stood this trip very well. This is the first comfortable day I have seen for two weeks; though yesterday from Chicago on was pretty good.

" In New Orleans it was hot enough to wilt a poker — hot and muggy day and night. In fact in this dry land of ours I was wet for almost a fortnight, and the first cool water for washing I got this morning at Albany. In New Orleans a big trolley strike was on, tying up all traffic except auto business. It interfered with the local attendance at the All-South Convention, but the states were well represented, and they had a fine convention, raising about $11,000 for future work. Each state has its own convention, but this ' All-South ' comes every other year.

" Kerrville, Texas, is about 800 miles from New Orleans in the so-called mountains. It was cooler at night but burning hot in the daytime. I took a swim with the delegates in the Guadeloupe River, but the water was so hot and muddy that it was more exhausting than refreshing.

" At Dallas, where the train stopped twenty minutes, a great crowd, mostly Intermediates, came to the station primed with original ' Dr. Clark songs.' One, used near the end was,

' Oh, Dr. Clark, Oh, Dr. Clark,
We sure will miss you,
We want to kiss you,
Oh, Dr. Clark.'

They didn't, but that's the advantage of being most 70. You don't have to blush for you are pretty sure they won't. They gave me half a bushel of all kinds of fruit which I shared with the folks in the Pullman, as I couldn't take it beyond St. Louis. No meetings there but the most uncomfortable night of all in a mean little hotel near the station. The electric fan gave out at three A.M. and I had to live in Tophet until six. In New Orleans I could keep the fan going by feeding it with nickles once an hour, — One hour of air for five cents.

" Lawrenceville is in south-eastern Illinois on the Indiana line five hours from St. Louis. It is an oil town. They ' struck ile '

12 years ago, and are rolling in riches. Over 3,000 registered for the convention which greatly stirred up this little town of 6,000 people.

"Did I ever tell you that I once owned 640 acres of land in Texas, which I bought of a classmate soon after leaving college? I bought it for 33⅓ cents an acre and sold it the next year for the same sum. See how near you came to being a near-millionaire if I had kept it! My classmate was a cattle-millionaire for a short time, then things went against him and he suicided in a Chicago station, about 40 years ago, poor fellow!"

Each foreign convention had its own originality, but perhaps the gathering in the lowlands around the mouth of the Ganges was as unique as any. This district was known as The Beels, and Dr. Clark included it in his journey of 1897 to India and South Africa to which reference has already been made. To quote from one of the letters of this period:

"We reached Chabbakharbar at two A.M. and the convention began at seven and lasted for twelve hours almost without recess, except one or two brief spells for eating. You ought to have seen the Endeavorers dance a holy polka to the Lord. A celebrated dancer and singer would go out and waltz a society into the chapel to the beating of drums and clashing of cymbals. When they got in they would dance a wild fling and then squat down on the floor. Then the leader would go out into the cocoanut jungle and dance in another squad of societies. Fifty-five societies were represented and it was really a very good convention and had the true Endeavor spirit.

"At last the crowd became so great that they had to leave the little chapel and go out into the open, where we held a consecration meeting.

"You ought to have seen the old deacon who put a garland of different colored paper links around my neck. He had on his birth-day suit, no less and no more, except a little rag around his waist, and he stood up with all the dignity of a Lord Chesterfield

to perform the duty. On the links of tissue paper were written in Bengali, verses relating to love, so that it was a ' loving chain ' with which they decked me. A pretty idea, wasn't it?

" I wanted to give the old brother a Christian Endeavor pin in return, but there was no spot on him where I could hitch it without hurting him badly. One of the Endeavorers there says he is 115 years old, but I respectfully take leave to doubt it. He is too vigorous for a patriarch of that age, and earns his living by carrying big loads on his head for many miles."

Again twelve years later, in 1909, Dr. Clark was attending a convention in India, this time in Agra under the shadow of the Taj Mahal. He writes:

" The convention was as strenuous as an American International, and almost as large. Thousands of people lived in the convention encampment in three or four hundred tents. The camp is now breaking up and 12,000 pieces of furniture have to be carried out on coolies' heads. The convention was a wonderful success, far better than we expected, in numbers and everything else. Money was raised for 21 more native Indian Christian Endeavor secretaries, most of whom will have $75. a year for their rice and curry.

" This is Thanksgiving Day, and the convention being over, we have celebrated by going to see some splendid tombs, for there are one or two others almost as fine as the Taj itself."

A glimpse of a convention in Stockholm is given in a letter written in 1913:

" We thought arrangements had been made for a meeting in the state church but when we got to Stockholm we found that it was scheduled in a Free Church, the Floragatan. It was a good meeting and a large one with a Salvation Army lassie for interpreter. She was, I think without exception, the best interpreter I ever had, and it was easier to speak with her than uninterpreted. She kept the audience on the *qui vive* from the first minute and was more interested in my speech than I was myself."

Some of the hazards of attending a Protestant convention in the Balkans are shown in a letter written just after leaving Serbia in 1920:

"A funny little incident occurred at Novo Pasova. When I got there for the Christian Endeavor Convention I was handed a formidable document in Serbian which they said I might sign *instanter,* saying that I would be *personally responsible* for any disturbance or riot, and that I would prevent my followers from bringing any fire-arms or other deadly weapons to the meetings.

"It seems that the Lutheran pastor of Novo Pasova is a Nationalist, with a special bias against Christian Endeavor. He tried to compel the authorities to forbid the meeting; but our friends are influential there, so he could not do that, though he forbade the use of his church. So we had the convention in a hall, and hence the document I signed.

"At the first meeting five of the town fathers marched solemnly in, took front seats, and listened to what I had to say, through a very poor interpreter. When I was through they solemnly shook hands with me, expressed themselves in Serbian as entirely satisfied, and marched out.

"The incident created much excitement, but the convention was a great success. In Zemun, on the other hand, the Serbian Mayor presided and invited 100 prominent men to a meeting in the Council Chamber of the City Hall. The national 'Minister of Religion' in Belgrade was very polite. The Greek Catholics seem much interested in Christian Endeavor, and the Greek Bishop of Serbia, a remarkable man, was especially cordial."

In 1921, the fortieth anniversary of the founding of Christian Endeavor was celebrated, and the attendance at meetings and preparation of magazine and newspaper articles occupied much of Dr. Clark's time. Of this period he writes:

"Much of my time of late has been occupied with writing fortieth anniversary stories of Christian Endeavor, which the

The Officers of Christian Endeavor Union from Poland, 1926

Independent, the *Continent, New Era, Christian Herald,* and the *Boston Transcript* have asked for. The latter, next Saturday, will give us a page, and when I had sent in one article, like Oliver Twist, asked for another.

" The story seems to be more in demand than ever before, and all the religious papers have carried it. Former Governor Glynn of New York, though a Roman Catholic, wrote for his Albany paper a very laudatory signed editorial.

" Last Friday I was in Auburn, Maine, at a state convention, going down in the morning and taking the night train back. A day or two before, the Williston Endeavorers held a crowded meeting in the parlor of 62 Neal Street on the exact fortieth anniversary of the first Christian Endeavor meeting. The lady of the house is a Roman Catholic but cordially invited the meeting of her own accord."

Three years later Dr. Clark made what was probably his last visit to Williston Church. He records it briefly but with an evident realization of the passing of time:

" The next day we went to Portland and had a very busy Sunday, dedicating the big new organ in the morning, a Christian Endeavor meeting in the evening, and ending up with a tea and reception in the home of one of the first Endeavorers whom I married to her husband, — and who is now a grandmother."

Dr. Clark's other activities in these later years, outside the field of Christian Endeavor, were too numerous for any but the briefest mention here. They included participation in various organized groups that emerged after the war, whose main purpose was to achieve a lasting peace. In 1923 he writes:

" Wednesday I was in New York to attend the annual meeting of the World Alliance of the Churches, where I gave my report of conditions in Europe as a director — I mean I gave what little I knew of them. In the evening, at a dinner at Hotel Astor,

Rabbi Wise, Raymond Robins, Bishop Bury and a Hungarian spoke. I did not suppose any of them except the Bishop knew me, or of me, but all greeted me most cordially."

A similar organization was the Church Peace Union which had helped to finance one of Dr. Clark's last journeys to Europe. Of this meeting he reports:

"I have just been to the annual trustee meeting of the Church Peace Union to give my report on 'Four months in Europe.' The Union had given me $500. toward expenses. I had some trouble in reading but several of those present asked for the report in spite of my poor enunciation, for publication in the *Biblical World* and elsewhere. Hamilton Holt, Dr. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle, Bishop Wilson, etc. are members of the Board and it makes an interesting group."

Among the frequently recurring engagements of these later years were the visits to various colleges as preacher of the day or week. Among the colleges most frequently visited were Wesleyan, Wellesley, Oberlin and Cornell. At the latter university Dr. Clark was a preacher and a visitor to the campus for fifteen or twenty years consecutively during the administration of President Schurman, and while President White was still a resident of the hill. A letter written from Cornell University in 1901 gives a hint of the duties of a University Preacher:

"It is a cold, raw, blowy day with considerable snow in Rochester this morning. I lectured twice there to the theologues yesterday. My duties here (Cornell) are quite numerous. From twelve to one and four to five I spend in Barnes Hall, the Y. M. C. A. and quite a number of the students come to see me.

"Every morning this week there is a students' prayer meeting since it is the Week of Prayer for the college Y. M. C. A., and Sunday I have three services, and Thursday one in the college chapel.

Dr. and Mrs. Clark with Christian Endeavor Leaders in Latvia

" To-morrow evening, too, there is a Christian Endeavor meeting and reception in Ithaca. Still I get a good deal of time to myself and have done a lot of writing."

In Dr. Clark's last years the radio was beginning to assume its later importance and he was one of those to go " on the air " in the early days of radio development. In January, 1923, he writes:

" If my grandchildren listen in on January 29 in the evening they may hear a message from their grandad. I shall not speak it but am told it will be broadcast from many stations throughout the country. On February first if they will listen to Detroit W C X they may hear me speak from the Free Press station. This is on account of Christian Endeavor week."

These activities were becoming less and less frequent, with increasing years, and after the resignation from the presidency of the United Society of Christian Endeavor at the Portland, Oregon Convention Dr. Clark was able to rest, and relax as he had not done since he began his active work fifty years before.

Chapter XVII

MEMORABLE FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIPS

IN a life so full of travel and varied experiences as representative of a world-wide cause, it was inevitable that Dr. Clark should make many contacts and some friendships among distinguished men throughout the world. Following his own instincts he was entirely averse to putting himself forward, but as representative of a movement that numbered its members by the million he not infrequently came naturally in contact with public men and leaders of action in many countries. In his autobiography and in his letters he refers to many of these noted men.

SOME NOTABLE MEN

In the years of Dr. Clark's first pastorate he was associated with the men from Maine who were among the leaders in national affairs, but most intimately with Thomas Brackett Reed. He was Reed's guest in Washington before the latter became Speaker of the House, and was a near neighbor at the summer colony of Grand Beach. To quote from the Autobiography:

" It was at the seashore that I knew him best. His great bulk could have been seen any early morning rolling sailor-fashion along the board walk, usually followed by my dog, Duke, who seemed to be as fond of him as were his human neighbors. Mr.

Reed and I were both trying to learn to ride the bicycle at the same time, an art in which neither of us became proficient. He succeeded better, however, in amateur photography, and took several pictures of my dog and his master. In one of these I was riding towards Old Orchard in a wobbly fashion, while the picture, owing to some defect in development, was light-struck immediately over my head. In sending me the picture afterwards from Washington, he wrote that if he were not afraid of being irreverent he should label this picture, " Paul on the Way to Damascus."

Dr. Clark frequently saw Reed on his visits to Washington, and on one occasion, in 1896, he writes:

" I saw Tom Reed in the morning just before he went into the House and he gave us seats in his pew in the gallery. He offered to lend me his Kentucky linen suit for next summer, and thought I would need it if we came to Washington for the Convention."

Numerous visits to Lake Mohonk brought acquaintance with the Smiley Brothers, whom Dr. Clark referred to as " those wonderful Cheeryble Twins, who radiated serenity and peace wherever they went."

Reference has already been made to the visits to Cornell as College Preacher, and the impression made by the personality of Andrew D. White, Cornell's first president. Of him the following characterization is given in the Autobiography:

" Andrew D. White who was one of the greatest educators and diplomats that America has ever produced, started the university on its shining way, and was a resident on the College Hill during most of the years that I served as university preacher. He was always in the chapel for the Sunday services. His fund of rich experiences as ambassador to Russia and Germany, as well as his earlier struggles with New York politicians when the uni-

versity was being founded, made a call upon him an event of one's lifetime."

In 1907 Dr. Clark journeyed to South America with his daughter, and several meetings were arranged while he was passing through the Canal Zone. At one of these, in Colon, Colonel Gorgas presided. To quote again from the Autobiography:

"Colonel Gorgas was not only a great physician and administrator, but a thorough-going Christian and a kindly gentleman, and his cordial words added much to the interest of the meeting I have mentioned.

"'How did the Panamanians stand this interference with their natural and vested rights in bad drainage, bad water, and mosquitoes?' I asked. 'Oh, they were just indifferent,' he replied; 'they didn't care so long as we paid for the so-called improvements.' So well loved was the good Colonel that all the people were delighted when President Roosevelt on his famous trip to the Canal actually hugged him openly on his arrival.'"

In a letter written on the same trip mention is made of other notables connected with the early days of the Canal:

"In Panama I saw all the leaders, — Mr. Squires, the Minister, President Amador of the Republic of Panama, Mr. Stevens, Chief Engineer and real governor of the Canal Zone, and Colonel Gorgas, the Chief Sanitary Officer, who has made the Isthmus habitable and conquered Yellow Fever. He is interested in religious matters and came to our Christian Endeavor meeting. Everybody admires and likes him."

An interesting character with whom Dr. Clark formed a more than casual acquaintance on a voyage to Great Britain in 1908 was Horace Fletcher, the dietician, and the originator of Fletcherism. Following this voyage the two had frequent contacts and Mr. Fletcher became a

regular contributor to the *Christian Endeavor World*, conducting his own department on Dietetic Righteousness. Dr. Clark writes of him:

"Many of my friends, as well as myself, can testify to the value of Fletcherism. His theories, good as I believe they are, did not greatly prolong his own life, for he died at the age of 69 in Europe, in war-time, while telling the half-starved people how to make a little food go a long way. Perhaps the war, if not a bullet, killed him as it did so many millions of others."

Dr. Clark had associations of more or less intimacy with all of the presidents since Cleveland. Occasionally they were speakers at some of the International Conventions of Christian Endeavor, and frequently they sent messages expressing interest in the movement. Dr. Clark writes in the Autobiography, of President Taft:

"His jovial face expresses his kindly heart and he is most punctilious in all the little courtesies of life. His address at the Atlantic City Convention was the boldest utterance a president had ever made up to that time in favor of world peace, international arbitration, and conciliation. He advocated the submission of *all* questions, whether they affected the 'national honor' or not, to a court of arbitration. I had the pleasure of introducing him to the great audience, not as 'William the Conqueror,' though his kindness had conquered many hearts, but as 'William the Peace-Maker!' I do not think he has received the credit that should be his, as our first Pacifist President, using the word in the best and largest sense of the term."

Perhaps Dr. Clark was more closely in sympathy with Wilson than with any other of our recent presidents. His earnestness in efforts to bring about a better state of international co-operation, and his eloquent idealism during the war, produced spontaneous sympathy. This was increased

by occasional personal meetings and frequent correspondence. When Dr. Clark was seriously ill with typhoid fever in 1915 President Wilson was one of the first to write him:

"I have heard with the deepest distress of your illness. I hope that it will cheer you a little to think with what solicitous affection we are all hoping for your speedy recovery. The great work you have done in the world has made you a multitude of friends, and none wishes for your welfare and recovery more heartily than does your sincere friend,

Woodrow Wilson."

In September, after he was on the road to recovery, Dr. Clark wrote to the President expressing his appreciation of the letter and received the following reply:

"Your letter of August 30th brought me very good news in telling me of your steady recovery, and I was very much touched that a letter to me should be one of the first things you thought of when you were strong enough to write.

"May I not say how glad I am sure all Christian people will be that you should have gained your health again, and may I not wish for you a very complete return of health and strength, and many years of continued great usefulness

Cordially and Sincerely Yours,
Woodrow Wilson."

President Harding also showed himself sympathetic and friendly. In 1921 he was made an alumnus of the Christian Endeavor Society, and Dr. Clark describes the ceremony in a letter:

"I was in Washington last Saturday and Sunday and had 13 speeches including three public banquets and breakfasts in the two days.

"Yesterday we went to Mt. Vernon and planted a C. E. Tree, or rather found the tree that was planted 25 years ago and made it an Alumnus Tree. It is a sturdy, well-branched young oak,

and the curator of the place had its history in his records. It stands within 10 feet of the tomb where Washington was first buried. All the big trees nearby were blown down in the big hurricane of 1914 and it stands alone.

" Sunday afternoon at four about 50 invited Endeavorers with several of the most prominent ministers of Washington went to the White House, and President and Mrs. Harding received us in the big East Room, where I made him an Honorary Alumnus of Christian Endeavor, and gave him an embossed address and an alumni badge.

" He was very gracious and made quite a little speech in reply. He has a very kindly, benevolent face, and Mrs. Harding is very friendly. After the ceremony we all went out on the lawn and had our pictures taken, the president insisting that I should stand between him and Mrs. Harding.

" In the morning I spoke in his church — the Calvary Baptist, — for ten minutes, and then hurried off to preach the sermon in another church. He wasn't present, however, but Secretary and Mrs. Hughes sat in the President's pew, and other notables were there."

There is one further reference to President Harding in the letters of that year, in the late summer of 1921, though there was apparently no personal contact:

" Cape Cod Bay has been very lively this year, full of battle ships and destroyers, seven of which escorted President Harding from the Breakwater to Plymouth (how is that for militaristic imperialism?). He went back yesterday in the Mayflower with only one or two destroyers in his train."

Within a few months President Harding had died on his western trip.

There seems to have been less association with President Coolidge, though there was personal acquaintance, as is evident in the telegram which the President sent to Mrs. Clark at the time of Dr. Clark's death, in 1927:

"There will be mourning in every part of the religious world over the passing of Dr. Clark, whose life was consecrated to the service of God. The Christian Endeavor societies founded by him, and now forming a union that girdles the Globe, will be an active and lasting memorial to his earnest and unselfish work. I knew him as a friend whose high character I respected and whose opinions I was always glad to have.

"Mrs. Coolidge joins me in deepest sympathy to you and the members of your family in this hour of sorrow."

When Billy Sunday's activities were at their height, a series of meetings was held in his tabernacle in Boston which created the customary impression even in a large city. While Dr. Clark was not actively concerned in bringing the evangelist to Boston he was greatly interested in the meetings and frequently attended. He makes the following comment in a letter of January, 1917:

"I went to one of Billy Sunday's last four services this morning. He was in great form. The tabernacle was packed and as I walked home I met thousands of people coming at twelve to the 1.30 service.

"Governor Foss and C. W. Barron of the Boston News Bureau sat in front of me, and they both told me the meetings had done Boston untold good. They both went with Billy Sunday to the State Prison a week ago, and said it was the greatest sermon they ever heard. The last night we attended was the largest attendance of all. It was said that 10,000 were turned away. One friend whom we met coming away said there wasn't a spot on the sawdust to stand. However the ushers were kind and found seats for us at last on the platform."

There is no mention of Billy Sunday in the Autobiography which may perhaps reflect a change in judgment from the first favorable impression of his work.

In the Autobiography Dr. Clark records numerous in-

cidents of association and friendship with men of prominence. He always felt the greatest admiration for Dwight L. Moody, who was approaching the end of his course as Dr. Clark was beginning his period of greatest activity. He spoke at Mr. Moody's request at some of the meetings in Northfield, and assisted for a few days at revival meetings in New York.

Henry Ward Beecher he saw and talked with on one occasion, following a prayer meeting in the Brooklyn Church. The meeting recalled the controversy in the Andover Church during seminary days, when an attempt was made to bring Beecher to an ecclesiastical trial by an *ex-parte* council. The proceedings dragged on for months in the committee, and finally died by the action of Dr. Clark, who broke the deadlock by casting his vote with the members of the committee who were against calling a council.

Of Phillips Brooks Dr. Clark writes:

> "The only preacher likely to be compared with Mr. Beecher for power and eloquence was Phillips Brooks. I knew him slightly, and occasionally heard him preach, but the interview that I chiefly remember was in his study near the end of his life. Never have I seen one who gave me such an impression of massiveness and yet gentleness. His great form towered a whole head above men who would ordinarily be called tall. His deep, cavernous eyes seemed to have the look of eternity in them."

Others who crossed the path of Dr. Clark with more or less frequency were Edward Everett Hale, Vice-President Fairbanks, Frances E. Willard, John Wanamaker, and William J. Bryan. For the latter, always a controversial figure in American life, Dr. Clark had only the deepest respect. Of him he writes:

"I have already spoken of my admiration for Mr. William J. Bryan, but I must add that I esteem him one of the greatest statesmen of his time, as well as one of the noblest of Christian men. I know that many will scoff at the first statement, will throw 'sixteen to one' in my face, and perhaps rake up the criticisms of rancorous opponents, but there is much truth in what Mr. Bryan himself once said jocosely, that the Republicans have stolen most of his old political clothes. When we remember that he was almost the first prominent statesman to advocate prohibition, woman suffrage, an income tax, and other reforms, and that he concluded a treaty with 30 nations during his brief term as Secretary of State, treaties which would have prevented the world war had two or three militant nations accepted his proposals, we can understand the point of his remark.

"Whatever critics may say about his views on evolution he shines even more luminously as a great preacher and a great Christian than as a statesman, and his influence as an advocate of righteousness, temperance and good will in his day and generation has not been equalled, I believe, by that of any man of his time."

In his later years Dr. Clark formed a friendship with Dr. G. Stanley Hall of Clark University. In a letter written in 1922 he records an interesting conversation:

"I was much impressed to hear him commend very warmly the Christian Endeavor movement, for in his two big volumes on 'Adolescence' he speaks rather slightingly of it. Then he went on to say that his views had changed of late, and that he though now the only way the world could be set right was by the 'conversion of individuals,' by a '*change of heart.*' He said he was becoming an evangelist of the Salvation Army type, that his friends were amazed at his change, and that he still spoke as a psychologist."

DISTINGUISHED MEN IN OTHER LANDS

On his first Christian Endeavor trip to England in 1888 Dr. Clark saw and heard Gladstone and has given his im-

pressions in the Autobiography. On that occasion Gladstone addressed a great meeting of non-conformist ministers in London:

" Mr. Gladstone was famous for having trouble with his old-fashioned neck-gear on public occasions, and this time, too, his dickie and necktie got away from him while he tried unavailingly to get them back where they belonged. Even this was a subject for uproarious applause, actuated perhaps by the kind intention of giving him a breathing spell, wherein he might adjust his cravat.

" I do not remember the points of his address but the whole scene gave me a vivid impression of the extraordinary love, devotion and admiration which his liberal contemporaries felt for this greatest British statesman of the age. One statement of the venerable Premier made a profound impression on the audience, when he intimated that his opponents were hoping to prevent his Home Rule bill from becoming law until after he should have finished out his short remaining space of life and could no longer advocate it.

" The emotions of the audience are hard to describe, for anger at his opponents, grief, and admiration for the speaker, were so involved that his hearers could scarcely contain themselves.

" I never saw England's Grand Old Man again, but a few years later when I happened to be in London, I followed the throng which crowded into Westminster Hall to pay their last respects, as his body lay in its casket upon the great catafalque."

A close friendship was formed with William T. Stead, the editor and publicist, and Dr. Clark was frequently with him on his visits to England. He quotes a recipe for becoming an author which Mr. Stead gave to some young journalists on a picnic up the Thames:

" In order to become a good writer," he said, " you must fall in love with a woman twice your age, and be so dead in love with her that you will insist upon writing to her every day of

the week. You won't write drivel to such a woman, and your respect and love for her will soon make you a master of good style."

As is well known, Mr. Stead was a firm believer in spiritualism and on the occasion of one of Dr. Clark's visits to London immediately after having been in Pekin, where the Boxer uprising was raging, Mr. Stead begged from him some articles which he had just brought from China, for use in a seance. The medium consulted was a famous clairvoyant in Paris, and, holding the articles in her hand, she went into a trance and described the situation substantially as it then existed in Pekin, including the murder of the German Ambassador, although the facts were as yet not known in the western world.

On the trip to India and South Africa in 1896 Dr. Clark was thrown into close association with Alfred Harmsworth, later Lord Northcliffe. Of him he writes:

" He was then a young man at the beginning of his remarkable career as the greatest and most successful newspaper publisher in the world's history. Alert, clean-cut and affable, he evidently had a wonderful power of acquiring knowledge and extracting information from all comers. He was not then Lord Northcliffe, or even Sir Alfred, but he told me that he already owned three daily papers and twenty weeklies. . . .

" Many a hot, sultry night on the Red Sea or the Indian Ocean we paced the decks together, while he unfolded his plans for a high-class religious monthly, proposing that he should furnish the capital for an international edition, while I should look after its interests in America. The scheme never came to anything, for before either of us reached home, Sir George Newnes, the enterprising publisher of *The Strand Magazine* and other periodicals, started *The Sunday Strand,* which seemed to take the place of the proposed publication and make it unnecessary.

On Dr. Clark's last visit to England in 1926 he received perhaps a greater welcome than he had received on any of his numerous visits to that land. It was on the occasion of a World's Christian Endeavor Convention in London, and he writes of his experiences:

"Last night Lord Radstock got a taxi for us in the midst of a tremendous crowd, and we lunched to-day with a knight, Bart. Sir Willoughby Dickinson, and I had to reply to a public welcome by his lordship the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"I told the Archbishop that my first ancestor in America was driven out of his parish and rectory in Dunstable in 1634 by Archbishop Laud, and that I was glad to find that there were archbishops — and archbishops, and was glad to receive such a welcome from Laud's successor. But we keep humble among the common people, nearly a thousand of whom have come from America."

Dr. Clark always found a cordial welcome in Japan. He writes from Yokohama in 1910 of the receptions and the gifts, and concludes:

"This afternoon we were at Count Okuma's, and had our pictures taken with the Count and Countess, and next week I expect to have an audience with the Mikado, but I would give it all for a sight of Home."

Six years later, when again in Japan, he writes:

"Count Okuma has been very kind, and I had a long interview with him at his villa. He gave me a letter of introduction four feet long to the Governor-General of Korea, whither we go in about two weeks.

"I hoped to see Sun Yat Sen, and Viscount Kaneko tried to secure an interview for me, but Sun is in hiding and his secretary sent word that Mr. Sun isn't seeing any new friends while the revolution is in progress, wherein I think he is wise."

On his visit to Denmark in 1902 Dr. Clark received much attention from the religiously inclined among the nobility. There was a general belief that the Christian Endeavor Society might provide the vehicle for a spiritual movement among the upper classes. That the expectations were never completely fulfilled did not lessen the cordiality accorded to the founder of the movement. Dr. Clark records his own impressions in a letter:

"I will begin a letter to you to-night, though I go out very soon to sup with the nobility. I may be too set up when I get back to finish it. The Count and Countess Moltke have invited me to 'thee.' I only hope they can speak English. . . .

"Just home from the Count's. I think the swallow-tails have justified themselves. They live in an elegant apartment in a castle, and the son has a castle in Jutland. They were very good to me and listened with all their ears, about a dozen (24 ears, however) around a big table. The Countess herself, I think, wants to take up the C. E. work for Denmark, and perhaps she will. She is a whole team in herself."

KINGS AND OTHER RULERS

In the same journey, while in Sweden, the American Ambassador, Mr. Thomas, arranged for an audience with King Oscar, whom Dr. Clark particularly wished to see in order to urge the prohibiting of liquor to the uncivilized races. Mr. Thomas coached him for the ceremony, and the audience is described in a letter:

"I must wear my swallow-tails, white gloves and a white necktie. I must keep my left glove on, and be ready to shake with the other hand ungloved. I must pass two or three dozen ushers, etc., until I come to the head chamberlain. Then at precisely 10.45 he will open a door, and I shall be alone with His Majesty. He will come forward and take my hand, and after

standing for a moment will show me to a seat beside a little table. Then I must tell him all about myself and expatiate on the size of Christian Endeavor. Mr. Thomas is very particular to tell me that I mustn't be too modest. He says that is my 'chief failing.'

"Well, it came off very much as planned. I took a kingly carriage at 10.30, which cost me $1.00, drove in solitary state to the west end of the palace, went up the big flight of stairs, past the lackeys in knee breeches, into the inner reception room to the Lord Chamberlain. He was expecting me, and gave me first chance, before all the rest of the crowd.

"Oscar II is a tall, fine looking man, six feet six in his stockings, and very genial. He talks fairly good English, took me by the hand, chatted for twenty minutes, told me he sympathized with the effort to keep rum from the barbarians, spoke of Finland whose case he greatly deplores, etc., etc.

"It was really very satisfactory and in no way alarming. I was all alone with him, and he evidently likes Americans, and is not afraid of revolvers in their hip pockets."

During the visit to South Africa in 1897 an interview with President Kruger was one of the interesting by-products. In a letter from the Orange Free State Dr. Clark writes:

"Yesterday afternoon I called on President Kruger with one of the Dutch ministers. The old President can't speak a word of English and my companion interpreted. He is an old man with white galway whiskers, a bulbous red nose, and a stubby beard of several days' growth. He looks like a shabby old Dutch farmer, as indeed he is. He can neither read nor write except enough to sign his name, but he fills a bigger place in the world than any old Dutch farmer ever did before.

"When I was introduced to him he said, 'Are you one of the Americans that runs to the Queen when you get into trouble?' And then the old man slapped me on the shoulder, and chuckled as though he had got off a good joke.

"After a ten minutes' talk in which the President told me several times over that he was glad to see all who loved the Lord, I came away.

"He is a very religious old man, and goes to bed every night at eight o'clock, so that he can get up at three in the morning to pray. We shall hear more about him yet, for things are in a very critical state, and trouble is brewing."

It will be observed that this prophecy was less than five years before the Boer War broke out.

In still another country Dr. Clark had the opportunity of talking with the ruling potentate. While spending the winter of 1911–1912 in Athens he was taken to call upon the King by the American Minister, now Senator Moses. A letter described the visit:

"Yesterday I called on King George and found him very gracious. He has reigned 47 years, but does not look like an old man. He is a Dane, but speaks very good English, and talked a good deal about the Greek language, earthquakes — there had just been a very severe one in Greece, when four villages were destroyed, — and other non-political matters. I did not ask him, as I hear an American did, how long he expected to hold down his job.

"I had to wear a top-hat, frock-coat, gray gloves with right hand ungloved, and to bow three times before I reached him. But he came forward so quickly that it was hard to get in the three bows before he held out his hand.

"He is democratic though he has many royal relations, among them his two nephews, King George of England, and Czar Nicholas, his two sisters, the empress mothers of Russia and England, his brother, the King of Denmark, his nephew, King of Norway, his son, Governor of Crete, and ever so many others.

"He is one of the few Protestants in Greece, and told me, with some pride, apparently, that he, too, was a protestant. He has a chapel in the palace where a Lutheran service is conducted in German every Sunday. Last Sunday we liked it so much better

than the English Church service that we are going again to-day, and to the Greek Protestant Church in the afternoon."

Within a few years of this interview the Greek dynasty, in company with some of its royal relatives, had given way to the tide of world events.

Chapter XVIII

HOME LIFE

IN this study of Dr. Clark and his activities, much space has been devoted to his travels and necessarily so, since they consumed the greater part of his life. But to him the travel was merely incidental and a home atmosphere was maintained in a remarkable way, despite the obstacles. In the course of his life he built five houses for his own occupancy, and remodelled besides an old Cape Cod farmhouse which was his favorite place of residence in the last years. Of these homes three were beach cottages and served as the center of family life in the summer from the infancy of the earliest child.

The two cottages built at Pine Point, near Portland, were occupied nearly every summer for a period of twenty-five years. In the early days of the first cottage, there were scarcely half a dozen families in the settlement, with a fishermen's colony some distance to the east. Backed by scrub pine woods with salt marshes behind these, and a glorious, miles-long sand beach facing the open ocean, it was an ideal spot for seclusion, rest and inspiration. During the summer season both Dr. and Mrs. Clark took an especial interest in the permanent fishing settlement and whenever desired arranged for Sunday services in the little white schoolhouse, or a Sunday school for the summer season. Much of Dr. Clark's voluminous literary

work was done in the seclusion of this retreat, and particularly in a shady nook among the sand-dunes, protected from the wind but within sound of the surf on the beach.

Gradually, however, the beauty of the spot and its accessibility to Portland and Boston brought increasing popularity and the half dozen houses of earlier days expanded to a continuous line of cottages fronting the boardwalk and beach. Reluctantly it was finally decided to leave the cottage and its associations of so many summers, and the friendly neighbors, for the shores of Cape Cod where a development promoted by officers of the Christian Endeavor Society promised many of the advantages of the old location, and the added attraction of congenial office associates as neighbors.

Sagamore Beach in 1904 was an uninhabited stretch of coast in the town of Bourne, terminated to the south by the mouth of the Scusset River at the point where the Cape Cod Canal now enters Massachusetts Bay. It was unoccupied save for a fishing shanty or two, and its pebbly beach and gravel cliffs bore romantic memories of the Pilgrims who had skirted its shores before finally settling at Plymouth some twenty miles to the north.

It was here that Dr. Clark and his associates undertook the development of a summer colony which should bring the rare combination of beautiful surroundings and congenial spirits. Dr. Clark was one of the first to build, and his cottage, "The Dunes," became the summer gathering-place for many years of children, grandchildren, and friends from many lands. The settlement has now passed from the control of its original promoters, but continues its prosperity in other hands.

During most of his Cape Cod days, however, Dr. Clark's chief interest lay in a farm of some twenty-five acres, situated half a mile from the beach, and fast going to ruin through lack of occupants. It contained a farmhouse, typical of the region, built late in the 17th century, and in a ruinous condition inside. The frame was solid, however, the rooms spacious, with fine fireplaces and panelling, and the immense central chimney with its six-foot kitchen fireplace still intact. The place was easily acquired, and the restoration much simpler than might have seemed possible. On this property Dr. Clark in his later years lavished all the affection that he had characteristically bestowed on the homes of his earlier life.

Several acres were fit for cultivation, though badly run down, and with attention gave excellent crops, so that the farm was a frequent exhibitor and sometimes a prize-winner at the Barnstable County Fair. There were numerous old apple-trees, and above all, an orchard in a bowl-shaped hollow, characteristic of the Cape, with its small, spring-fed pond. Scores of young fruit-trees were planted, a modest stock of farm animals added, including a cow, pigs, goats, ducks and hens, and to complete the picture, a Cape Cod windmill was erected, which commanded a view over the marshes to the Sandwich shore and provided sleeping quarters for additional guests.

Dr. Clark made his legal residence in Bourne during his later years, attended town meetings and never failed to cast his ballot when in the country on election day. The farmhouse, too, served as a center for the many curios, pictures and interesting objects he had collected on the journeys abroad and in America. The farm was usually cared for by one of the Cape Verde Islanders, of whom there are

The Farmhouse as It Was

many in Barnstable County, and who usually justified the confidence placed in them. Until growing ill health prevented, the farm became the home and residence of Dr. and Mrs. Clark from early spring until late autumn, except as travelling dates prevented.

These homes, however, were all the summer variety, and the permanent home of the family remained in Auburndale from the time of leaving South Boston until 1913. The first home, on Williston Road, has already been referred to. With the growing family and the increasing necessity of entertaining guests, a more commodious home seemed necessary, and before leaving for the first journey around the world, in 1892, plans were prepared, and contracts let for building a new house while the journey was in progress. The new location was on the brow of a hill overlooking the Charles River and the Weston hills. It received the name of Hillcrest, and was noted for its " Welcome " porch containing the word in a score of languages carved on the beams. This was in reality the home during the most active period of Dr. Clark's career. Here he entertained many friends from other lands who came to America in the service of the Christian Endeavor movement, and of this he always thought as home on his innumerable journeys.

As the family gradually disintegrated and went its independent ways, the house became too large for the remaining occupants, and it was finally sold in 1913. For a number of years Dr. and Mrs. Clark made their winter headquarters in Boston, usually in rooms on Pinckney Street, favored for its proximity to the office and for its atmosphere reminiscent of Old Boston. In 1925, on retirement from active work an apartment was taken in

Newton, but the Cape Cod season was still stretched as far as possible at each end.

The joy and satisfaction found in this pseudo-farm life is very evident in the articles and letters of the period. The renovation of the old farm gave great pleasure, as this letter testifies:

"We like the new-old house very much, even better than we expected. It is all done but the papering of one room, and a few odd jobs. The old house would scarcely know itself and yet it is the same old 1690 farmhouse. We have four fireplaces, crane, and dutch ovens, nice bath-room, and everything within and without as spick and span as paint can make it, — indeed it is as fresh as paint."

News of the farm is frequent and the enjoyment evident, though it was sometimes tempered by infirmities of the flesh. This is from a letter written in 1916:

"Country Gentleman corn is in its prime; the hogs are fat and hearty, and weigh 450 pounds apiece, John thinks. According to Shad Swift they exchange several pounds of swill every day for at least two pounds of flesh.

"As for me, I am not so fortunate as the hogs, and cannot put on any flesh whatever I eat. Another bad attack last Wednesday night led me to consult Dr. Proctor to-day. He confirmed what the other doctors say about the 'infective' gall (I seem to have all the three parts Gaul was divided into) and strongly advised me to consult Dr. Joslin in Boston, who after the examination would probably send me to an X-rayist, and he to a surgeon to be cut open and the offending member removed.

"I suppose I shall have to do it, as I don't want to live at this poor dying rate on skim milk and butterless toast all my life."

This was the prelude to an illness that will be referred to later.

The Farmhouse as It Is

Spring was always a joyous season at the farm. This from a letter written in April, 1918:

"Here we are once more at the Beauty Spot, and it is even more beauteous than ever since some big locust trees have been cut down (from among the apple trees) that cut off the view of the sea and the ships passing through the canal. The Government is building a life saving station near the end of the canal on the Sandwich side, and I expect it will be more lively than ever this summer in that region. Many large vessels go through every day.

"My hot beds are planted with the usual things, and the lettuce, radishes and cabbages are up. Some peas are planted also. My locust trellis, a hundred and fifty feet long, leading to Buena Vista, is finished except for the vines, and some of the grape vines are planted. I shall have thirty or forty of different kinds.

"Our architect was here a day or two ago to see about the site for our little summer-house. It is to be on the hill-side with a fine view of the sea, the marsh, the canal, Sagamore Hill and the back country. If it comes within my means I will put it up as soon as I can get carpenters."

The following is descriptive of the farm and its activities about a month later, but in a different year:

"The peach and plum trees are in full bloom and all the others are leafing out. Radishes from the hot bed are the only fruits of the soil so far, but a few asparagus shoots are peeping above the soil. Imogene, the Angora goat, gives a little over a quart a day of near cream which is quite a boon, as Irene has gone dry in anticipation of an important event in a few weeks.

"We have four buttercup chickens and two hens setting, and have sent to Ohio for a dozen mottled Ancona baby chicks at $7.90 per dozen. Here's hoping they get here alive. The baby ramblers are in great form and give promise of blooming soon. John and I have just set out about twenty trees, a few apples to supply the places of old ones in the future, and some fancy trees, Japan larch, Gincko (maidenhair), Japan walnuts, mountain

ash (American and European), strawberry trees, Norway maples, etc. They apparently have all 'keetched.' I have also moved up some sumachs, viburnums, and a high bush blueberry among others from the woods."

There was always something to chronicle as the spring came on:

"The last four days have been lovely on the farm. The frogs are croaking lustily in the pond, the gold-fish go about in pairs — red and white, 5 gold and silver — different kinds of birds are multiplying. The goose outdid herself yesterday and laid an egg that weighed seven eighths of a pound, more than six hen's eggs. John says that last year she laid ninety-nine eggs, most of which he sold for fifteen cents apiece. She ended up the season with two little eggs about as big as hen's eggs."

This quotation, from a letter written on one of the last spring visits to Sagamore that Dr. Clark was to enjoy, shows the joy and relaxation he found on the farm to the end:

"Here we are, praise be! I am loafing before a splendid big fire in the best fireplace south of the North Pole, toasting my shins and writing to my beloved son. A shrewd north wind is blowing, but the front of the house is warm and cosy."

"I have just dug some fine parsnips and Kinto has already planted five rows of peas, beets and carrots. Last year I had 'grass' on May 9, and hope for equally good luck this year. We got here at 3.30, but the keys could not be located so we had to sit around until almost six o'clock, letting patience have her very imperfect work. When Kinto did come he seemed overjoyed to see me. He gave moving signs of desiring to hug me with tears in his eyes. I think he had an idea from newspaper reports of my condition in Algiers that 'Old Mars' had been at death's door and barely pulled through on this side."

The fall also brought its compensations:

"The nights are getting cool and we hug the big fireplace while your mother reads to us 'Barchester Towers,' since all the

present family enjoy forcible reading. Kinto is ' picking ' — always supply ' cranberries ' — on the Cape at this time of year and is useless to us.

" I have had a serious talk with him about his delinquencies, and he swears with uplifted hand ' before Almighty God ' that he never made or sold any hard stuff as some people charge, and only drinks Italian wine or beer. So that's that.

" We have a great glut of fruit pleading to be eaten, enough to make everybody sick, apples, pears, peaches, plums, which I can't sell or scarcely give away. ' Nobody is buying any fruit this year,' say the store men, ' they are living on the apples blown off by the big gale.'

" I am feeling much better, sleep well and eat well, though my old heart still ' skips ' more or less at times."

On another harvest occasion he writes in a similar vein:

" I am having a great glut of fruit just now, several kinds of apples including McIntosh Reds and Delicious, neither quite eatable yet, plums, peaches, pears (three kinds), damsons, etc. I can't *give* my summer apples away, and yet I suppose there are millions of children who seldom have one apple to eat. Most of the troubles of the world are difficulties of transportation, are they not? "

The interest in all aspects of the farm is very evident in the following letter written in 1920:

" I am writing to you this beautiful Sunday morning, sitting on a bench under mine own vine (my few fig trees are in California) watching the tree swallows dart in and out of the box (a German box by the way) on the old apple tree. One little green head with a white throat keeps his head out most of the time, watching me intently, but is not the least afraid when I come within two feet of him. The swallows have been more numerous than ever this year, at least four and I think five of my boxes are occupied, and the occupant nearest the front door is bringing up her second brood. Sometimes five or six young and old are on or around the box at one time.

"Everything is in its glory at the farm except the workmen and from their standpoint they are more than in their glory. I have ten young pigs for which there is no market and they are eating their heads off. Speaking of pigs, I asked Cunningham to perform a delicate operation on some of them, but he said it would not be safe to do it yesterday because the 'signs' were not right, but on the 5th of July the 'signs' would be O. K. I understand that Castor and Pollux must be in opposition to Saggitarius and the moon gibbous."

The livestock comes in for frequent reference:

My black hog brought $45. and the white sow, not yet sold, John thinks is worth more. I have two beautiful little white pigs, but the old sow gets into the trough with all her feet and crowds the little ones out — great end-seat hog that she is! Two of my hens stole their nests and have broods of chicks a week old to face the storms of winter."

Another reference is to the inevitable chicken casualties on a farm:

"Nothing of great import has happened here except that Lady Jane Grey has managed to produce two chickens out of thirteen, having killed and eaten the others. We changed her name to Lucretia Borgia, but on looking Lucretia up in the encyclopedia, found that she was a very estimable lady and never did kill anybody. So we just call the two-chicken hen plain moron."

During the summer a St. Bernard dog named Beauty graced the farm. She became too prolific however to retain permanently:

"Beauty surprised us by presenting us with thirteen boys and girls yesterday, — nine boys and four girls. We were not wholly taken by surprise except by the number, but thirteen twins is certainly excessive. She has already killed six by overlaying them — not purposely, I think. They are handsome chil-

dren and take after their mother for the most part. Beauty suspects a Scotch collie owned by a neighbor, but several of the children will be the image of their mother."

One year squirrels threatened the prosperity of the farm:

" Just now we are afflicted with a plague of gray squirrels. A whole army of them have come and they have eaten bushels of my field corn, carrying the ears up into the trees and eating them at their leisure, digging out the meat and leaving the shell of each kernel as though it were a nut. They are as bold as bears, and as tame as the squirrels on Boston Common."

Chapter XIX

SAGAMORE DAYS

ALTHOUGH not a trained ornithologist, Dr. Clark knew wild birds well, and took a keen delight in watching their spring migrations and subsequent nestings. This letter, written in April, 1915, shows the spring season of birds at its peak:

"The ducks are disporting themselves in the pond, the big gold-fish are sunning themselves with their top fin out of water, and the old goose is washing and acting like a submarine.

"I am still very popular with the birds, especially the juncos, the chickadees, and the creepers. Lately the cow-birds feed in our doorway in flocks. The bull cow-birds have beautiful green-black backs, with brown heads, and the cows are more modest in their dress. They are a lazy bird, so the *vade mecum* says, and lay their eggs in other birds' nests and have nothing more to do with them.

"Some bluebirds to-day flew into one of my bird-houses and are considering setting up the lares and penates there. A lot of new birds are about the Dunes. Migrationists, perhaps."

Dr. Clark took a lively interest in the affairs of the town in which Sagamore Beach was situated, and paid its taxes. He attended the town meeting when possible and writes of one that took place in 1918:

"The chief excitement of the week was attending the Bourne town meeting. All the halt, lame and blind were there, and

many whose chief concern was lest the taxes should go up, but I got through a $500. appropriation for improving two roads at Sagamore Beach, — the thing I went to do. The vote was fought with all sorts of obstruction motions, but at last we got it through, 52 to 29. I was the only one there to speak for Sagamore Beach, but found some friends from Bournedale to help.

"The town is a wealthy one with a valuation of six millions, and Sagamore Beach has added about $300,000 to its value."

The last occasion when Dr. Clark voted was at the congressional elections in 1927. Of this, which proved to be his last visit to the old farm, he writes:

"Last Tuesday we went down to Sagamore to help save the country. We could not rescue Butler however. After voting we went to the farmhouse where we found everything opened and a fire built for us in the big fireplace, and also in the library, so that we were very comfortable. I bought a pint of Cotuit oysters and we had a glorious cream stew before the open fire. Sagamore looked well, still green as to grass, flowers blooming, and we found that Mr. Lawrence had set out two of our memorial trees, an American elm near the kitchen end of the farmhouse, and a Wisconsin willow near the old well."

Dr. Clark was naturally interested in the religious activities of the Cape, and particularly in the local Methodist church at Sagamore. Although the Christian Endeavor society has not been adopted by the Methodist church, the Sagamore church organized one on its own initiative, and Dr. and Mrs. Clark were made honorary members. Dr. Clark was also made Pastor Emeritus of the church. He was a frequent attendant at its services and occupied the pulpit at least once during each summer. He was also frequently consulted by his brother-clergymen of the Cape, and, writing on October 3, 1925, the forty-ninth

anniversary of his marriage, he tells of a meeting to be held at the farmhouse:

"A lot of leading ministers and laymen of Cape Cod (a lot on the Cape means six or eight) are to meet in our farmhouse on the 9th, to discuss the state of religion on the Cape and to see what can be done about it. They are invited for two in the afternoon, so I shall spend the night of the 8th in Boston, and take the early train for Sagamore the next morning."

The varying moods of the weather played a large part in the life of the farm, but in the background there were always the problems that confront a farmer, whether "dirt" or "gentleman." This is from a letter written in April, 1918:

"This is a rip-roaring, dashing, splashing, sou'-easterly storm and the rain is beating on the windows as the water comes down at Lodore — for particulars see Southey's complete works.

"I am trying to persuade John to put more land into cow-peas, soy-beans and grass, and less into vegetables, but he is ambitious to plant a lot and has plowed up more than ever.

"Mrs. Sow's family are doing well and will soon be worth ten dollars apiece. I think I shall sell six and keep two. They are white and clean and playful as kittens, and sometimes have regular fights among themselves. They are much prettier than Beauty's six twins who haven't got their eyes open yet."

An adventure that might have proved serious was experienced in the summer of 1919 on the marsh:

"In order to reduce the H. C. L. I went with the boys the other day after some clams and fish to the canal breakwater. We dug the clams with our fingers and then crossed the Scusset for the breakwater for cunners, when the tide was about up to our knees. While fishing the tide came in strong and the little Scusset became a raging torrent.

Colony Day at Sagamore

Francis E. Clark, Francis E. Clark II, and Mrs. Clark
as Pilgrims

" The boys managed to swim across holding their clothes out of the water, but confessed that they were ' all in ' when they got across.

" As I had my clothes on with watch, etc., I refused to try it, and struck across the marsh and sank into the soft ooze at every step. It was more than a mile across and I had to wade through many ditches and logans. In one I sank in mud and water up to my arm-pits and barely managed to struggle out on the other side. Then I had a five mile walk around the plaguey marsh which took me almost down to the Sagamore bridge, before I could get away from it. My watch I fear is ruined by salt water, likewise my knife, also my disposition, but my life was spared, and ' we ought to be thankful ' for that.

" Another disposition-ruffler occurred yesterday when I had to pay $83.80 for four decoy ducks that Beauty is alleged to have killed. The owner got the money out of the county and the county passed it on to me."

One summer some interesting experiments with a divining-rod were carried on. Of these attempts to locate water, Dr. Clark writes:

" You would have been interested in a Finn man who located a new drive well for me with a divining rod. He cut a willow wand with two arms and a point. Then he went around testing the water courses. At last he came to a spot about twenty-five feet from my old well, where though he seemed to be holding the wand with both hands as hard as he could, screwing up his face into double bow-knots in his agony, the point of the rod went down in spite of him. There I am going to drive, or rather Porter Gibbs' son is going to drive for me, and we shall see what we shall see. I have spent hundreds of dollars on the old well and never have got much water, and for nearly a year not a drop. The Finn held his rod on the old well, but it wouldn't budge."

The sequel to this story is told in a letter written about two weeks later:

"Yesterday the experts drove a well on the exact spot that the diviner with his rod pointed out, and they say they have struck over five feet of water. They have not rigged up the pump yet, so we cannot fully test it. They drove about fifty feet before striking water, and they say in the old well the pipe went through the water stratum and struck barren soil. Anyway the old well is useless, and even the four-inch pipe cannot be pulled up."

To complete the story it ought to be said that the subsequent history of the new well completely vindicated the findings of the diviner, both in quantity and permanence of water.

The same letter contains a description of a forest fire such as frequently ravaged the Cape, and that threatened the destruction of the farmhouse:

"Perhaps the New York papers wouldn't consider the big forest fires of the last week as news that is fit to print, but the Boston papers scare-headed them, and for those of us on the ground they seemed to deserve scare-heading.

"They began Tuesday P.M. with a big blaze near Plymouth which burned a school-house and a lot of pine trees. About the same time another fire started beside the tar road that borders Manomet Lake in Bournedale, caused by a cigarette stub. That was *our* fire. It worked its way through the trees, jumping two or three tar roads and came out within a few feet of the houses near the post office at Sagamore Beach, where it was checked in its mad career.

"The first night it seemed bent on licking up the farmhouse, as it was headed in our direction, and it looked as though it would take all the intervening houses on its way. We watched it for a long while from the corner of the Plymouth road, which the fire almost reached, and then went home and packed up two or three suitcases with clothes and silver, got out our garden hose, and waited for results.

"Towards midnight it seemed to die down and we went to

The Old Doorway at Sagamore

Dr. Clark at the Old Farm

sleep. The next morning it seemed to be dead, but it blew very hard from the south-east, the fire started up again, about 10 A.M., more fiercely than ever, and this time swept toward the colony houses. The men from the car works, 400 of them, were called out, and every able-bodied man in three towns as well as all the chemical engines. It was said that there were nearly 1,000 fighters at work, but they could not stay the demon.

" The fire captured the Williams house to the north of ' The Dunes,' and burned it to the ground. It caught on the Whiting house near by the Carver house, where the roof was nearly burned off, also the Burchard house, but none of them were destroyed.

" By that time the fire had nearly reached the ocean after its two-mile trip through the woods. However, ' we'd orter be thankful,' and I hope we are, as both the farmhouse and ' Dunes ' were spared."

Once tragedy came to the farm. The Cape Verdian who was in charge of the farming and lived in a little red house in an old clearing throughout the year, was killed by one of his compatriots in a family quarrel. Writing of the event on New Year's Day, 1925, Dr. Clark says:

" I am afraid my letter will not be as cheerful as a New Year's letter should be, for tragedy has been stalking abroad as I suppose she is always doing, and has come a little nearer us than she often does.

" This occurred in Sagamore, and I suppose on the Clark farm, where poor old Kinto has been knocked on the head and killed in a row just after Christmas. He lived long enough to be carried to St. Luke's Hospital, but died soon after he got there. I do not know the particulars, who did it, or why. I feel very badly about it, for I liked Kinto, who, though he was no saint, was always good-natured and seemed really fond of me. Our real problem is to know what to do with the animals, three cows, a mule, several dogs, and fifty or sixty hens. I ought to

go down there, but I dread to go feeling as I do, this cold weather. It is real zero to-day and a heavy storm is threatened. Such is life! "

A New Year's trip to Sagamore two years previous to this, in 1925, is described with its vicissitudes:

" It was a lovely day and no snow beyond Kingston. We enjoyed the biggest fire ever in the old fireplace and a pleasant evening. But the next morning it was raining like old Sam Hill. However we didn't mind that, as we thought it was raining down Boston way, too, and we waited until one P.M. before starting homeward. It turned out to be the big coast-storm of the season, and some compared it to the 'Portland storm.' The waves on the beach were great, never higher."

" By the time we reached Plymouth it had turned to snow, and then Betsy had to work. A foot of snow was falling or had fallen, but Betsy was game. She bucked the north east gale like a heroine, and plowed her way through with half a ton of Clarks on board, and after five hours got up to Boston safe and sound but cold."

Dr. Clark's usual feelings on exchanging Sagamore for Boston are expressed in a letter of October, 1923:

" You will note from my heading that we are back in Boston in our old room, but alas! only one this time, and we feel cabined, cribbed, confined, hemmed in. It was the loveliest of October days when we left Sagamore. All fruits and bushels of grapes were ripe, and we had to leave them all for drab Pinckney Street. But I have a number of engagements, including an address at the National Congregational Council in Springfield, within the next two weeks, and it didn't seem best to go back to stay. So we came to Boston by train."

The spirit of the owner of the farm was expressed in the invitations that were issued to members of the family, occasionally in verse, as this one, headed,

"Sagamore by the Sea."

Come one, come all,
Both great and small,
And stay till fall
Unless it should pall,
And arouse your gall,
You can read and loll,
Whether short or tall,
There'll be no one to maul,
To scold or squall,
So, come one, come all,
Both great and small."

A similar bit of verse accompanied a Christmas gift in the same year. It was entitled,

"A Bit of Free Verse dedicated to E. F. C. and M. H. C.

Ten quarts of olive oil,
Are on their way
From California,
To grease the wheels
Of life for you.
Also ten pints of olives, ripe and rare,
To save you both from fell despair.
Excuse the rhyme,
Which I know full well
Is not allowed
In poems like mine.
Though beyond the salad age are you,
May the oil drench happily
The lettuce
And
The cucumber,
And when you nibble the fruit
Swallow not the
Stones,
But think on
Him who loves
You both."

This characteristic of attachment to his home circle and family life was an essential feature of Dr. Clark's whole life. Forced to be absent so much himself, he apparently valued it the more when he was able to enjoy it. There was no temptation to find his social contacts in professional gatherings or in club life, and he was almost inclined to resent demands which threatened to interfere with family life. This was much more possible in the summer with its comparative isolation and fewer demands on individual time, but there were many evenings to be snatched, even in busy winter seasons, when the family would gather about the fire for games, conversation or reading. His own name for these evenings was in the abbreviated form of "P.S.E." or "P.F.E." for "Pleasant Sunday evening," or "Pleasant Friday evening."

The joy in these gatherings was shared by all the members of the family, who tried to hold their own engagements to a family schedule.

The same feeling also prevailed when Dr. Clark was forced to make one of his numerous journeys. Whenever possible Mrs. Clark accompanied him, but with a growing family her responsibility was frequently at home. So, as circumstances varied, all his children accompanied him individually on extensive journeys. The oldest son was with both parents on the first journey around the world, and again a travelling companion on the visit to Iceland. The daughter accompanied him on the journey through South America. The second son went with both parents on a subsequent journey around the world, including the crossing of Siberia, and the youngest son was his companion on two extensive European trips, including a visit beyond the Arctic Circle in winter time. On at least two occasions

The Clarks on a Tramp in Switzerland

Dr. Clark and Sons on a Hike in Switzerland

also the whole family were gathered in Europe for a residence of several months.

Also on the frequent and shorter excursions into the Maine woods for camping and fishing, Dr. Clark was always most satisfied to have the company of one of his own family, though there was a group of congenial spirits with whom he frequently enjoyed these camping expeditions until increasing age put an end to such activity.

In general it cannot be too strongly emphasized that outside of his specialized professional interests, the family was the center around which his interests, thoughts, and affections revolved.

Chapter XX

POLITICS AND WAR

ALTHOUGH Dr. Clark was intensely interested in the affairs of the nation and his own community, he never held public office nor presented himself to the electors for this purpose. On the occasion of one presidential election he was nominated for the presidency by a group of enthusiasts who designated themselves as a party, but he refused to consider the idea or allow his name to be used. He could doubtless have commanded a not inconsiderable following on a platform of civic or moral reform, but his aptitude and instincts were entirely averse to public life of this kind, and he consistently declined to let the Christian Endeavor movement be drawn into partisan politics of any kind. Even had he wished to do so, he realized that its head could not appeal for votes without involving the organization itself.

In his voting he classed himself as an independent though his ballot usually fell for the Republican candidate. He was, however, enthusiastic for Wilson and his policies, and waxed indignant at the obstruction which that president met in his second administration.

With all his foreign travel and foreign contacts Dr. Clark never ceased to be a good American and proud of his country. Nothing irritated him more than to be told, as was frequently the case, in England, by way of an intended

compliment, that he could easily be mistaken for an Englishman. But of necessity his point of view was international, and to the end of his life he regretted that the United States had not joined the League of Nations, to contribute its quota to the welfare and stabilizing of the world.

The World War did not sweep him off his balance, although he was convinced of the necessity that the Allies should win, and realized that in entering it the United States was only doing the inevitable. He had so many friends in the countries classified as enemy, and knew so well the inherent soundness of Germany, that he could not subscribe to the chorus of hatred and abuse of all things German that swept over the country. From the beginning he was able to distinguish between the real Germany and those who were for the time being controlling its destiny.

The horror and suffering and destruction of the war and the prostration of Europe after it left him a rather pronounced pacifist and an ardent supporter of all movements looking toward disarmament or international co-operation.

Reference has been made earlier to Dr. Clark's interest and reaction to political situations before the war. Here it will be chiefly of importance to transcribe some of his views in the later years when the whole world was in a state of turmoil. There are frequent references to his own opinions in his family letters written between 1914 and 1927.

When Wilson was running for a second term in 1916 Dr. Clark was much perplexed as to what course he should pursue. He was not yet completely convinced of the wisdom of Wilson's policies, as he apparently was at a later period. He greatly respected Hughes and was a personal acquaintance, but the injudiciousness of some of Hughes' supporters had a disastrous effect.

Writing just after the balloting in November, 1916, he says:

"I was in doubt what to do up to the last day, but Teddy's last knock on Wilson — his 'Shadow Lawn Speech' — decided me not to vote for Hughes. I couldn't quite vote for the Democratic party, so I threw away my vote on Hanley and Landrith for President and Vice-President, and voted the straight Republican state ticket with one exception.

"In congratulating Mr. McCall (who had been elected Governor of Massachusetts) this morning, I told him I thought it was his dignified, self-respecting campaign that (in part) gave him so much bigger a majority than the others — running way ahead of Lodge as well as Hughes. The senior senator for Massachusetts did not help his case in his charges about Wilson's *sub rosa* letter to Germany, in my opinion, and lost votes."

Dr. Clark's admiration for Wilson was sincere and growing with the latter's term of office. In writing to one of his sons early in 1917 he says:

"I enjoyed talking over national affairs as well as more intimate matters with you, and think we agree pretty well, though I am a shade less of a bitter-ender, or shade more of a pacifist than you. I liked Wilson's last speech and his specific terms very much, though I think he will have to modify some of them in the final bargain."

About a year later Wilson spoke in Boston and Dr. Clark was one of his audience. Of the impression made at the time he writes:

"Yes, I heard the President. I don't know how I happened to get a ticket for I never supposed I would have any luck in a lottery and the audience looked as though the lottery scheme had prevailed. In front of me sat a frowsy old colored woman, and in some parts of the hall Jews were as thick as Gentiles,

while ex-governors and ex-mayors wandered disconsolately around seeking a seat.

"The President's speech was great, in manner, matter and spirit. You will see what I thought about it if you read the first editorial in the *Christian Endeavor World* this week. I think the Republicans who kick too savagely at it will hurt their toes.

"I discharged my conscience by writing mildly to Senator Lodge in regard to supporting the main idea. He replied in quite a long letter much in the line of his speech, which wasn't quite as bad as I feared it might be."

In the summer of 1919, just after the Peace Treaty negotiations were concluded, Dr. Clark writes again in defense of Wilson and his actions:

"I see you are beginning to look down the side of your nose at W. W., but, if he doesn't stand head and shoulders above the Republican obstructionists, you may call me anything you wish.

"In this imperfect world, and with all the cats and dogs fighting at Paris, I don't believe anyone could have got a better League or Treaty, if it is imperfect."

The same letter likewise tells of a Christian Endeavor convention just held in Buffalo:

"Secretary Baker made a capital address. He is a fine orator, though not spread-eagly, but logical, forceful and high-toned morally.

"President Wilson sent me a nice personal letter with greetings for the convention, in which he said: 'I can assure you that your confidence and approval mean a vast deal to me.'"

Again he writes of his admiration for Wilson:

"I hope you read W. W.'s open interview with the senators and that you will not allow any pernicious newspaper critics to poison your academic mind too much against one of the few constructive statesmen of the day."

The political campaign of 1920 was a perplexing one for Dr. Clark, as he was in sympathy with the international policy of the Democratic party and its attitude toward the League of Nations, but distrusted its domestic policy, in particular as it concerned prohibition. He writes of his uncertainty, in September, 1920:

"I went to a meeting of editors of religious papers, (25 or so) and found it had been called to persuade us to advocate Harding and Coolidge in preference to Cox and Roosevelt. Mr. George Wharton Pepper of Philadelphia made a persuasive speech but didn't fully convince us. Most of the editors seemed to be on the other side, but nothing *said* was convincing to me."

It should be added here that, although he had not decided late in October how he should vote, Dr. Clark's anxieties about the domestic situation finally prevailed, and he cast his ballot for the Republican ticket. His first impressions of Harding were entirely favorable, as has already been said, but the subsequent disclosures of the administration's shortcomings constituted a great disillusionment.

The last national election in which Dr. Clark was to participate was that of 1924. At this time he was still aligned with the Republican party. Just before the election of that year he writes:

"Politics are waxing hot and hotter but in another two days the agony will be over. The publicans and sinners had a great torch-light procession one night last week which we watched from the side-walk. It was a big affair and reminded me of the old election days of my boyhood when Lincoln and Hamlin and Grant and Wilson were running.

"There were no great demonstrations, so far as we saw, but some clever transparencies, like, 'We want a full dinner-pail — Fuller.' A black sheep in the wool men's parade was labelled, 'LaFollette.' I shall 'Keep cool with Coolidge.'"

Dr. Clark's views on war and peace and compulsory military training are of particular interest. As was natural, he had an intense abhorrence of war and all its consequences, from his childhood memories of the Civil War. When the World War brought its inevitable result in the participation of the United States he accepted the necessity. But the wickedness of all wars as a means of settling national disputes was the more firmly impressed on him, and he emerged from the war with strong pacifist inclinations.

In March, 1917, just before the entrance of the United States into the war, he wrote:

" I was much interested in the vote of the Dartmouth students about war matters. I agreed with the majority in almost every vote except the necessity of universal military training; though I would go in for compulsory training of all along some lines but not exclusively or mainly military.

" I believe this will be the last great war for fifty years, if not for all time, and I don't think we ought to go in for compulsory military training just when most of the world is getting so sick of it and of war.

" That is great news from Russia — the greatest bit for a hundred years, I think. The taking of Bagdad, too! 'The world do move!' "

As an indication of Dr. Clark's position on the eve of the participation of the United States in the war, it will be interesting to quote some of the questions on which the Dartmouth students voted and their majority opinion at that time. It should be noted here, however, that when war actually did come, Dartmouth was among the leaders of American colleges in the proportion of its men volunteering for service. The vote was taken on March 7, 1917, and the following questions were considered:

" 1. In view of the existing international situation, is it your opinion that the United States is *justified* in formally declaring war? Yes, 555; No, 249.

" 2. In view of the existing international situation, is it your opinion that the United States *should* formally declare war? Yes, 162; No, 593.

" 3. Do you believe that the people of the United States should be consulted by referendum before Congress declares war — except in case of threatened invasion? Yes, 157; No, 612.

" 4. As long as there is no declaration of war, are you in favor of having the government merely take measures to protect American neutrality rights on the sea? Yes, 687; No, 99.

" 5. Do you favor, in general, the policies to date of President Wilson concerning the international situation? Yes, 566; No, 236.

" 6. If war were declared, *under the present circumstances,* and volunteers from Dartmouth were called for, is it probable that you would enlist? Yes, 254; No, 445.

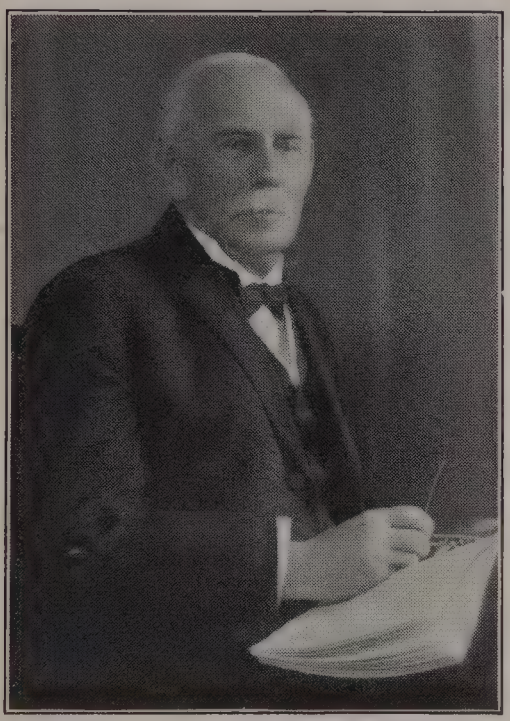
" 7. If war were declared, *because of an attack upon the United States,* and volunteers from Dartmouth were called for, is it probable that you would enlist? Yes, 698; No, 106.

" 8. Do you believe that the United States should adopt a system of universal compulsory military training? Yes, 454; No, 268.

" 10. Are you in favor of immediate optional military training at Dartmouth? Yes, 583; No, 143."

In approving these decisions, except for number 8, Dr. Clark showed that he was, in general, in tune with large elements of the population just before war was declared.

The war also brought a period of ill health to Dr. Clark and while it cannot be said that the distress which the war occasioned him caused the ill health, it is undoubtedly true that it prolonged it and made recovery more difficult. The tendency of his thoughts during these gloomy war days is



Dr. Francis E. Clark
Founder of Christian Endeavor
1851–1927

shown in a letter written in January, 1918, from a sanitarium:

"When will this old war end and what are we fighting for anyway? Alsace-Lorraine? The Trentino? British imperial power? Why can't the President drop these things and insist on disarmament, League of Nations, and the evacuation of Belgium? Still I have some hope from the recent news from Austria. I believe I should get well to-morrow, if peace should come. An important reason for stopping war!!"

About this time Dr. Clark notes that he has been listed in a Hearst paper, apparently in an attempt to justify Hylan's membership in a peace society:

"I see that Hearst in his paper this morning in defending Hylan from the charge of belonging to a peace society before the war, prints my name and all the officers of the Church Peace Union. However I am in good company."

In common with most thinking people Dr. Clark deplored the tendency to strike the study of German from the curricula of the schools. In March, 1918, he writes:

"Do you see the Literary Digest and if so did you see the many pages devoted to 'Shall we study German?' with replies from every state in the Union? It seems to me a silly question, but there are a lot of silly folks in the world."

As the war dragged on, Dr. Clark became increasingly concerned with the aims of the war and the approaching peace. In April, 1918, he writes:

"I am on my way back to Sagamore after two days in Boston to attend a meeting on 'the war aims of the churches' where George Adam Smith and President Lowell were the principal speakers.

"I am becoming involved in many societies, at last count, twenty-one, but most of them are honorary vice-presidents or

counsellors, without any duties attached, and no meetings to attend. Six of these are Peace Societies which are now Win-the-War societies.

" President Lowell made a capital speech at the dinner to-day, calm, well-reasoned and not hysterical. George Adam Smith also spoke well and eulogized Wilson very highly. A Scotch friend, in a recent letter, calls Wilson the greatest man in the world to-day."

The Peace Treaty itself, when it was finally drawn and subscribed, was a disappointment to Dr. Clark. In May, 1919, he writes:

" I am much disappointed in the Peace Treaty and think it too harsh and a breeder of wars, but still have hope in the League of Nations, though that is dimming a little. I have received some very fine letters from Taft and others for my efforts for the League at the many Christian Endeavor conventions I have attended lately."

The activity, organized and unorganized, for disarmament continued, and two years later, in 1921, Dr. Clark writes:

" Yesterday I was in Boston and busy as a buzzing bee. We are putting over a petition, representing the position of some millions of young people, on the disarmanent proposition, which requires a good deal of correspondence with a hundred and fifty denominational trustees and other efforts. I have an impression that President Harding likes to have the public express themselves on the subject. His ' solemn holiday ' on November 11 is a good idea and I think church people will make much of it."

In spite of the rejection of the Peace Treaty and consequently of the League of Nations, the hope of obtaining such a League lingered on, and in 1923 Dr. Clark writes:

" Yesterday I was invited to a luncheon at the Copley-Plaza to hear Judge Clarke speak on the Non-Partisan League

of Nations. He made a good speech though he is not physically strong. I have joined his Association for I see no other way out of our troubles. Most of those present were already converts and needed no persuasion. President Lowell presided and Presidents Murlin, Faunce and others backed him up."

Dr. Clark realized that he could do little in a material way as a contribution toward winning the war, but he did realize that something concrete might be accomplished through the organization of which he was still the head. In April, 1917, he writes:

"I am thinking of doing my bit by trying to mobilize a Christian Endeavor army of agriculture, challenging them to compete with me on my old farm."

The plan rapidly took shape and a few weeks later he writes:

"My 'Army of Production and Food Economy' has kept me very busy both in Boston and on the farm. I have had to prepare various form letters. Some 30,000 are going out this week, one set to secretaries of societies, another to officers of local and other unions (four or five thousand), others to field secretaries, etc.

"The President of the National Emergency Garden Commission, Mr. Pack, gave me $550. to help put the thing through, and Governor McCall promised me in a very hearty letter $1,000 more from the state funds. His Council when it came before them, recommended it, but made me ask the Public Safety Commission for the funds. I hope they won't 'keek,' as John says, because the money will be expended throughout the whole country."

Some of his own difficulties in food production are hinted at in a letter of May in the same year:

"I am thinking of plowing up another half acre back of the house. This will be put into potatoes, though seed is $5. a bushel. I hope I will get it back.

"I paid $26.75 yesterday for hen feed that would have cost about $12. a year ago. Many people around here are killing their hens as they can't afford to keep them. I have one hen setting on hen's eggs and another on duck's eggs down near the pond. One hen proved unfaithful to her task or else she believed in birth control and only hatched out one of twelve eggs and that a dead one."

The results of this personal effort at production are recorded in the fall:

"John has been picking the fruits and vegetables of late and I find we have about sixteen barrels of apples, russets, baldwins and greenings, which I have sold for $3.75 and $4.00 a barrel at the farm. They have gone like hot cakes. Also my potatoes which have brought $2.00 a bushel. I have had about fifteen bushels to sell, four bushels kept for seed, and some small ones for the pigs. Also 400 big yellow pumpkins and quite a little hillock of turnips, big white carrots and mangels for the stock."

The Christian Endeavor Army of Production developed successfully, though it was handicapped by the withdrawal into military service of that portion of its membership that would naturally have been most active in the work of production. The allied slogan of conservation was added to the organized effort, as it was, in fact, throughout the country at large.

Chapter XXI

LAST YEARS

AFTER the home in Auburndale was sold, Dr. and Mrs. Clark felt that their real home was in Saga-more. The season of residence here was made as long as possible, and when winter actually shut down on the Cape Cod shore, rooms were taken in Boston, usually on Pinckney Street, because of its proximity to the Christion Endeavor Building.

These years were by no means years of ease. There was much travel, as well as many conventions to attend and, most exhausting of all, long days in the office. But the interest in outside affairs, in friends of the present and former days, and the everyday life of the world, continued. College classmates seemed to grow closer in these latter years, and college memories to be more frequent.

In 1917 Dr. Clark comments about some of his letters to home, written from college, which he had been re-reading:

"My letters about the Psi U conventions at Amherst and Dartmouth in 1872 and 1873 are quite amusing, showing plainly that they were the two greatest events in the world's history, while the numbers of *The Dartmouth* and *The Anvil* that I had to get out were the most remarkable pieces of literature of the century, except my book, 'Our Vacations.' Such is college life. However, I tried to be very modest about them all."

These old college journalistic efforts appeared to have an attraction, for another reference is made to them some years later:

"While at Sagamore I looked up the old *Dartmouths,* and found one or two interesting articles. One was by 'Chuck' Miller (C—— Miller, in later life editor of The New York Times), a fanciful dream called 'Cobwebs,' a good deal about his college room and college ways in that day. It wasn't signed, but as it was in my administration, jointly with others, of *The Dartmouth,* I had written in his name. Another interesting article in the same volume was by a graduate of the class of 1800, telling about the college in his day and about the immortal Daniel in the class below him. He must have been an old boy to write this in 1872."

Particularly his old classmates of 1873 seemed to draw closer as the years passed. In 1918 plans were made for a reunion:

"We had a little meeting of '73 men the other day at 41 Mount Vernon Street in the Memorial Room, with a nice supper sent in, and a pleasant evening before the open fire. I gave the little party in honor of Jim Pettee and his forty years in Japan. Hall, Bradley, Adriance, Ladd, Jones (Chandler) and Judge Aiken were there. We had the old class record book begun fifty years ago next fall, Ladd being the first secretary. We voted to have our forty-fifth reunion in June."

In 1923 plans were under way for the fiftieth reunion of the class, always the most important reunion and frequently the last organized gathering of a class. Dr. Clark had been asked to represent his class as the speaker at the Alumni Luncheon on Commencement day. In writing of the approaching event he says:

"The committee of my class that is arranging for '73's part in the Commencement exercises selected me as the alumni ban-

quet speaker. Luckily they hit upon the same one that the college suggests. Otherwise it might have caused embarrassment. So Clark 3rd will do the best he can.

"In writing my article for *The Transcript* I find that our class had in all 155 boys connected with it, first and last, and the roll of honor is far larger than I thought, — two major-generals, one congressman, two supreme and superior court judges, an alfalfa king, etc."

Three years later the feeling of class solidarity is even more evident:

"My old classmates are growing more and more friendly, and somewhat shaky like myself. I think it is the nature of old men to draw together. Judge Aiken has called three times at the office lately, at one time bringing Judge Dana of Woodstock. Sam Powers, '74, has sent me his book, 'Portraits of Half a Century,' with a generous inscription — a very interesting book. The other day I drove out to Winchester to call on Alfred Hall. He seemed feeble and almost wholly blind. I am afraid I shall never see him again. I also made a short call on Sam Adriance. Pitt Dillingham is about to go to California, being very much broken. Indeed, scarcely one of my class is still working. They are about all both tired and retired."

Although the modern game of football was far different from that which he had played as a boy and a college student, nevertheless Dr. Clark enjoyed the big games which he occasionally saw in the Stadium at Cambridge. He understood baseball better, and perhaps for that reason got more enjoyment from the big league games of baseball, but the thrill and color and intense partisanship of football had its appeal. He writes in the fall of 1917:

"I enjoyed the football game, and slept better that night than for a long while. Especially I enjoyed the excitement of the crowd, and particularly of that bull of Bashan behind us.

Isn't it funny we don't get as excited about really worth-while things — like religion and patriotism and education?"

The above comment, with its rather reserved tone, was in spite of, or because of, some mental question as to whether intercollegiate football in war-time was desirable.

Again in 1924 he writes with less reserve:

"I suppose I ought to flood you with congratulations on Dartmouth's glorious victories. To tell the truth I *am* rather proud of the football boys, and I am still more glad to learn that a good many of them are among the best scholars. Still it is curious how the newspapers soft-pedal everything else about a college except athletics!"

Dr. Clark was interested in all the problems that his old college had to face, and one of them was the selection of the best material from a superabundance of applicants for admission. In one of his letters he proposes a novel means of eliminating possible misfits:

"I suppose you are back again, trying to shoo away as many boys as you can from Dartmouth. Just go back to the primitive Eleazar and you won't have any trouble.

"Tell them that hereafter they must get along with kerosene lamps and coal stoves, that they must lug up their own coal and water, with prayers at 5.30, first recitation at six, compulsory church twice on Sunday, plenty of study and no intercollegiate games, and see what happens."

Occasionally Dr. Clark had experiences which might be characterized as the "return of the native" when he was received as a prophet in his own land, and with honor. This was more particularly true at Aylmer, his birthplace, and in Portland, where the foundations of his life-work were laid. But Claremont, his boyhood home, cherished

his memory, and on two occasions he was made the guest of honor. In 1917 he writes:

"The citizens have invited me in a very generous address as a 'distinguished son of Claremont,' signed by the selectmen, the ministers of all the churches, high school teachers, D. A. R., editors, W. C. T. U., and men and women of all sorts of initials. Friday comes the installation of the new minister, in which I have a part, and Saturday we will go on to Hanover."

Again in 1922 much was made of a visit to a Christian Endeavor convention in Claremont. Of this he writes:

"The convention was small but was interesting to me because it was held in the old church. They had a pageant illustrating the history of Christian Endeavor. They showed me myself as a little boy, as a sophomore in Dartmouth, as a green young minister, etc. Some of the leading men and women of the town took part. The bride of the green young minister was also there, and looked almost as charming as the original."

The latter years of Dr. Clark's life showed a gradual withdrawal from the routine of desk, office and conventions. His chief concern was to assure himself that the movement to which his life had been devoted, should have a solid foundation when he himself was forced to withdraw. He had always been fortunate in his choice of associates, and with advancing years was content to leave the conduct of affairs largely in their hands.

Added to this was the increasing burden of illness in one form or another. A severe attack of typhoid fever prostrated him for weeks in the summer of 1915. The aftermath of this was an operation for gallstones in 1916, which was equally critical, and the old enemy of nervous prostration and sleeplessness was continually lurking in the background.

On September 25, 1916, he writes:

"There seems to be no help for it, and on Thursday I go to the Corey Hill Hospital to be operated on for gallstones. Dr. Joslin, a famous specialist, diagnosed it as that, and Dr. Lund, the surgeon, who does the cutting, says the same thing. They both say it is rather a serious operation, but less serious than to let this trouble go on. I am just up from another attack which came on Saturday night. The operation comes at 8.30 Friday morning, and Dr. Lund has a great reputation for such operations."

While the operation was a serious one and the condition of the patient at times certainly critical, the recovery was rapid, and two weeks after being admitted to the hospital he was able to write:

"What do you know about this! Here I am on the thirteenth day after my operation, sitting in the sun parlor of the hospital, writing 'you all' and having walked out from my room as many as twenty feet away.

"I am pretty wobbly, and there is a hole in me still as big as your thumb where I used to have a gall bladder and other things. It is gradually healing up, however, and everybody here thinks I have made a wonderful recovery.

"Having lost my gall I ought to be a good-natured father the rest of my life. But there is the spleen left and that may spoil it all.

"You may like to hear by my own hand how the world looks. Well it is certainly a more cheerful world than the one I saw two weeks ago, or any world I have seen for the last six months, for there seems, for the first time, a real prospect of getting well and living a few more years without a sword of Damocles over my head.

"The morning of the operation I was trundled into an elevator and out again and laid out on the table. After a hypodermic of some kind, they gave me laughing gas, so that I never knew when the ether took effect, and the next minute I was back in

my bed with a big rubber tube hanging out of my side and they said it was all over.

"I like Dr. Lund very much. He is so prompt and accurate, and seems to know just what he is about. He is very familiar and talks about that 'blamed, plaguey nausea' as though he had a personal grudge against it. His hobby, one at least, is translating Horace's Odes into English verse, and he has read me several which seem to me very good.

"I have had a varied assortment of nurses. My special day nurse is a very smart little Yankee. The first special night nurse had a fixed smile that wouldn't rub off, but it indicated no sense of humor, and to every remark that she thought might embody a criticism, she would say, 'Now *what* do you mean by that, Dr. Clark?'

"The next one was a soft-spoken Irish maiden named Hogan, not 'Homan' or 'Homand,' but plain, unadulterated Hogan. She was very satisfactory. For a few nights now I have had no special night watch."

Dr. Clark dreaded incapacity of any kind, and was apt to see it before it was apparent to others. In 1926 he writes:

"I hate to write with my own old, trembling hand, but I do not like to dictate family letters. A letter to-day from a woman in New Hampshire says, 'Please answer this *in your own handwriting*.' I was hard-hearted, however, and dictated my reply, — but added a short postscript in my own."

The nervous disorders were the all too frequent occasions for a more or less prolonged stay at some sanitarium. The treatment and régime at Clifton Springs and Battle Creek became familiar through more than one visit, and on occasion the treatment was taken at private sanitariums in Melrose and Attleboro. Between treatments the most interesting part of sanitarium life was evidently the observation

of fellow-patients. From one of these institutions Dr. Clark writes in 1918:

"Sanitariums make queer bed-fellows, or if not exactly bed-fellows at least companions of the bath. One of mine is a delirium tremens doctor who saw a whole menagerie of serpents when he first came. He begged for a little more whiskey most piteously when he was tapering off. He is now quite rational again.

"Another of my chums is 'Wearyworld' who loves to do nothing but talk. He will bend over me by the half hour while I am being treated, and chin away in a drowsy monotonous way. Another is a young soldier who is being treated for various troubles.

"Humpty Dumpty who sits at our table seems to have been a literary light at one period of her career, and knew Howells and various other lights, though I can't find out what she wrote."

Christian Endeavor activities apparently could not be entirely eliminated even in a sanitarium. From Battle Creek in 1919 Dr. Clark writes:

"To-night there is to be a big Christian Endeavor meeting in the Sanitarium, and societies have been invited from all around; from 'Kalamazoo direct to you,' Albion, Marshall, and others.

"John Burroughs went away to-day. He is a little, shrunken old man of 83, with a long white beard, rather straggly and unkempt. He made two or three talks when he was here. I wonder if I will have to when I'm 83."

A year later found him again at Battle Creek in a persistent attempt to find the cause of continual ill-health:

"I send you a picture of my present abode, a modest little building as you see. The annex accommodates 400 guests and this place about 600. I have been mauled and pinched and thumped and tapped in seventeen different ways. Eleven doctors have done something to me to find out about my heart

and lungs and eyes and ears and tonsils and mouth and throat and teeth. Only I fooled them on teeth by getting rid of my last ones last week.

" So far as I can find out, my heart and lungs are unusually sound, but on the rest I haven't heard the report. Two blood tests, an X-ray, and many examinations make up the long total. If they don't find something wrong it will be a wonder. It is now 8 P.M. Friday, and the Sabbath began and all work ceased at 4.13, sundown, to be resumed to-morrow at 4.13."

The last sanitarium experience was in 1925, when the search for health was still going on:

" This is the end of my third week in this institution and I expect to go back to Pinckney Street in another ten days. Sometimes I think it is doing me good and then I'm not sure, but I have had the satisfaction of trying it out. I have just come from an electric liver and kidney pad and an actinic treatment. The pad is connected with a powerful battery and fills me full of sparks so if anyone touches me I go off like a snapping turtle.

" The actinic or ultra violet rays literally tan your hide. I have heard boys say: 'I'll tan your hide for you,' and now I know what it means. The doctor turns on some big lamps and sun-burns your back for two minutes, then a bell rings which shows that the two minutes are up. Then you turn over and he burns the other side for two minutes. To-day the clock got out of order, and forgot to give the two minute warning. So I must have got three or four minutes on my back, and I expect it will blister me by to-night."

This was the last experience of sanitariums, but Dr. Clark was convinced that the benefits he derived from them materially prolonged his working years.

In spite of the interruptions by illness and prolonged visits the work in the office went on. Shortly after the convalescence from typhoid fever, in November, 1916, Dr. Clark writes:

"I am really getting into things again and this is our busy time of year, laying our plans for Christian Endeavor Week, for the New York Convention, etc. My daily correspondence is pretty large as I am cultivating it, since I am not going to any meetings, and I want to keep in touch with the workers at home and abroad, as well as with the thirty different peace, missionary, benevolent and patriotic societies I belong to. I have a good many articles promised, too, and am breaking into two or three quarterlies, *Hibbert's Journal, etc.*"

Planning campaigns and dictating letters did not occupy all of the time devoted to the office. There were innumerable interviews: A man wrote in asking when he could have "two or three hours" to talk over his plans for world peace. Dr. Clark replied that he rarely, if ever, had as much time at his disposal in the office, and his correspondent responded with chagrin that he supposed he was merely an emeritus with little or nothing to do.

Even after he had resigned, Dr. Clark writes in September, 1925:

"I do not see that my work in the office is any different or any less than it was before I resigned. The World's Christian Endeavor Convention in London is looming large and I shall have a large correspondence about it.

"The Lord Bishop of London figures as one of the Honorary Presidents on their British letterheads, and they write me that Lloyd George will be invited to speak on 'Peace' if I approve, which I certainly do."

During this same fall the campaign to raise a Recognition Fund of $100,000 got under way and while Dr. Clark was most appreciative of the thought and highly gratified by the future help promised through it to the Christian Endeavor movement, he was glad to be away

during the raising of the Fund. Of this movement he writes:

"They are going to push the $100,000 Memorial, especially in Christian Endeavor Week, and have very expansive plans, including 'F. E. Clark Dinners' all over the country and many inducements to contribute to the Fund. I shall have to have the hide of a hippo and a brow of brass to stand it all, and I am glad that I am to be out of the country during most of the campaign."

The office work apparently showed little relaxation during all the rest of this year, 1925, for in December Dr. Clark writes:

"I have had one strenuous week, twenty-five Christian Endeavor secretaries and three or four denominational Christian Endeavor secretaries have been here for three days, threshing out all sorts of matters. I have spent one day in New York, but could not get there until after ten o'clock last night from Boston.

"This afternoon the field secretaries have gone on a pilgrimage to Plymouth by bus and we go to Portland this afternoon, where we join the pilgrims to-morrow morning. We have a special and private meeting to-morrow, Sunday, in Williston, and another at 62 Neal Street in the afternoon."

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Clark during these final years of office work was usually on Pinckney Street, hardly a stone's throw from the Christian Endeavor Building. The street was narrow, rough and dark, but they liked the atmosphere of Old Boston which it conveyed. Here is a brief reference to their mode of life, in 1916:

"We are quite settled down in our old routine at 69 Pinckney Street again. Mrs. Foley has refurnished the front room for us, put in a lot of new furniture, and looks after us like a fairy godmother.

"We get our breakfasts at the Hole in the Wall, our dinners at the New England Kitchen, and our supper, the best meal of the day, in our back room. We indulge then in milk and cream and an occasional egg and olives, grapes and cheese of various brands, and a chop once in a while."

The evenings were usually spent in reading, much of it aloud:

"It is interesting to read the story of Johnson's administration, and to see how contemporary opinions change. When I was a boy I used to think Johnson was too mean to be hung, even if he was worth it, — taking my opinions direct, I suppose, from Thad. Stevens.

"We have begun dipping into history lately, and a little in other directions. I have read McMaster's 'Webster,' Morley's 'Walpole,' and have now Roosevelt's 'Cromwell,' and the account that Lincoln's bodyguard gave of him and his successors.

"I go to sleep on one of DeMorgan's interminable stories which nevertheless has its good points."

Here is a typical schedule as followed during one of the last winters of residence on Pinckney Street, 1923:

"Breakfast at Hole in the Wall or Kitchen, 7.45, paper 8.30–9, office 9.30–12, lunch 12–1, bowling 1–2, home 2–3, office 3–5, supper (often oysters at home) 5.30–6, Transcript 6.30–7.30, miscellaneous reading 7.30–9, colorito 9–9.30, bed 10.

"Next week I must begin my travels again; Lowell, Detroit, New York, Princeton (theologues) on first lap. I shall keep this up more or less until about the middle of Marsh, when we go to Florida for a week or ten days."

After the year 1925 Dr. Clark was really able to go more or less into retirement. Pinckney Street in the winter was exchanged for a more commodious apartment in Newton. Spring, summer and autumn were still spent at the farm in company with children and grandchildren so far as this

was possible. But the Newton apartment gradually took on the characteristics of home and it was here that the end came in 1927. A gradual undermining of Dr. Clark's health had been apparent for some months. A slight cerebral hemorrhage in the summer of 1926 was followed by symptoms of uraemic poisoning which became acute during the late winter visit to Florida. It was only with much difficulty that Mrs. Clark was able to get her husband back to Massachusetts. A period of some improvement followed, and plans were made for going to the farm as usual in May, but a rapid change for the worse came just before the start was to be made, and the end came on May 26.

The funeral was held in Eliot Church, Newton, where Dr. and Mrs. Clark had transferred their membership, and burial was in the Newton Cemetery on the day before Memorial Day, 1927.

Chapter XXII

A FINAL CHAPTER

by

Sydney A. Clark

BEFORE the writer of this book could complete his work death suddenly claimed him. It was almost like a bolt from God's inscrutable blue for he was strong and in the prime of life. A brief illness, pneumonia, resulting in the gathering of fluid in one lung, which called for an operation. At the very beginning of this operation, not regarded as serious, the patient's heart stopped beating — forever. To his family — fourteen of us in the immediate circle — it seemed impossible, unreal. Gene — called son, father, brother and uncle, with unbounded affection — was no more. His only son, who had lost also his mother eight years earlier, proved to be what the author of "*Beau Geste*" would call a "stout fella," and thereby set a high example for the rest of us.

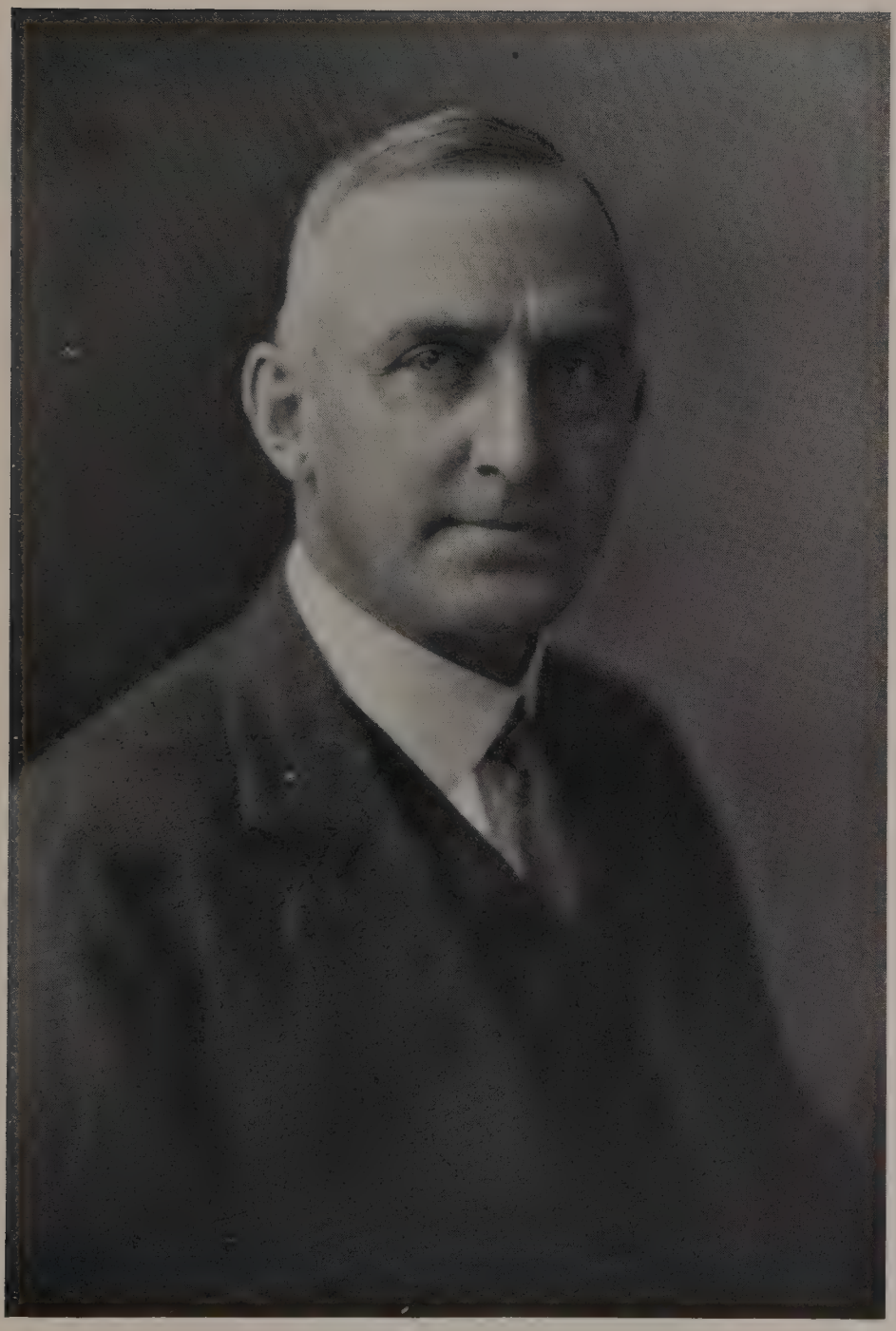
As regards this book it devolves upon a younger brother to conclude it so far as possible along the lines that Gene (I cannot refer to him in proper and formal manner) would have followed. It is my understanding that he wished to touch up his serious biography with a brief account of the family life which unquestionably revolved around Francis E. Clark as planets revolve around the sun

— an account which should make up in informal color and human feeling what it might lack in dignity. I am sure of this much that Gene would want me to write this account cheerfully with no overawing shadow of his tragic death to mar or darken it.

My own memories do not go back as far as his would have gone, for I first saw the light of day eleven years later than he, but I can remember enough to picture very clearly, to myself at least, the family life which was developed, in old New England style, by my father, and wonderfully heightened, yes and brightened, by my New England mother.

To all of us children father was father, not daddy as in present day families. With all respect to the latter term, which now has fastened itself upon me, I think the term father conveys rather more. While daddy's opinions and admonitions may be deftly laid in some dusty pigeon hole out of sight, father's may not. He is to be listened to and even obeyed. Were we afraid of father? Not exactly, but we were perfectly convinced that he was the chief person of our acquaintance and equally convinced that when he said something in a certain tone it meant business. And yet fear or the shadow of fear could not possibly have built up a family life such as ours has been. It was the intense humanness of the father of the family that did the building. He loved his children and loved to be with them and he wanted them to love to be with him. In this last comes the difficulty in many and many a family. The father may yearn to gather his family as a hen gathereth her chickens but unless he has the knack of making himself attractive to them, and takes the trouble to exercise it, the family life is a poor perfunctory business. Father

did have that happy knack. If he made us do certain things he also *let* us do certain things — with him, and we knew very well that the things he let us do gave him more pleasure than the things he made us do. When we played games as a family — and that was very often — he wanted to win as much as we did and tried to win. Now in that, I am sure, he possessed a big secret and one which persistently eludes many well-intentioned fathers. Unless every one playing a game wants and tries to win, the game becomes pallid and useless. Even small children, otherwise, sense that something is lacking and lose interest. If a father is inwardly bored or even benevolently indifferent, and cares not at all whether he wins or loses, he can hardly act a part so cleverly as to conceal it. His children, without analyzing the difficulty, presently discover that the game is flat. I will give one very small and personal illustration of father's knack — I think it amounted to genius — in keeping the flame of family spirit burning. It happens that my brother Harold has always been the natural game winner of our family. He wins all games of luck or skill as easily as he breathes. One of the favorite family games has always been quoits and in this as in everything Harold has generally won. Always it has been a triumph for any one of the rest of us to beat him, and a triumph for one of us lesser players was a triumph for all. In the summer of 1926 before father was somewhat laid low by a cerebral hemorrhage we were all assembled at the farm at Sagamore. Father still played quoits and played a good game though he was in his seventy-fifth year. The quoit stakes, which were stout iron bars that served at times as tethers for " Irene the Village Queen," our cow, and Irene's daughter Florence Nightingale, were set out that summer



Eugene F. Clark

in what we of the second and third generations called " the Mosquito Patch," though father could hardly be made to admit that there was a single mosquito on his beloved farm. One day when I had been away from the farm I returned to find a hint of excitement in father's greeting.

" I've just been pitching quoits against the champion," he said. " Would you care to ask how it came out? I feel a little too modest to tell unless you ask."

There was no need to ask. " You beat him! " I exclaimed. " Put it there."

Father did put it there (the phrase, out of his own thesaurus, was taken over by us children) and presently his modesty permitted him to tell, in rich and humorous detail, the story of the victory by a score of 21 – 20 and the consequent discomfiture of the champion at the hands of a " seven and a half-genarian." How all our hearts including the (ex) champion's warmed to him. He was still, beyond any doubt, the head of the family, though we were all married and had children of our own. How much his intimate humanity warmed for us the luster of his public life. Often when I have heard public praises of his achievements in public fields I have thought of his private achievements in the family field, of the Battle of The Mosquito Patch, for example, of competitive shelling of peas in the kitchen (a neat game with a double purpose), of whittling arrows out of a shingle when we were boys, of barefoot walks in the edge of the surf at Pine Point, Maine, of hiking passes with us in Switzerland between his speaking tours. The most remarkable part of father's family genius, perhaps, was his ability to keep us together in spite of his incessant travels. Although he made twenty or twenty-five long trips (I have not the statistics before me) and innumerable

shorter ones, he found time to bring us all together often and this continued even after we had all gone our own ways and started to build up our own families. At first "Hillcrest" in Auburndale, Mass., and Pine Point Beach in Maine served as rallying grounds, and in later years the farm at Sagamore. Very often the family had to be broken up for long periods. Twice, in my infancy and boyhood, I had to be given over for periods of a year to my aunt in West Brattleboro, Vermont, which must have been a great trial to my parents and perhaps to my aunt as well though she made it a happy time for me. My sister in her day, and my brothers, Gene and Harold, in theirs, were likewise farmed out. Or sometimes one or two or three of us would be taken along to distant parts of the world. Always it was an uncertain precarious life, delightful to us children when we were the lucky ones to be taken along, doleful when we were left behind, and nearly always harrowing, I suppose, to my parents. Yet always the family stayed like a city that is compact together. Always those who went came back in safety, and as often as it was any way possible the scattered fragments of the family were reassembled as by a magnetic pull. The very fact that the family did stay so united in spite of obstacles is stronger proof than anything I could say of the genius-for-family which father possessed.

It may be noticed that my mother does not figure much in the paragraphs above, but the reason is not far to seek. She is a vast subject and if I once start to set down reminiscences of her this chapter will become a volume in itself. I shall say only this much. She was in all ways the one perfect mate, partner, lieutenant (there ought to be a better word than any of these) for all father's activities

and not least for his activities in family building. Without her I doubt very much if father would have rounded out anywhere near his three score years and ten or would have achieved one half what he did achieve. And the family life I know would not have been so full or bright. There has always been a particular charm about her contributions to our family evenings, and this continues in spite of the grief she has borne. She reads aloud with an understanding, a sympathy, and a vocal timbre, that makes a fairly dull book interesting and an interesting book fascinating. She has an inexhaustible fund of real humor, not that " bright " affectation of it which is so hard to bear. Her grandsons in their teens enjoy her quips and have to think fast to keep up to her. And at eighty or thereabouts she is still able to tutor her grandchildren, on occasion, in Latin or French or German. She has had practice in this for she kept our education going on steadily even when we were travelling. How well I remember, in Florence, in Berlin, in Munich, her gentle but relentless driving. " Latin Without Tears " was the family motto in those days and it was generally made good. The meanest passages in the Gradatim were somehow saved from utter bleakness by mother's peculiar touch.

Perhaps the clearest way to present the family life which is the purpose of this chapter, as reflecting the spirit of its founders, is to picture very briefly one average day at the farm at Sagamore — a day in relatively recent years — when, if various vacations happened to come right, we numbered sixteen.

First of all mother was up at crack of dawn. She brewed herself a cup of coffee which she called *Chota Hasri* and thus fortified she would settle down for her Quiet Hour.

Very often this was literally an hour or more. She would read a chapter of the Bible and then commentaries on it and religious articles and sermons. When finally she considered it high time for the rest of us to be awake her Quiet Hour would become a Noisy Hour. In her " reverent " tone (I say this with respect), which has a rare carrying quality that pierces every hidden corner not actually shut off by doors, she would begin to read aloud. We, lost in sleep, would begin to be conscious of something like this: " It seems clear that the writer of the Pentateuch desired above all things to impress upon posterity — etc., etc." By this time father would be up and seconding her efforts. One of his favorite reveillé calls was " Up, up Lucy! The sun is in the skies." Later, for the sake of terseness, this became, " Double up, Lucy! The sun is in the skies." Gradually, although there was no Lucy among us, the second and third generations responded to this appeal. There was a general business of waking up and getting up, and breakfast was served. When all the sixteen were present a third generation table was spread in the kitchen.

After breakfast came family prayers and this ceremony was sacred above all else in the day. The maid was invited in and her child — which made the sixteen up to eighteen. A verse was to be said all around and it was nerve-racking for those at the end of the circle to hear their intended selections glibly recited by those nearer the beginning. Then came a hymn, or on Sunday mornings a hymn chosen by each in turn all around, and finally there was the Bible reading and prayer. It can be seen that this daily service was not one to be casually tucked in during a minute or two between other duties. It was important and was not to be evaded by one of the second generation hurrying for a

Mrs. Francis E. Clark

train or of the third generation eager to be out watching the chickens.

Directly after prayers came a short ceremony which meant a great deal to all of us. I mention it with hesitation because of its very personal character, but no picture of a Sagamore day would be at all complete without it. The family would all gather in a circle with mother in the middle. She being a little woman and most of the family being of average or more than average height, she would disappear completely — sunk without trace. Then there would be earnest inquiries from each of us to all the others. "Where's mother? Has anybody seen mother? Where on earth is mother?" We would become aware of a commotion down below in the center and a small lost call "Here! Here I am." This call would be supplemented if necessary by sundry prods and pinches and we would separate to let mother emerge, breathless, from her hiding place, looking slightly squeezed and disordered but radiant and happy. These little scenes were vivid, and mother's personality, as seen upon her emergence, was the most vivid part. The joke became beautifully seasoned in the course of years but it never became stale.

The activities of a day on the farm were very numerous and need not be set down in full. Father loved growing things of all kinds and for several summers maintained a considerable truck garden which was tended by a Cape Verde negro named Annabelle (the name was so pronounced though it was doubtless our corruption of Hannibal of Carthage). I used to pick, gather and dig each morning — peas, string beans, corn, potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, beets, squashes, raspberries, and peddle them from house to house, father allowing me a ten per cent

commission. There were also exotic things in the garden, salsify, chard, kohlrabi, endive, peanuts, melons of extraordinary variety. Some of these actually did well. It seems to me that I cut chard by the cord and picked kohlrabi by the bushel.

Other members of the family were variously engaged, the small children, marshalled by their grandmother, devoting special attention to the chickens, most of whom were named. (There were Mary E. Wooley, Adoniram Judson, Tryphena and Tryphosa, Damien and Cosmo, Martin Luther.) A family swim was always a prominent feature of the day and though mother dabbled in the edge and patted her shoulders with sea water for the last time in 1898 or thereabouts (I can just remember it and the gorgeous orange bathing suit) father continued to swim with us until the last year of his life. He could play dead dog, and porpoise, and could float all day, but the same quality that made it easy for him to float made it hard for him to sink, and he could only thread the needle (a submarine game) with great difficulty and amid unsympathetic roars of laughter from the second and third generations.

The evenings at the old farmhouse were perhaps the chef-d'oeuvre of the whole day. Family spirit ran riot and here too the first generation (father and mother had now definitely become grandfather and grandmother to all of us) continued to be the focus of interest for the second and third generations. Dominoes served as the medium for these family evenings, a game called Long Nines, and later, when dominoes developed more spots, Long Twelves and Long Fifteens. More commonly this game was called The Gentlemen's Game as it was assumed (by the male element) that women were incapable of playing

it well. There was infinite racket and good-natured boasting all around — and sometimes Harold did not win. In these evenings and in our family intercourse in general we developed almost a language of our own. It was so interlarded with special words and allusions, that had a meaning only for us, that an outsider would have missed the point of half the remarks. When the time came, progressively, for the third generation to go to bed, father had a formula ready. It was an ancient rhyme of the goody type, which, under his use, took on a mildly humorous glint:

When little Ned was sent to bed
He always acted right.
He kissed papa and then mamma
And then he said good night.

The various little Neds were generally not at all interested in bed but they could hardly resist the influence of this worthy poem and the humorous but firm gray eyes of grandfather.

This Sagamore day, so briefly and inadequately pictured, is only one of many that lingers in the mind and endears an exceedingly good and gracious man, who has gone from our sight, to his wife who stays to cheer us, and to the thirteen of the second and third generations who rise up to call him blessed.

. . . . . .

I must not close without a special word about the fourteenth — the author of this book — our well-beloved "Gene." Since father's passing he, as the eldest son, was the corner-stone of the family. We thought of him as the Rock of Gibraltar. I believe he had not called in a doctor for any ailment in over twenty years, and in Hanover,

where he lived, he was called by some The Iron Man; but it is sometimes the strongest constitutions that receive the worst buffetings from an illness like pneumonia. I was abroad at the time and before I knew that he was ill I learned that he was dead. The stab of it was unlike anything I have ever experienced, for Gene's life was only half finished and it meant so much to all of us. I *had* to talk with somebody who understood. The chef of our hotel understood for he had just lost a baby and the baby meant as much to him as Gene meant to me, so I talked in my poor and meager French with the chef. I shall always remember that talk. His hands were covered with flour so that he would not shake my hand. He wore his white apron and his tall white cylinder, but he understood. He fought to keep his voice steady and the tears back. Dr. Poling in his address at Gene's funeral said, " By every reason that we know Gene Clark died too soon. But how little we know." In effect this humble cook in a Belgian hotel said the same thing to me about his baby. I was a little comforted.

Gene was very conservative, so conservative that we brothers enjoyed twitting him on it, but with this ingrained conservatism was a sense of humor that bowled everything before it. In his public writing, his editing, his compiling of the present book, it does not show. But his letters caused everything else to stop for the moment. They " took us into camp " and we read them over and over as new vistas of mirth opened before us. I can think of no finer, happier combination of characteristics than a solid, genuine conservatism and humor of the first rank.

Gene's life for the last twenty-two years was associated very closely with Dartmouth College. He was a professor

of German Literature and Secretary of the College, and this last position he raised to one of great importance to Dartmouth. It was especially with alumni interests that he was identified, for he was secretary of the three alumni organizations, the Dartmouth Alumni Council, the General Association of the Alumni and the Dartmouth Secretaries Association. One might say quite literally that he was a Secretary of Secretaries. His other Dartmouth activities were so numerous that they seem for a moment like a list of *all* the activities. He was Editor-in-Chief of the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine. He had been at one time or another chairman of the faculty committee on student organizations and a member of the committee advisory to the president. He was until his death a faculty representative on the Dartmouth Christian Association and a member of the faculty committee on the Outing Club, an organization which he had helped to develop. He was alumni adviser of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. He had recently been a member of the Hanover school board. The list threatens to grow tiresome and Gene himself would not have liked me to set it down.

Over the campus that February morning the news travelled as only bad news can. The student body, I have been told, was rather stunned by it. I will quote a sentence or two from the student editorial, entitled " Accolade," which was printed in *The Dartmouth* the next day: " It is no easy task for us to try to comment upon the death of Eugene Francis Clark. Any of the more pompous phrases at our command fail rather miserably and leave us ashamed in trying to say how much his quiet sincerity was loved by Hanover and the College." The tribute of President Hopkins I beg leave to quote in full:

Gene Clark was one of God's own gentlemen. The privilege of association with him through the years since we entered college together has been unalloyed happiness. His friendship has been a priceless possession. His quiet humor has been a balm for any tired moment. A responsibility assumed by him could be dismissed as a responsibility for anybody else. An obligation was immeasurably lightened when he shared it. Strong in character, charming in personality, richly endowed with talent, his goodness was a positive force, his culture was a virile influence, and his accomplishment was as a house founded upon a rock.

This public tribute President Hopkins supplemented by a personal letter to my mother, which bears the true ring of deep emotion:

We have had wonderful years together — Gene and I — and it has been a constant joy as well as always a reassurance to have Gene with me and beside me, with his fine judgment and great common sense available for any issue which might arise. I cannot distinguish between the official and the personal loss. I miss him beyond any power of words to express.

To this I will add only the words of my Greek professor, Charles D. Adams, who wrote to me of the Easter service at the college church, some two months after Gene's death. He was much moved by the conviction expressed by the minister of the "White Church" in that service that "such a beautiful, gentle and sincere life [as Gene's] *must* be still going on."

It would be easy to multiply tributes but as in the case of Gene's father it is of the little things that we of his family think. We think of the name "Uncle Bean" which was given him by one of his very young nephews and which clung to him like English ivy. To all of us, even his mother, he became "Uncle Bean." We think of his numerous quaint contributions to the Clark family lan-

In Newton Cemetery

guage which we use every day. I, in particular, go over every detail of the two perfect reunions I had with him abroad not many months before he died. Those brief days together — in Athens and in Paris — seem to stand out with the sharpness of mountain peaks against a dying sun. Perhaps, oddly, I think oftenest of all of my talk with that flour-whitened, grief-stricken chef in a Brussels hotel. By every reason that we know his baby and my brother died too soon. But how little we know!

A SON'S PORTRAIT OF FRANCIS E. CLARK

"Who," says Dr. Daniel A. Poling in his preface to the book, "Who better than the first-born son of Francis E. Clark could write the story of his great and glorious life? And what more appropriate time for bringing to the general public this biography of the founder of Christian Endeavor than the fiftieth anniversary year of the Christian Endeavor Movement?"

This "Son's Portrait" is an intimate picture. Dr. Eugene Francis Clark had access to diaries and a mass of correspondence never before made public, and he uses this material wisely and well.

The original work of the author deserves high commendation. There is at once restraint and fervor, — the restraint of a well-poised, cultured mind, and the fervor of a son who loved deeply. There are paragraphs which deserve immortality, and word-pictures that give the impression of never having been intended, but which could scarcely be surpassed.

The work is one that ranks high among biographies, simple, direct, human, a portrait of a noble gentleman and a humble Christian.

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